

The Muses' Library

POEMS  
OF  
WILLIAM BROWNE  
OF TAVISTOCK

EDITED BY  
GORDON GOODWIN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
A H BULLEN

VOL. I.



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# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
EDITOR'S NOTE	IX
INTRODUCTION	XIII
BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS    Books I and II.	I

## EDITOR'S NOTE.

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IN the present edition of Blowne's poems the text has been revised by a careful collation of the original editions and all known manuscripts. The more important various readings are given in the notes at the end of the second volume.

The first book of *Britannia's Pastorals* appeared in folio, without any date on the curiously-engraved\*title-page, but the address to the reader is dated 18th June, 1613, and the volume was entered in the Stationers' Registers on the ensuing 15th November. The second book followed in 1616. The two books were reissued in an octavo volume in 1625. The third book of the *Pastorals* was not published in the poet's lifetime, \*but Beriah Botfield, while engaged in collecting materials for his



work on cathedral libraries, discovered a manuscript copy of it in the library of Salisbury Cathedral. It is a neatly-written manuscript, bound up at the end of a copy of the folio edition of the first two books (1613-16), which appears to have belonged to one Richard Charles. Preceding it are two leaves, roughly written and with many corrections and erasures, containing the elegy on Thomas Manwood (the fourth eclogue of *The Shepherd's Pipe*), and three short poems, which are now printed for the first time. In the printed portion of the volume are several manuscript emendations. The MS, so far as it related to the *Pastorals*, was printed for the Percy Society in 1852, under the editorship of T. Crofton Croker, and it has since been reprinted in Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt's collective edition of Browne's works (2 vols. 1868-69).

*The Shepherd's Pipe* appeared in 1614, small 8vo. It contains seven eclogues by Browne, to which are appended eclogues by Christopher Brooke, George Wither, and John Davies of Hereford. A reprint of it was included in *The Works of Master George Wither* (1620).

*The Inner Temple Masque*, written to be represented by the members of that society on

the 13th January, 1614-15, was first printed in Thomas Davies's edition of Browne's poems (3 vols 1772), from a manuscript in the library of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Another manuscript copy is in the possession of Mr. H Chandos Pole-Gell, of Hopton Hall, Wirksworth, and has been kindly lent for collation.

Among the Lansdowne MSS (No 777) in the British Museum is a collection of poems by Browne, dated 1650, but apparently made a few years earlier, which was first printed by Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges at the Lee Priory Press in 1815, and reprinted in 1869 by Mr Hazlitt. Another middle seventeenth-century MS. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, contains two poems by Browne—the epitaph on Anne Prideaux (six lines), and that on the Countess of Pembroke (twelve lines), both of which, however, are in the Lansdowne MS.

Browne's elegy on Henry, Prince of Wales, his earliest publication, was printed in 1613, with an elegy by Christopher Brooke, in a small quarto of seventeen leaves, entitled *Two Elegies, consecrated to the never-dying Memory of the most worthily admired, most heartily loved, and generally bewailed Prince, Henry Prince of Wales*. There is a manuscript copy

of this elegy in the Bodleian Library. It was afterwards introduced, in a somewhat altered form, into the fifth song of the first book of *Britannia's Pastorals*.

I have derived considerable assistance from the previous labours of Mr Hazlitt: his commentary contains much that is suggestive, while the topographical and other notes of his Devonshire correspondent, Mr John Shelly, have but one fault—they are too few.

GORDON GOODWIN

# INTRODUCTION



## INTRODUCTION.

WILLIAM BROWNE was a modest unassuming spirit, but he flushed with honest pride when he reflected on the worthiness of his native Devonshire. In the Third Song of the Second Book of *Britannia's Pastorals*, he writes —

Show me who can so many crystal rills,  
Such sweet-cloth'd vallies or aspiring hills,  
Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy mines,  
Such rocks in whom the diamond fairly shines

If for beauty and fertility Devonshire might be matched, yet where could be found such another race of sea-ruling men as Grenville, Davis, Gilbert, Drake, Hawkins, and

thousands more  
That by their power made the Devonian shore  
Mock the proud Tagus?

He sadly contrasted the stirring days of Elizabeth with the pusillanimous reign of

James I In a passage of striking picturesqueness, he describes how the old ships that had repelled the Armada, and had harassed the Spaniard on every sea, now lay rotting in harbour

And on their masts, where oft the ship-boy stood,  
Or silver trumpet charm'd the brackish flood,  
Some wearied crow is set

Once these ships had sailed into the Devon ports laden with the harvests snatched from Spain, but now

Upon their hatches, where half-pikes were borne,  
In every chink rise stems of bearded corn  
Mocking our idle times that so have wrought us,  
Or putting us in mind what once they brought us

It is pleasant to know that the old poet who sang so heartily the praises of Devon is yet beloved \* on the banks of the Tavy and the Plym

Tavistock was Browne's native place, and he was born not later than 1591 No record of his baptism is extant, as the Tavistock registers do not begin before 1640 He was a son of

\* Articles on Browne are in the Transactions of the Devonshire Association, vol vi, 532, and vol xix 219-

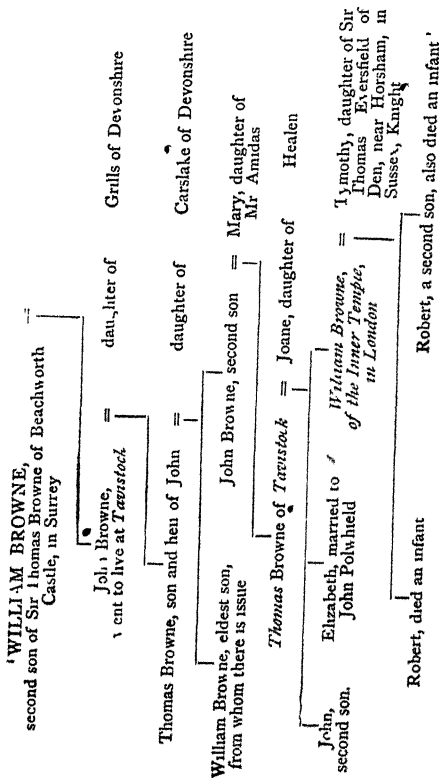
Thomas Browne of Tavistock, who is supposed by Prince (*Worthies of Devon*) to have belonged to the knightly family of the Brownes of Browne's Ilash in the parish of Langtree, near Great Torrington, Devonshire, a branch of the Brownes of Betchworth Castle in Surrey\* From Tavistock Grammar-school he passed "about the beginning of the reign of James I" (Wood's *Fasts*) to Exeter College, Oxford Leaving the University without a degree, he entered Clifford's Inn, whence he migrated in November 1611 to the Inner Temple† On 18th April, 1615, a William Browne was appointed pursuivant to the Court of Wards and Liveries, but we cannot be confident‡ that it was the poet who received the appointment, for there were two other William Brownes at

\* The pedigree on the following page was given by Sir Egerton Brydges from Harl MS 6164, before the collection of Browne's miscellaneous poems issued from the Lee Priory Press in 1815

† He was admitted to the Inner Temple on 1st March, 1611-12 (not 1612-13, as stated by Mr Hazlitt) George Glapthorne, who became a surety for him on his admission, was the elder brother of Henry Glapthorne the dramatist

‡ It is worth noting that the poet's friend Sir Benjamin Rudyard was appointed Surveyor of this Court in 1618





[Brydges was not aware that Timothy Eversfield was the poet's *second* wife,—a fact discovered by Mr Gordon Goodwin.]

the Inner Temple—one from Chichester, and one from Walcott, Northants (*Students of the Inner Temple*, 1571-1625, pp 32, 57)

Browne was twice married His first wife appears to have died in 1614 Among his miscellaneous poems in Lansdowne MS 777 (first printed by Brydges) is the following epitaph —

IN OBITUM M S, X<sup>o</sup> MAIJ, 1614

May ' be thou never grac'd with birds that sing,

Nor Flora's pride !

In thee all flowers and roses spring,

Mine only died

The letters " M S " may well stand for " Maritæ Suæ " In the same collection is an undated epitaph " On his Wife ", it is immediately preceded by " My own Epitaph," which is subscribed " Wm Browne, 1614 " His second wife was Timothy, daughter of Sir Thomas Eversfield, Kt, of Denne in the parish of Hoisham, Sussex The series of Sonnets (II, 217-225) headed " Cælia " was evidently addressed to this lady From the epistle beginning " Dear soul, the time is come and we must part " (II, 228-9) it may be gathered that the engagement was protracted,—

Seven summers now are fully spent and gone,

Since first I lov'd, lov'd you, and you alone

Browne's friend Michael Drayton wooed a lady for thirty years, and the marriage never took place after all. Browne began to pay his addresses to Miss Eversfield in 1615 (see *An Epistle*, II, 234-6), and at length, after thirteen years' courtship, they were married at Horsham on 24th December, 1628. Two sons were born of the marriage, but died in infancy\*. Sir Thomas Eversfield, in his will proved on 25th October, 1616, wished his three unmarried daughters—Timothy, Joyce, and Bridget—to have such portions as his wife should think fit to be raised out of his lease of Tilgate, and he named one thousand marks apiece as being a suitable sum. Lady Eversfield appears to have paid Timothy's dowry in full, as her will (made in October 1640) concludes with this emphatic declaration—"I owe my son Browne not one farthing of my daughter's portion for use nor yet principal"†

\* 1 Robert, baptized at Horsham on 27th September, 1629, died soon afterwards, 2 Robert, baptized on 20th March, 1630-1, buried on 22nd of the following March

† Lady Eversfield thus mentions Mrs Browne in her will—"I give to my daughter Browne for a remembrance, to whom I have already given a portion, more now, twenty shillings to make her a ring to wear for

Browne dedicated the First Book of *Britannias Pastorals*, n d [1613], and *The Shepherd's Pipe*, 1614, to Lord Zouch, who had been President of Wales, and was afterwards (1615) Warden of the Cinque Ports. Selden contributed laudatory verses in Greek, Latin, and English, Michael Drayton, Christopher Brooke, and others added their commendations. The Second Book of *Britannias Pastorals*, 1616, was dedicated to that famous patron of poets, himself a poet, William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke. Among those who prefixed complimentary verses were John Davies of Hereford, George Wither, and Ben Jonson. One of the contributors, John Morgan of the Inner Temple, delicately expressed the hope that Browne would receive some tangible token of the Earl's esteem. —

And may thy early strains affect the ear,  
Of that rare Lord, who judge and guerdon can  
The richer gifts which do advantage man

Browne owed much to the Herberts, and his my sake, and my seal ring, and my velvet gown and white petticoat, my gold coif and crosscloth to it "—For this extract I am indebted to Mr Gordon Goodwin, whose researches have supplied whatever additions I have been able to make to Browne's family history

monument of gratitude—the noble epitaph\* on “Sidney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother”—will endure to the end of time

At the beginning of 1624 Browne returned to Exeter College as tutor to Hon Robert Dormer,† afterwards Earl of Carnarvon. The Matriculation Book contains the entry—“30 April 1624, William Browne, son of Thomas Browne, gentleman, of Tavistock, matriculated, age 33” On 25th August of the same year he obtained permission to be created Master of Arts, and the degree was conferred on 16th November. In the public register of the University he was styled “vir omni humana literarum et bonarum artium cognitione instructus” By the members of his college he was held in high admiration. Beloe possessed a copy of the 1625 edition of *Britannia’s Pastorals*, containing MS commendatory poems, evidently written to accompany the Third Book (*circa* 1635), which was prepared for publication, but was left unpublished. These

\* This epitaph is commonly assigned (without authority) to Ben Jonson. The evidence in favour of Browne’s claim is convincing. See note, vol ii, p 350.

† Dormer contributed Latin elegiacs on the death of James I to the Oxford collection of “*Parentalia*,” 1625, to which Browne also contributed.

poems in almost every instance bear the signatures of members of Exeter College, their merit is slender, but they testify strongly to the affectionate esteem which Browne had won for himself. Sometimes we find his name coupled with the name of his dear friend Michael Drayton\*. In 1629 Samuel Austin, a Cornishman who had been educated at Exeter College, dedicated a sacred poem, "Urania," to "my ever-honoured friends, those most refined wits and favourers of most exquisite learning, Mr M Drayton, Mr Will Browne, and my most ingenious kinsman, Mr Andrew Pollexfen" Young Abraham Holland, a son of Philemon Holland, addressed a copy of verses (preserved in Ashmole MS 36) to "my honest father Mr

In his delightful Epistle to Henry Reynolds of Poets and Poesy (1627), Drayton spoke with cordial warmth of the friendship that he bore to Browne —

" Then the two Beaumonts and my Browne arose,  
My dear companions whom I freely chose  
My bosom friends, and in their several ways  
Rightly born poets, and in these last days  
Men of much note and no less nobler parts,  
Such as have freely told to me their hearts  
As I have mine to them "

One of his epistles was addressed to Browne

Michael Drayton and my new yet loved friend Mr Will Browne”

Anthony à Wood states that, after acting as tutor to Robert Dormer, Browne was received into the family of the Herberts at Wilton, where “he got wealth and purchased an estate” Browne may have been temporarily in the service of the Herberts (as Samuel Daniel had been in earlier days), but it is hard to believe the latter part of Wood’s statement. He seems to have acquired in some way a modest competence, which secured him immunity from the troubles that weighed so heavily on men of letters. In Surrey, round Betchworth and Dorking, his family had been long established. He married in 1628, as we have seen, a knight’s daughter at Horsham, who brought him a portion. With the patronage of the Herberts and the Dormers, and with such money as he received with his wife, he was able to “rub on,” though he may not have “got wealth and purchased an estate.” After his second marriage he appears to have settled in the neighbourhood of Dorking. In Ashmole MS 830 is preserved the following letter (first printed by Mr. Hazlitt), which he addressed in November, 1640, to Sir Benjamin Rudyard —

TO SIR BENJAMIN RUDYARD

SIR,—I beseech you to pardon my interposing your most serious affairs with the remembrance of my service. The cause requires it, and every man who knows I have the honour to be known by you would think me stupid in not congratulating what every one thinks he hath a share in. I mean your late speech in Parliament, wherein they believe the spirit which inspired the Reformation and the genius which dictated the Magna Charta possessed you. In my poor cell and sequestration from all business, I bless God and pray for more such members in the Commonwealth, and could you but hear (as it is pity but you should) what I do, it would add some years to your honoured hours. Believe it, Sir, you have given such a maintenance to that repute which your former deportment had begotten that it will need no other livelihood than a chronicle, which I hope our ensuing age will not see it want for I have now done. 'Tis Sunday night when I have prayed for my honoured lord the Lord Chamberlain,\* my good lord and master the Earl of Carnarvon, and for you and your good proceedings, I hope I shall wake with the same thoughts again, and be ever

Your most obliged servant,

WM BROWNE

Dorking, Nov 29, 1640

Philip Herbert, fourth Earl of Pembroke. He was father-in-law to the Earl of Carnarvon (Robert Dormer). In the Civil Wars he sided with the Parliament, his son-in-law fell, fighting for the King, at the first battle of Newbury (20th Sept, 1643).



The speech to which the letter refers was delivered before the Long Parliament early in November. It dealt freely with the subject of public grievances, urging that evil counselors should be removed from the King.

William Browne died in or before 1645. Administration of his estate was granted (in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury) to his widow, Timothy Browne, on 6th November, 1645\*. In the Act† he is described as "late of Dorking, in the county of Surrey, Esquire." There is no trace of his death or burial in the Dorking register, and the Horsham register has been searched in vain. It is possible that he was buried at Tavistock. The Tavistock register, under date 27th March, 1643, has an entry—"William Browne was buried." No portrait of the poet is known. Prince says that he had a great mind in a little body,—a conventional expression.

His estate was again administered in May 1662, by which time his widow was presumably dead. The Act Book for that year is lost, so that the name of the person to whom this second administration was granted cannot be ascertained.

† Administration Acts afford no clue to the actual date of death. Wood surmised that Browne died in 1645.

The bulk of William Browne's poetry was composed in youth and early manhood. He states that the First Book of *Britannia's Pastorals* was written before he had reached his twentieth year —

O how, methinks, the imps of Mneme bring  
Dews of invention from the sacred spring !  
Here could I spend that spring of poetry  
Which not twice ten suns have bestow'd on me

The story of the *Pastorals*, if story there be, is naught, it would be a hopeless task to attempt to give an intelligible summary of the adventures of Celand, Marina, and the others. But the dallying diffuseness of the poem constitutes no small part of its charm. Horace Walpole threw out the suggestion that somebody should issue a series of "Lounging Books"—books that one can take up, without fatigue, at odd moments. I fear that his nice critical judgment would not have included William Browne in the series, but to the lovers of our old poets *Britannia's Pastorals* will always be a favourite lounging book. They know that, at whatever page they open, they have not far to travel before they find entertainment. In the Third Song of the Second Book there is a description of a delightful grove, perfumed with "odoriferous

buds and herbs of price,' where fruits hang in gallant clusters from the trees, and birds tune their notes to the music of running water, so 'fair a pleasaunce

that you are fain

Where last you walk'd to turn and walk again

A generous reader might apply that description to Browne's poetry, he might urge that the breezes which blew down those leafy alleys and over those trim parterres were not more grateful than the fragrance exhaled from the *Pastorals*, that the brooks and birds babble and twitter in the printed page not less blithely than in that western Paradise

What so pleasant as to read of May-games, true-love knots, and shepherds piping in the shade? of pixies and fairy-circles? of rustic bridals and junketings? of angling, hunting the squirrel, nut-gathering? Of such-like subjects William Browne treats, singing like the shepherd in the *Arcadia* as though he would never grow old. He was a happy poet. It was his good fortune to grow up among wholesome surroundings, whose gracious influences sank into his spirit. He loved the hills and dales round Tavistock, and lovingly described them in his verse. Frequently he indulges in de-

scriptions of sunrise and sunset, they leave no vivid impression, but charm the reader by their quiet beauty. It cannot be denied that his fondness for simple, homely images sometimes led him into sheer fatuity,\* and candid admirers must also admit that, despite his study of simplicity, he could not refrain from hunting (as the manner was) after far-fetched outrageous conceits.

Browne had nothing of that restless energy which inspired the old dramatists, he was all for pastoral contentment. Assuredly he was not a great poet, but he was a true poet, and a modest. In the Fourth Song of the Second Book he tells of the pleasure that he took in writing his poetry, and manfully declares that his free-born Muse shall never stoop to servile

\* No excuse can be offered for such a passage as the following (Book I, Song 3) --

" As when some boy trying the somersault,  
 Stands on his head, and feet, as he did lie  
 To kick against earth's spangled canopy,  
 When seeing that his heels are of such weight,  
 That he cannot obtain their purpos'd height,  
 Leaves any more to strive, and thus doth say,  
 What now I cannot do, another day  
 May well effect it cannot be denied  
 I show'd a will to act, because I tried "

flattery. He cultivated poetry for its own sake, and not for what it might bring of advantage or reward —

In this case I, as oft as I will choose,  
Hug sweet content by my retired Muse,  
And in a study find as much to please  
As others in the greatest palaces

Sidney and Spenser, whom he regarded as his masters, he held in highest veneration. Among his friends were Ben Jonson, Chapman ("the learned shepherd of fair Hitchin hill"), "well-languaged Daniel," Christopher Brooke, John Davies of Hereford, and Wither. In the Second Song of the Second Book he passes these poets in review, and eulogizes each in turn. The praise that he bestowed on contemporary poets was by them amply repaid, and with poets of a later age Browne has found favour. In Mr. Huth's library is preserved a copy of the folio edition of *Britannia's Pastorals*, containing MS. annotations stated to be in the handwriting of Milton (who may possibly have taken some hints for *Comus* from Browne's *Inner Temple Masque*). Henry Vaughan, in his praises of the river Usk, borrowed from the Second Song of the First Book of the *Pastorals*. Keats, who chose a motto from

the *Pastorals* for one of his early poems, was much under Browne's influence at the beginning of his glorious career, but quickly passed to regions of fancy far removed from the ken of the earlier poet. Mrs Browning did not omit to introduce Browne in her *Vision of the Poets*.

Browne was not only a poet, but a scholar and antiquary,—the friend of Selden. At the beginning of the *Pastorals* he refers (in a marginal note) to an MS copy of William of Malmesbury "in the hands of my learned friend M. Selden." In *The Shepherd's Pipe* he printed from MS a poem of Hoccleve, and announced "As this shall please, I may be drawn to publish the rest of his works, being all perfect in my hands." Seemingly the public of those days had no anxiety to see Hoccleve's works collected: the project fell through. A curious passage occurs in Nathaniel Carpenter's\* *Geography delineated forth in two Bookes*, 1625 (pp 263-4) —"Many inferiour faculties are yet left, wherein our Devon hath displayed her abilities as well as in the former, as in Philosophers, Historians, Oratours and Poets, the blazoning

Carpenter was a fellow of Exeter College. He dedicated his *Geography* to William, Earl of Pembroke

of whom to the life, especially the last, I had rather leave to my worthy friend Mr. W Browne, who, as hee hath already honoured his cōuntrie in his elegant and sweet *Pastoralls*, so questionles will easily bee intreated a little farther to grace it by drawing out the line of his Poeticke Auncesters, beginning in Josephus Iscanus and ending in himselfe." Probably Carpenter threw out this suggestion at a venture, for there is no evidence to show that Browne had any intention of collecting materials for *Lives of the Poets of Devonshire* \*

The Two Books of *Pastorals*, the Eclogues in *The Shepherd's Pipe*, and some contributions to the 1614 edition of *England's Helicon*, contain all the poetry that Browne published. He left in MS a Third Book of *Pastorals*, the *Inner Temple Masque*, and some miscellaneous poems. Among the miscellaneous pieces are the excellent bacchanalian song "Now that the spring hath filled our veins,"† and the

Anthony à Wood and others, garbling Carpenter's words, have represented that Browne was engaged on a *History of English Poetry*

† It was popular in the 17th century, though no early printed copy is extant. In *Poor Robin's Almanac*, 1699, it is mentioned as a well-known song — "Now [June |

famous ballad "Lydford Jouney" Browne lived in an age of song-writing, and at times he could sing with the best. Some charming songs, notably "Shall I tell you whom I love?" and "Venus by Adonis' side," are scattered through the *Pastorals*, and there are good lyrical passages in the *Masque*.

In 1647 appeared a translation from the French of M. Le Roy, Sieur de Gombeville,—*The History of Polexander Done into English by William Browne, Gent For the Right Honourable Philip, Earle of Pembroke and Montgomery, &c.* London, printed by Tho Harpet for Thomas Walkley, fol. It is to be noted that Walkley was the publisher of the 1620 edition of *The Shepherd's Pipe*. The translation (a holiday task of slender interest) was issued without dedication or preface. Probably the translator may be identified with the author of the *Pastorals*, for we hear of no other William Browne who was connected with the Pembroke family. A copy of the French original is in the library at Wilton, but not of the English translation.

is the time when Farmers shear their Sheep and yet for all this, the old Song is in force still, and ever will be,

'Shear Sheep that have 'em cry we still' ^



Whether his be the translation or not, the poet was dead when *Polexander* appeared. His early years were passed in the delightful town of Tavistock, he spent much time at Wilton, the home of the Herberts, and he died in, or near, Dorking. —Tavistock,—Wilton,—Dorking. Surely few poets have had a more tranquil journey to the Elysian Fields.

A. H. BULLEN

16, Henrietta Street,  
Covent Garden, London  
September, 1893

# BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS



TO

*The no less Ennobled by Virtue, than Ancient  
in Nobility, the Right Honourable*

EDWARD,

LORD ZOUCH, ST MAUR, AND CANTELUPE,

*and one of His Majesty's Most Honourable  
Privy Council*

HONOUR's bright ray,  
More highly crown'd with virtue than with years,  
Pardon a rustic Muse that thus appears  
    In shepherd's grey,  
Entreating your attention to a lay  
Fitting a sylvan bower, not courtly trains,  
    Such choicer ears,  
Should have Apollo's priests, not Pan's rude swains.  
But if the music of contented plains  
    A thought uprears  
For your approvement of that part she bears,  
When time (that embryos to perfection brings)

Hath taught her strains  
 May better boast their being from the spring  
 Where brave heroes' worths the Sisters sing  
     (In lines whose reigns  
 In spite of Envy and her restless pains  
 Be unconfin'd as blest eternity )  
     The vales shall ring  
 Thy honour'd name, and every song shall be  
 A pyramid built to thy memory

Your Honour's

W. BROWNE

## TO THE READER

THE times are swoll'n so big with nicer wits,  
 That nought sounds good but what Opinion strikes  
 Censure with Judgment seld<sup>a</sup> together sits ,  
 And now the man more than the matter likes

The great rewardress of a poet's pen,  
 Fame, is by those so clogg'd she seldom flies ;  
 The Muses sitting on the graves of men,  
 Singing that Virtue lives and never dies,

<sup>a</sup> *Seld*, seldom

Are chas'd away by the malignant tongues  
Of such, by whom Detraction is ador'd  
Hence grows the want of ever living songs,  
With which our isle was whilom<sup>a</sup> bravely stor'd

If such a basilisk dart down his eye  
(Impoison'd with the dregs of utmost hate),  
To kill the first blooms of my poesy,  
It is his worst, and makes me fortunate  
Kind wits I vail<sup>b</sup> to, but to fools precise  
I am as confident as they are nice

From the Inner Temple, June the 18th, 1613

W. B

<sup>a</sup> *Whilom*, formerly

<sup>b</sup> *Vail to*, submit, defer to



# IN BUCOLICA G BRQUN

*Quod per secessus rustici otia licuit, ad Amic & Bon  
Lit amantiss*

## ANACREONTICUM

Κάλλος σὸν, Κυθέρεια,  
Σὸν, Κούραι Διὸς, ἦθος  
Ἐμνήστευσαν, Ἰερμέ  
Τῇ συμπράξαν Ἐρῶτες  
Ταῖς σὺν Παλλάδι Φοῖβος  
Τῆς Μοῦσαι προκατῆρχον  
Ταῖς σὺ δούλος ὑπαρχεῖς  
Τῆς οὐμὴν ἀκούσης

ὦ γὰρ ἔστ' ἀνέραστος  
Ψυχὴ Ἐννεα τῆνον  
Φεύγουσ' αὐτῷ ἔπονται  
Ὅς προστύσσει Ἐρῶτας  
Μούσαις κ' Ἀφρογενεῖη  
Προὔπτον τοῦτο πέλεσκε  
Νόσσαξ ἀμφοτερῇσιν  
Οὕτως ἐσσι φίλιστος

## *Ad Amoris Nuptina*

QUIN vostrum Paphie, Anteros, Erôsque  
Ut regnum capiat mali quid, absit !  
Venus, per Syrium nimis venustum !  
Amplexus teneros, pares, suaves  
Psyches, per, tibi, basiationum  
Eros quantum erat ! & per Anterotis



## COMMENDATORY VERSES

Felices animas ! periclitanti  
Obtestor, dubiæque consulatis  
Rei vostræ ! Miserûm magis favete  
Languori, miserûm fivcie amantum,  
Divi, cordolio ! Quod est amatum  
Ictu propiti ferite pectus !  
Ictus quin fit ab aurea sagitta !  
Ortas spe placita fovete flammæ !  
Ortis quin similes parate flammæ !  
Suas gnaviter ambient\* Neæras !  
Et cautim laciunt suos Neæriæ !  
Dextras sternuite adprobationes !  
Adsuctis detur osculum labellis !  
Et junctis detur osculum salivis !  
Tui nectaris adde, Diva,\* quinctam  
Conturbet tremulæ libido linguæ,  
Ne quis basia\* fascinare possit !  
Morsus mutua temperet voluptas !  
Dormitis, nimiumque defuistis  
Procis, atque adamantinis puellis  
Isthæc prospiciens tibi, Cupido,  
Audax admonui Tuas Apollo,  
Deusque, Arcadiæ, Minerva, & Hermes  
Supplantant Veneres Murinus arcum  
Tendit, quin jaculis tua pharetra  
Surreptis petimur Camena textit  
Cantu dædala, blandulum Aphrodites  
Cestum, & insidias plicat Minervæ  
Buxus, Mercuri chelys, cicuta

Sauni, dulce melos canunt Erotæ,  
 En, olim\* docuit, plagas Erotæ  
 Jam tendit Juvenis, Poetæ, Pastor,  
 Isthæc prospiciens tibi, Cupido,  
 Audax admonui Fave, Cupido

\* Amor à  
 Pastore omne  
 genus Mu-  
 sices olim  
 edoctus  
 Bion Idyll 3

*By the Same*

So much a stranger my severer Muse  
 Is not to love-strains, or a shepherd's<sup>a</sup> reed,  
 But that she knows some rites of Phœbus' dues,  
 Of Pan, of Pallas, and her Sisters' meed  
 Read and commend she durst these tun'd essays  
 Of him that loves her (She hath ever found  
 Her studies as one circle) Next she prays  
 His readers be with rose and myrtle crown'd  
 No willow touch them! As his bays\* are free  
 From wrong of bolts, so may their chaplets be

J SELDEN, JURIS C

*To his Friend the Author.*

DRIVE forth thy flock, young pastor, to that plain  
 Where our old shepherds wont their flocks to feed;  
 To those clear walks where many a skilful swain  
 Towards the calm evening tun'd his pleasant reed

\* *Shepherd, shepherd*

\* Bays (fair  
 Readers) be-  
 ing the mate-  
 rials of Poets  
 Garlands (as  
 myrtle and  
 roses are for  
 enjoying lov-  
 ers, and the  
 fruitless wil-  
 low for them  
 which your  
 inconstancy  
 too oft makes  
 most un-  
 happy) are  
 supposed not  
 subject to  
 any hurt of  
 Jupiter's  
 thunderbolt  
 as other trees  
 are

Those, to the Muses once so sacred, downs,  
 As no rude foot might there presume to stand  
 (Now made the way of the unworthiest clowns,  
 Dagg'd and plough'd up with each unhallowed hand)  
 If possible thou canst redeem those places,  
 Where, by the brim of many a silver spring,  
 The learned maidens and delightful graces  
 Often have sat to hear our shepherds sing  
 Where on those pines, the neighb'ring groves among  
 (Now utterly neglected in these days),  
 Our garlands, pipes, and cornamutes<sup>a</sup> were hung,  
 The monuments of our deserved praise  
 So may thy sheep like,<sup>b</sup> so thy lambs increase,  
 And from the wolf feed ever safe and free !  
 So may'st thou thrive, among the learned prease,<sup>c</sup>  
 As thou young shepherd art belov'd of me !

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

*To his ingenious and worthy Friend the Author*

HE that will tune his oaten-pipe aright  
 To great Apollo's harp , he that will write  
 A living poem, must have many years,  
 And settled judgment 'mongst his equal peers,

<sup>a</sup> *Cornamutes*, rustic instruments blown like the bagpipe

<sup>b</sup> *Like*, thrive

<sup>c</sup> *Prease*, press or crowd

In well-rigg'd bark to steer his doubtful course ,  
Lest secret, rocky envy, or the source  
Of frothy, but sky tow'ring arrogance,  
Or fleeting, sandy vulgar censure chance  
To leave him shipwreck'd on the desert main,  
Imploring aged Neptune's help in vain,  
The younger cygnet, even at best, doth tear  
With his harsh squealings the melodious ear  
It is the old and dying swan that sings  
Notes worthy life, worthy the Thespian springs  
But thou art young , and yet thy voice as sweet,  
Thy verse as smooth, composure as discreet  
As any swan's whose tuneful notes are spent  
On Thames his banks , which makes me confident,  
He knows no music, hath nor ears, nor tongue,  
That not commends a voice so sweet, so young

*On him , a Pastoral Ode to his fairest Shepherdess*

SYREN more than earthly fair,  
Sweetly break the yielding air ,  
Sing on Albion's whitest rocks ,  
Sing ; whilst Willy to his flocks  
Deftly tunes his various reed  
Sing ; and he, whilst younglings feed,  
Answer shall thy best of singing,  
With his rural music bringing

Equal pleasure , and requite  
 Music's sweets with like delight  
 What though Willy's songs be plain ?  
 Sweet they be for hē's a swain  
 Made of pure<sup>a</sup> mould than earth  
 Him did Nature from his birth,  
 And the Muses single out,  
 For a second Colin Clout <sup>a</sup>  
 Tityrus<sup>b</sup> made him a singer  
 Pan him taught his pipe to finger  
 Numbers, curious ears to please,  
 Learn'd he of Philisides <sup>c</sup>  
 Kala<sup>d</sup> loves him and the lasses  
 Point at him as by he passes,  
 Wishing never tongue that's bad  
 Censure may so blithe a lad  
 Therefore well can he requite  
 Music's sweets with like delight  
 Sing then, break the yielding an  
 Syren more than carthly fair

EDWARD HEYWARD,

è So. Int Templ

<sup>a</sup> *Colin Clout* is the pastoral name which Spenser adopted for himself

<sup>b</sup> *Tityrus*, Virgil

<sup>c</sup> *Philisides*, one of the poetical names of Sir Philip Sidney, invented by himself, and evidently formed from portions of the two names, *Philip* and *Sidney*

<sup>d</sup> *Kala*, a shepherdess in Sidney's *Arcadia*

*To his Friend the Author upon his Poem*

THIS plant is knotless, that puts forth these leaves,  
 Upon whose branches I his praise do sing  
 Fruitful the ground, whose verdure it receives  
 From fertile Nature, and the learned Spring  
 In zeal to good known, but unpractis'd ill,  
 Chaste in his thoughts, though in his youthful prime,  
 He writes of past'ral love with nectar'd quill,  
 And offers up his first fruits unto Time  
 Receive them (Time) and in thy border place them  
 Among thy various flowers of poesy,  
 No envy blast, nor ignorance deface them,  
 But keep them fresh in fairest memory !

And, when from Daphne's tree he plucks more bays,  
 His Shepherd's Pipe may chant more heav'nly lays

CHRISTOPHER BROOKE

### ANAGRAMMA

*Guilielmus Browni Ne vulgo Librum ejus*

SI vulgus gustare tuo velis apta palato ,  
 I, pete vulgares, ac aliunde, dapes  
 Nil vulgare sinit liber hic , hinc vulgus abesto  
 Non nisi delicias hæc tibi mensa dabit

FR DYNNE,

è So Int Templ

*To his Friend the Author*

ON (jolly lad) and hie thee to the field,  
 Among the best swains that the valleys yield,  
 Go boldly, and in presence of them all,  
 Proceed a shepherd with this Pastoral  
 Let Pan, and all his rural train attending,  
 From stately mountains to the plains descending,  
 Salute this Pastor with their kind embraces,  
 And entertain him to their holy places  
 Let all the nymphs of hills and dales together  
 Kiss him for earnest of his welcome thither  
 Crown him with garlands of the choicest flowers,  
 And make him ever dwell within their bowers.  
 For well I wot in all the plains around,  
 There are but few such shepherds to be found,  
 That can such learned lays and ditties frame,  
 Or aptly fit their tunes unto the same  
 And let them all (if this young swain should die)  
 Tune all their reeds to sing his memory

THO GARDINER,

c So Int Templ

*To the Author.*

HAD I beheld thy Muse upon the stage,  
 A poesy in fashion with this age,  
 Or had I seen, when first I view'd thy task,  
 An active wit dance in a satyr's mask,

I should in those have prais'd thy wit and art,  
 But not thy ground, a poem's better part  
 Which being the perfect'st image of the brain,  
 Not fram'd to any base end, but to gain  
 True approbation of the artist's worth,  
 When to an open view he sets it forth,  
 Judiciously he strives no less t'adorn  
 By a choice subject than a curious form  
 Well hast thou then pass'd o'er all other rhyme,  
 And in a Pastoral spent thy leisure's time  
 Where fruit so fair, and field so fruitful is,  
 That hard it is to judge whether in this  
 The substance or the fashion more excel,  
 So precious is the gem, and wrought so well  
 Thus rest thou prais'd of me, fruit, field, gem, art,  
 Do claim much praise to equal such desert

W FERRAR,

e So Med Templ

*To the Author*

FRIEND, I'll not eir in blazing of thy worth ;  
 This work in truest terms will set it forth  
 In these few lines the all I do intend,  
 Is but to show that I have such a friend

FR . OULDE,

è S. In Templ





# BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

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## THE FIRST SONG.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

Marina's love, yclep'd<sup>a</sup> the fair,  
Celand's disdain, and her despair.  
Are the first wings my Muse puts on  
To reach the sacred Helicon.

---

I THAT whilere near Tavy's\* straggling spring  
Unto my seely sheep did use to sing,  
And play'd to please myself on rustic reed,  
Nor sought for bay (the learned shepherd's meed),

<sup>a</sup>.—*Ycleped*, called.

<sup>2</sup>.—*Seely*, simple.

\* Tavy is a river, having his head in Dartmoor in Devon, some few miles from Mary Tavy, and falls southward into

Tamar : out of the same moor riseth, running northward, another, called Tau : which by the way the rather I speak of, because in the printed Malmesbury degest. Pontific. lib. 2, fol. 146, you read, "Est in Domnonia cænobium monachorum juxta Tau fluvium, quod Tavistok vocatur;" whereas upon Tau stands (near the north side of the shire) Tawstock, being no remnants of a monastery : so that you must there read, "Juxta Tavi Fluvium," as in a manuscript copy of Malmesbury (the form of the hand assuring Malmesbury's time) belonging to the Abbey of S. Augustine in Canterbury I have seen, in the hands of my very learned friend M. Selden.

But as a swain unkent fed on the plains, 5  
 And made the Echo umpire of my strains  
 Am drawn by time (although the weak'st of many)  
 To sing those lays as yet unsung of any  
 What need I tune the swains of Thessaly?  
 Or, bootless, add to them of Arcadie? 10  
 No, fair Arcadia cannot be completer,  
 My praise may lessen, but not make thee greater.  
 My Muse for lofty pitches shall not roam,  
 But homely pipen of her native home,  
 And to the swains, love rural minstrelsy; 15  
 Thus, dear Britannia, will I sing of thee  
     High on the plains of that renowned isle,  
 Which all men Beauty's garden-plot enstyle,  
 A shepherd dwelt, whom Fortune had made rich  
 With all the gifts that silly men bewitch 20  
 Near him a shepherdess for beauty's store  
 Unparallel'd of any age before  
 Within those breasts her face a flame did move,  
 Which never knew before What 'twas to love, [25  
 Dazzling each shepherd's sight that view'd her eyes  
 And as the Persians did idolatrize  
 Unto the sun they thought that Cynthia's light  
 Might well be spar'd where she appear'd in night.  
 And as when many to the goal do run,  
 The prize is given never but to one 30  
 So first, and only Celandine was led,

Of Destiny's and Heaven much favoured,  
 To gain this beauty, which I here do offer  
 To memory his pains (who would not proffer [35  
 Pains for such pleasures?) were not great nor much,\*  
 But that his labour's recompense was such  
 As countervailed all for she, whose passion,  
 (And passion oft is love,) whose inclination  
 Bent all her course to him-wards, let him know  
 He was the elm whereby her vine did grow 40  
 Yea, told him, when his tongue began this task,  
 She knew not to deny when he would ask.  
 Finding his suit as quickly got as mov'd,  
 Celandine, in his thoughts not well approv'd  
 What none could disallow, his love grew feign'd, 45  
 And what he once affected now disdain'd  
 But fair Marina (for so was she call'd)  
 Having in Celandine her love install'd,  
 Affected so this faithless shepherd's boy,  
 That she was rapt beyond degree of joy 50  
 Briefly, she could not live one hour without him,  
 And thought no joy like theirs that liv'd about him

This variable shepherd for a while  
 Did Nature's jewel by his craft beguile  
 And still the perfecter her love did grow, 55  
 His did appear more counterfeit in show  
 Which she perceiving that his flame did slake,  
 And lov'd her only for his trophy's sake  
 "For he that's stuffed with a faithless tumour,  
 Loves only for his lust and for his humour " 60

And that he often in his merry fit  
 Would say, his good came ere he hop'd for it  
 His thoughts for other subjects being press'd,  
 Esteeming that as nought which he possess'd  
 "For what is gotten but with little pain, 65  
 As little grief we take to lose again"  
 Well minded Marine grieving, thought it strange  
 That her ingrateful swain did seek for change  
 Still by degrees her cares grew to the full,  
 Joys to the wane, heartrending grief did pull 70  
 Her from herself, and she abandon'd all  
 To cries and tears, fruits of a funeral,  
 Running the mountains, fields, by wat'ry springs,  
 Filling each cave with woful echoes,  
 Making in thousand places her complaint, 75  
 And uttering to the trees what her tears meant  
 "For griefs conceal'd (proceeding from desire)  
 Consume the more, as doth a close-pent fire"  
 Whilst that the day's sole eye doth gild the seas  
 In his day's journey to th' Antipodes, 80  
 And all the time the jetty-charioteer  
 Hurls her black mantle through our hemisphere,  
 Under the covert of a sprouting pine  
 She sits and grieves for faithless Celandine.  
 Beginning thus - Alas! and must it be 85  
 That Love which thus torments and troubles me  
 In settling it, so small advice hath lent  
 To make me captive, where enfranchisement  
 Cannot be gotten? nor where, like a slave,

The office due to faithful prisoners, have ? 90  
 Oh cruel Celandine, why shouldst thou hate  
 Her, who to love thee, was ordain'd by Fate !  
 Should I not follow thee, and sacrifice  
 My wretched life to thy betraying eyes ?  
 Aye me ! of all my most unhappy lot , 95  
 What others would, thou may'st, and yet wilt not  
 Have I rejected those that me ador'd,  
 To be of him, whom I adore, abhorr'd ?  
 And pass'd by others' tears, to make election  
 Of one, that should so pass by my affection ? 100  
 I have and see the heav'nly powers intend  
 " To punish sinners in what they offend "  
 Maybe he takes delight to see in me  
 The burning rage of hellish jealousy ,  
 Tries if in fury any love appears , 105  
 And bathes his joy within my flood of tears  
 But if he lov'd to soil my spotless soul,  
 And me amongst deceived maids enrol,  
 To publish to the world my open shame [110  
 Then, heart, take freedom , hence, accursed flame,  
 And, as queen-regent, in my heart shall move  
 " Disdain, that only over ruleth Love "  
 By this infranchis'd sure my thoughts shall be,  
 And in the same sort love, as thou lov'st me  
 But what ? or can I cancel or unbind 115  
 That which my heart hath seal'd and love hath sign'd ?  
 No, no, grief doth deceive me more each hour ,  
 " For, who so truly loves, hath not that power "

I wrong to say so since of all 'tis known,  
 "Who yields to love doth leave to be her own" 120  
 But what avails my living thus apart?  
 Can I forget him? or out of my heart  
 Can tears expulse his image? surely no  
 "We well may fly the place, but not the woe  
 Love's fire is of a nature which by turns 125  
 Consumes in presence, and in absence burns."  
 And knowing this aye me! unhappy wight!  
 What means is left to help me in this plight?  
 And from that peevish shooting, hood-wink'd elf,  
 To repossess my love, my heart, myself? 130  
 Only this help I find, which I elect  
 Since what my life nor can nor will effect,  
 My ruin shall and by it, I shall find,  
 "Death cures (when all helps fail) the grieved mind"  
 And welcome here (than Love a better guest), 135  
 That of all labours art the only rest  
 Whilst thus I live, all things discomfort give,  
 The life is sure a death wherein I live  
 Save life and death do differ in this one,  
 That life hath ever cares, and death hath none 140  
 But if that he (disdainful swain) should know  
 That for his love I wrought my overthrow,  
 Will he not glory in't? and from my death  
 Draw more delights, and give new joys their breath?  
 Admit he do, yet better 'tis that I 145

Render myself to Death than misery  
I cannot live, thus barred from his sight,  
Nor yet endure, in presence, any wight  
Should love him but myself O Reason's eye,  
How art thou blinded with vild jealousy ! 150  
And is it thus? Then which shall have my blood,  
Or certain ruin, or uncertain good?  
Why do I doubt? Are we not still advis'd  
"That certainty in all things best is priz'd?"  
Then, if a certain end can help my moan, 155  
"Know Death hath certainty, but Life hath none"

Here is a mount, whose top seems to despise  
The fair inferior vale that under lies  
Who like a great man rais'd aloft by fate,  
Measures his height by others' mean estate 160  
Near to whose foot there glides a silver flood  
Falling from hence, I'll climb unto my good,  
And by it finish Love and Reason's strife,  
And end my misery as well as life  
But as a coward's heartener in war, 165  
The stirring drum, keeps lesser noise from far  
So seem the murmuring waves tell in mine ear  
That guiltless blood was never spilled there  
Then stay a while, the beasts that haunt those springs,  
Of whom I hear the fearful bellowings, 170  
May do that deed (as moved by my cry),  
Whereby my soul, as spotless ivory,



May turn from whence it came, and, freed from hence,  
 Be unpolluted of that foul offence  
 But why protract I time ? death is no stranger      175  
 And generous spirits never fear for danger  
 Death is a thing most natural to us,  
 And fear doth only make it odious "  
 As when to seek her food abroad doth rove  
 The Nuncius of peace, the seely dove,      180  
 Two sharp-set hawks do her on each side hem,  
 And she knows not which way to fly from them  
 Or like a ship, that tossed to and fro  
 With wind and tide , the wind doth sternly blow,  
 And drives her to the main, the tide comes sore      185  
 And hurls her back again towards the shore ,  
 And since her ballast and her sails do lack,  
 One brings her out, the other beats her back ,  
 Till one of them increasing more his shocks,  
 Hurls her to shore, and rends her on the rocks      190  
 So stood she long, 'twixt love and reason toss'd,  
 Until despair (who where it comes rules most)  
 Won her to throw herself, to meet with death,  
 From off the rock into the flood beneath  
 The waves that were above when as she fell,      195  
 For fear flew back again into their well,  
 Doubting ensuing times on them would frown,  
 That they so rare a beauty help'd to drown  
 Her fall, in grief, did make the stream so roar,

That sullen murmurings fill'd all the shore 200

A shepherd (near this flood that fed his sheep,  
Who at this chance left grazing and did weep)

Having so sad an object for his eyes,  
Left pipe and flock, and in the water flies,  
To save a jewel, which was never sent . 205

To be possess'd by one sole element  
But such a work Nature dispos'd and gave,  
Where all the elements concordance have  
He took her in his arms, for pity cried,  
• And brought her to the river's further side 210

Yea, and he sought by all his art and pain,  
To bring her likewise to herself again  
While she that by her fall was senseless left,  
And almost in the waves had life bereft,  
Lay long, as if her sweet immortal spirit 215  
Was fled some other palace to inherit.

But as clear Phœbus, when some foggy cloud  
His brightness from the world a while doth shroud,  
Doth by degrees begin to show his light  
Unto the view of, as the queen of night, 220  
In her increasing horns, doth rounder grow,  
Till full and perfect she appear in show  
Such order in this maid the shepherd spies,  
When she began to show the world her eyes [225  
Who (thinking now that she had pass'd death's dream,  
Occasion'd by her fall into the stream,

And that hell's ferryman did then deliver  
 Her to the other side th' infernal river)  
 Said to the swain O Charon, I am bound  
 More to thy kindness than all else that round 230  
 Come thronging to thy boat thou hast pass'd over  
 The woful'st maid that e'er these shades did cover  
 But, prithee, ferryman, direct my spright  
 Where that black river runs that Lethe hight,  
 That I of it (as other ghosts) may drink, 235  
 And never of the world, or love, more think  
 The swain perceiving by her words ill sorted,  
 That she was wholly from herself transpoited,  
 And fearing lest those often idle fits  
 Might clean expel her uncollected wits 240  
 Fair nymph (said he), the powers above deny  
 So fair a beauty should so quickly die  
 The heavens unto the world have made a loan,  
 And must for you have interest, three for one [245  
 Call back your thoughts o'erpast with dolour's night;  
 Do you not see the day, the heavens, the light?  
 Do you not know in Pluto's darksome place  
 The light of heaven did never show his face?  
 Do not your pulses beat? y'are warm, have breath,  
 Your sense is rapt with fear, but not with death. 250  
 I am not Charon, nor of Pluto's host,  
 Nor is there flesh and blood found in a ghost;  
 But as you see, a seely shepherd's swain,

Who though my mere revenues be the train  
Of milk-white sheep, yet am I joy'd as much 255  
In saving you, (O, who would not save such?),  
As ever was the wandering youth of Greece,  
That brought from Colchos home the golden fleece

The never-too-much-praised fair *Maane*,  
Hearing those words, believ'd her ears and eyne 260  
And knew how she escaped had the flood  
By means of this young swain that near her stood  
Whereat for grief she 'gin again to faint,  
Redoubling thus her cries and sad complaint  
Alas ! and is that likewise barr'd from me, 265  
Which for all persons else lies ever free ?  
Will life, nor death, nor ought abridge my pain ?  
But live still dying, die to live again ?

Then most unhappy I ! which find most sure,  
The wound of love neglected is past cure <sup>1</sup> 270  
Most cruel god of love (if such there be),  
That still to my desires art contrary !

Why should I not in reason this obtain,  
That as I love, I may be lov'd again ?  
Alas ! with thee too, Nature plays her parts, 275  
That fram'd so great a discord 'tween two hearts  
One flies, and always doth in hate persevere ,  
The other follows, and in love grows ever  
Why dost thou not extinguish clean this flame,  
And place't on him that best deserves the same ? 280  
Why had not I affected some kind youth,  
Whose every word had been the word of truth ?

Who might have had to love, and lov'd to have,  
 So true a heart as I to Celand gave  
 For Psyche's love ' if beauty gave thee birth, 285  
 Or if thou hast attractive power<sup>f</sup> on earth,  
 Dame Venus' sweetest child, requite this love  
 Or fate yield means my soul may hence remove '

Once seeing in a spring her downed eyes,  
 O cruel beauty, cause of this (she cries), 290  
 Mother of Love (my joy's most fatal knife),  
 That work'st her death, by whom thyself hast life '

The youthful swain that heard this loving saint  
 So oftentimes to pour forth such complaint,  
 Within his heart such true affection prais'd, 295  
 And did perceive kind love and pity rais'd  
 His mind to sighs , yea, beauty forced this,  
 That all her grief he thought was likewise his  
 And having brought her what his lodge affords,  
 Sometime he wept with her, sometime with words 300  
 Would seek to comfort , when, alas ' poor elf,  
 He needed then a comforter himself  
 Daily whole troops of grief unto him came  
 For her who languish'd of another flame  
 If that she sigh'd, he thought him lov'd of her, 305  
 When 'twas another sail her wind did stir  
 But had her sighs and tears been for this boy,  
 Her sorrow had been less, and more her joy  
 Long time in grief he hid his love-made pains,  
 And did attend her walks in woods and plains 310  
 Bearing a fuel, which her sun-like eyes

Enflam'd, and made his heart the sacrifice  
Yea he, sad swain, to show it did not dare ,  
And she, lest he should love, nigh died for fear  
She, ever wailing, blam'd the powers above, 315  
That night nor day give any rest to love  
He prais'd the heavens in silence, oft was mute,  
And thought with tears and sighs to win his suit

Once in the shade, when she by sleep repos'd,  
And her clear eyes 'twixt her fair lids enclos'd, 320  
The shepherd swain began to hate and curse  
That day unfortunate, which was the nurse  
Of all his sorrows He had given breath  
And life to her which was his cause of death  
O Æsop's snake, that thirstest for his blood, 325  
From whom thyself receiv'd'st a certain good  
Thus oftentimes unto himself alone  
Would he recount his grief, utter his moan ,  
And after much debating, did resolve  
Rather his grandame Earth should clean involve 330  
His pining body, ere he would make known  
To her, what tares love in his breast had sown  
Yea, he would say when grief for speech hath  
cried,

“ 'Tis better never ask than be denied ”

But as the queen of rivers, fairest Thames, 335  
That for her buildings other floods enflames  
With greatest envy , or the Nymph of Kent,

That stateliest ships to sea hath ever sent ;  
 Some baser groom, for lucre's hellish course,  
 Her channel having stopp'd, kept back her source, 340  
 (Fill'd with disdain) doth swell above her mounds,  
 And overfloweth all the neighb'ring grounds,  
 Angry she tears up all that stops her way,  
 And with more violence runs to the sea  
 So the kind shepherd's grief (which long up pent 345  
 Grew more in power, and longer in extent)  
 Forth of his heart more violently thrust,  
 And all his vow'd intentions quickly burst.  
 Mauna, hearing sighs, to him drew near,  
 And did entreat his cause of grief to hear , 350  
 But had she known her beauty was the sting  
 That caused all that instant sorrowing,  
 Silence in bands her tongue had stronger kept,  
 And sh'ad not ask'd for what the shepherd wept.

The swain first, of all times, this best did think 355  
 To show his love, whilst on the river's brink  
 They sat alone, then thought, he next would move  
 her

With sighs and tears (true tokens of a lover) ,  
 And since she knew what help from him she found  
 When in the river she had else been drown'd, 360  
 He thinketh sure she cannot but grant this,  
 To give relief to him by whom she is ,  
 By this incited, said Whom I adore,

Sole mistiess of my heart, I thee implore,  
 Do not in bondage hold my freedom long 365  
 And since I life or death hold from your tongue,  
 Suffer my heart to love , yea, daie to hope  
 To get that good of love's intended scope  
 Grant I may praise that light in you I see,  
 And dying to myself, may live in thee 370  
 Fair nymph, surcease this death-alluring languish,  
 So rare a beauty was not born for anguish  
 Why shouldst thou care for him that cares not for thee?  
 Yea, most unworthy wight, seems to abhor thee  
 And if he be as you do here paint forth him, 375  
 He thinks you, best of beauties, are not worth him ,  
 That all the joys of love will not quite cost  
 For all lov'd freedom which by it is lost  
 Within his heart such self-opinion dwells,  
 That his conceit in this he thinks excels , 380  
 Accounting women's beauties sugar'd baits,  
 That never catch but fools with their deceits  
 " Who of himself harbours so vain a thought,  
 Truly to love could never yet be brought "  
 Then love that heart where lies no faithless seed, 385  
 That never wore dissimulation's weed  
 Who doth account all beauties of the spring,  
 That jocund summer days are ushering,  
 As foils to yours. But if this cannot move  
 Your mind to pity, nor your heart to love, 390



Yet, sweetest, grant me love to quench that flame,  
 Which burns you now Expel his worthless name,  
 Clean root him out by me, and in his place  
 Let him inhabit that will run a race  
 More true in love It may be for your rest 395  
 And when he sees her, who did love him best,  
 Possessed by another, he will rate  
 The much of good he lost, when 'tis too late  
 "For what is in our powers we little deem,  
 And things possess'd by others best esteem" 400  
 If all this gain you not a shepherd's wife,  
 Yet give not death to him which gave you life.

Marine the fair, hearing his wooing tale,  
 Perceived well what wall his thoughts did scale,  
 And answer'd thus I pray, Sir Swain, what boot 405  
 Is it to me to pluck up by the root  
 My former love, and in his place to sow  
 As ill a seed, for anything I know?  
 Rather 'gainst thee I mortal hate retain,  
 That seek st to plant in me new cares, new pain 410  
 Alas! th'hast kept my soul from death's sweet bands  
 To give me over to a tyrant's hands,  
 Who on his racks will torture by his power  
 This weaken'd, harmless body, every hour  
 Be you the judge, and see if reason's laws 415  
 Give recompense of favour for this cause  
 You from the streams of death brought life on shore;  
 Releas'd one pain to give me ten times more  
 For love's sake, let my thoughts in this be free,

Object no more your hapless saving me 420  
 That obligation which you think should bind,  
 Doth still increase more hatred in my mind  
 Yea, I do think more thanks to him were due  
 That would bereave my life than unto you

The thunder-stricken swain lean'd to a tree, 425  
 As void of sense as weeping Niobe,  
 Making his tears the instruments to woo her,  
 The sea wherein his love should swim unto her  
 And, could there flow from his two headed font,  
 As great a flood as is the Hellespont, 430

Within that deep he would as willing wander  
 To meet his Hero, as did e'er Leander  
 Meanwhile the nymph withdrew herself aside,  
 And to a grove at hand her steps applied

With that sad sigh (O ! had he never seen, 435  
 His heart in better case had ever been)

Against his heart, against the stream he went,  
 With this resolve, and with a full intent,  
 When of that stream he had discovered

The fount, the well spring, or the bubbling head, 440  
 He there would sit, and with the well-drop vie,  
 That it before his eyes would first run dry

But then he thought the god\* that haunts that lake,  
 The spoiling of his spring would not well take,  
 And therefore leaving soon the crystal flood, 445  
 Did take his way unto the nearest wood

\*Deæ sane,  
 1 Nymphæ,  
 plerumque  
 fontibus &  
 fluviis præ  
 sunt apud  
 poetas, quæ,  
 Ephydriades,  
 & Naiades  
 dictæ ve  
 rum & nobis  
 tamen deum  
 putantur ( ut  
 Alpheum I y  
 berum, &  
 Rhenum, &  
 id genus alios  
 divos legi  
 mus) haud  
 illicitum

Seating himself within a darksome cave,  
 (Such places heavy Saturnists do crave,)  
 Where yet the gladsome day was never seen,  
 Nor Phœbus' piercing beams had ever been, 450  
 Fit for the synod house of those fell legions,  
 That walk th' mountains and Silvanus' regions,  
 Where Tragedy might have her full scope given,  
 From men[']s aspects, and from the view of heaven  
 Within the same some crannies did deliver 455  
 Into the midst thereof a pretty river,  
 The nymph whereof came by out of the veins  
 Of our first mother, having late ta'en pains  
 In scouring of her channel all the way,  
 From where it first began to leave the sea 460  
 And in her labour thus far now had gone,  
 When coming through the cave, she heard that one  
 Spake thus If I do in my death persevere,  
 Pity may that effect which love could never  
 By this she can conjecture 'twas some swain, 465  
 Who overladen by a maid's disdain,  
 Had here (as fittest) chosen out a place  
 Where he might give a period to the race  
 Of his loath'd life which she (for pity's sake)  
 Minding to hinder, oiv'd into her lake, 470  
 And hasten'd where the ever teeming Earth  
 Unto her current gives a wish'd birth,  
 And by her new-deliver'd river's side,

448 *Saturnists*, persons supposed to be under the influence of the planet Saturn, which tended to make men morose

Upon a bank of flow'rs, had soon espied [475  
 Remond, young Remond, that full well could sing,  
 And tune his pipe at Pan's birth carolling,  
 Who for his nimble leaping, sweetest lays,  
 A laurel garland wore on holy-days.  
 In framing of whose hand Dame Nature swore  
 There never was his like, nor should be more, 480  
 Whose locks (ensnaring nets) were like the rays  
 Wherewith the sun doth diaper the seas,  
 Which, if they had been cut and hung upon  
 The snow white cliffs of fertile Albion,  
 Would have allured more to be their winner, 485  
 Than all the diamonds\* that are hidden in her  
 Him she accosted thus Swain of the Wreath,  
 I thou art not placed only here to breathe,  
 But Nature in thy framing shows to me  
 Thou shouldst to others as she did to thee, 490  
 Do good, and surely I myself persuade,  
 Thou never wert for evil action made  
 In heaven's consistory 'twas decreed  
 That choicest fruit should come from choicest seeds,  
 In baser vessels we do ever put 495  
 Basest materials, do never shut  
 Those jewels most in estimation set,  
 But in some curious costly cabinet  
 If I may judge by th' outward shape alone,

Julum  
 Cæsarem, spe  
 Margaritarum Britan  
 niam petisse,  
 scribit Sue  
 ton in Jul  
 cap 47  
 & ex iis  
 I horacem  
 factum  
 Veneri gene  
 trici dicasse  
 Plin Hist  
 Nat 9 ca  
 35 De Mar  
 garitis verò  
 nostris con  
 sulas Cam  
 den. in Cor  
 nub &  
 Somerset

482 — *Diaper*, variegate

493 — *Consistory*, an ecclesiastical court, hence, a solemn assembly

Within, all virtues have convention 500  
 "For 't gives most lustie unto Virtue's feature,  
 When she appears cloth'd in a goodly creature"  
 Half way the hill, near to those aged trees,  
 Whose insides are as hives for lab'ring bees,  
 (As who sh<sup>d</sup>ould say, before their roots were dead, 505  
 For good work's sake and alms they harboured  
 Those whom nought else did cover but the skies )  
 A path, untrodden but of beasts, there lies,  
 Directing to a cave in yonder glade,  
 Where all this forest's citizens for shade 510  
 At noon-time come, and are the first, I think,  
 That (running through that cave) my waters drink  
 Within this rock there sits a woful wight,  
 As void of comfort as that cave of light ,  
 And as I wot, occasion'd by the frowns 515  
 Of some coy shepherdess that haunts these downs  
 This I do know (whos'ever wrought his care)  
 He is a man nigh treading to despair  
 Then hie thee thither, since 'tis charity  
 To save a man , leave here thy flock with me 520  
 For whilst thou sav'st him from the Stygian bay,  
 I'll keep thy lambkins from all beasts of prey.  
 The nearness of the danger (in his thought)  
 As it doth ever, more compassion wrought  
 So that, with reverence to the nymph, he went 525  
 With wingèd speed, and hasten'd to prevent  
 Th' untimely seizure of the greedy grave  
 Breathless, at last, he came into the cave,

Where, by a sigh directed to the man,  
 To comfort him he in this sort began 530  
 Shepherd, all hail ! what mean these plaints ? this  
                   cave

(Th' image of death, true portiait of the grave)  
 Why dost frequent ? and wail thee underground  
 From whence there never yet was pity found ?  
 Come forth, and show thyself unto the light, 535  
 Thy grief to me    If there be ought that might  
 Give any ease unto thy troubled mind,

We joy as much to give, as thou to find  
 The love sick swain replied    Remond, thou art  
 The man alone to whom I would impart 540  
 My woes more willing than to any swain,  
 That lives and feeds his sheep upon the plain  
 But vain it is, and 'twould increase my woes  
 By their relation, or to thee or those  
 That cannot remedy    Let it suffice, 545

No fond distrust of thee makes me precise  
 To show my grief    Leave me then, and forego  
 This cave more sad since I have made it so  
 Here tears broke forth, and Remond 'gan anew  
 With such entreaties, earnest to pursue 550

His former suit, that he (though hardly) wan  
 The shepherd to disclose, and thus began  
 Know briefly, Remond, then, a heavenly face,  
 Nature's idea, and perfection's grace,  
 Within my breast hath kindled such a fire, 555  
 That doth consume all things, except desire ;

Which daily doth increase, though always burning,  
 And I want tears, but lack no cause of mourning  
 "For he whom love under his colours draws,  
 May often want th' effect, but ne'er the cause" 560  
 Quoth th' other, have thy stars malign been such,  
 That their predominations sway so much  
 Over the rest, that with a mild aspect  
 The lives and loves of shepherds do affect?  
 Then do I think there is some greater hand, 565  
 Which thy endeavours still doth countermand  
 Wherefore I wish thee quench the flame, thus mov'd,  
 "And never love except thou be belov'd  
 For such an humour every woman seizeth, [570  
 She loves not him that plaineth, but that pleaseth  
 When much thou lovest, most disdain comes on  
 thee,  
 And when thou think'st to hold her, she flies from  
 thee  
 She follow'd, flies, she fled, from follows post,  
 And loveth best where she is hated most  
 'Tis ever noted both in maids and wives, 575  
 Their hearts and tongues are never relatives  
 Hearts full of holes (so elder shepherds say)  
 Are apter to receive than to retain."  
 Whose crafts and wiles did I intend to show,  
 This day would not permit me time, I know - 580  
 The day's swift horses would their course have run,

And div'd themselves within the ocean,  
Ere I should have performed half my task,  
Striving their crafty subtilties t'unmask  
And, gentle swain, some counsel take of me, 585  
Love not still where thou may'st, love, who loves  
thee ,  
Draw to the countess, fly thy love's abhoirer,  
" And if she be not for thee, be not for her "  
If that she still be wavering, will away, [590  
Why shouldst thou strive to hold that will not stay ?  
This maxim reason never can confute,  
" Better to live by loss than die by suit "  
If to some other love she is inclin'd,  
Time will at length clean root that from her mind  
Time will extinct love's flames, his hell-like  
flashes, 595  
And like a burning brand consume 't to ashes  
Yet may'st thou still attend, but not importune  
" Who seeks oft misseth, sleepers light on fortune,"  
Yea, and on women too " Thus doltish sots  
Have Fate and fairest women for their lots 600  
Favour and pity wait on patience "  
And hatred oft attendeth violence  
If thou wilt get desire whence love hath pawn'd it,  
Believe me, take thy time, but ne'er demand it  
Women, as well as men, retain desire, 605  
But can dissemble, more than men, their fire  
Be never caught with looks, nor self-wrought rumour ,  
Nor by a quaint disguise, nor singing humour



Those outside shows are toys which outwards snare,  
But virtue lodg'd within is only fair " 610

If thou hast seen the beauty of our nation,  
And find'st her have no love, have thou no passion  
But seek thou further, other places sure  
May yield a face as fair, a love more pure  
Leave, O then leave, fond swain, this idle couse, 615  
For Love's a god no mortal wight can force

Thus Remond said, and saw the fair Maine  
Plac'd near a spring, whose waters crystalline  
Did in their murmurings bear a part, and plain'd  
That one so true, so fair, should be disdain'd 620  
Whilst in her cries, that fill'd the vale along,  
Still Celind was the burthen of her song  
The stranger shepherd left the other swain,  
To give attendance to his fleecy train;  
Who, in departing from him, let him know, 625  
That yonder was his freedom's overthrow,  
Who sat bewailing (as he late had done)  
That love by true affection was not won  
This fully known, Remond came to the maid,  
And after some few words, (her tears allay'd,) 630  
Began to blame her rigour, call'd her cruel,  
To follow hate, and fly love's chiefest jewel

Fair, do not blame him that he thus is mov'd,  
For women sure were made to be lov'd  
If beauty wanting lovers long should stay, 635  
It like an house undwelt in would decay  
When in the heart if it have taken place

Time cannot blot, nor crooked age deface  
 The adamant and beauty we discover  
 To be alike, for beauty draws a lover, 649  
 The adamant his non • Do not blame  
 His loving then, but that which caus'd the same  
 Whoso is lov'd, doth glory so to be • •  
 The more your lovers, more your victory [645  
 Know, if you stand on faith, most women's loathing,  
 'Tis but a word, a character of nothing  
 Admit it somewhat, if what we call constance  
 Within a heart hath long time residence,  
 And in a woman, she becomes alone  
 Fair to herself, but foul to every one 650  
 If in a man it once have taken place,  
 He is a fool, or dotes, or wants a face  
 To win a woman, and I think it be  
 No virtue, but a mere necessity  
 Heaven's powers deny it ! Swain (quoth she) have  
                   done, 655  
 Strive not to bring that in derision,  
 Which whosoe'er detracts in setting forth,  
 Doth truly derogate from his own worth  
 It is a thing which heaven to all hath lent  
 To be their virtue's chiefest ornament 660  
 Which whoso wants is well compar'd to these  
 False tables wrought by Alcibiades,

639 — *Adamant*, the magnet, the loadstone

647 — *Constance*, constancy.

Which noted well of all were found t'have been  
 Most fair without but most deform'd within  
 Then, shepherd, know, that I intend to be 665  
 As true to one as he is false to me

To one? (quoth he) why so? Maids pleasure take  
 To see a thousand languish for their sake  
 Women desire for lovers of each sort,  
 And why not you? Th' amorous swain for sport, 670  
 The lad that drives the greatest flock to field  
 Will buskins, gloves, and other fancies yield,  
 The gallant swain will save you from the jaws  
 Of ravenous bears, and from the lions' paws.  
 Believe what I propound, do many choose, 675  
 "The least herb in the field serves for some use"

Nothing persuaded, nor assur'd by this,  
 Was fairest Marine, or her heaviness  
 But pray'd the shepherd, as he e'er did hope  
 His silly sheep should fearless have the scope 680  
 Of all the shadows that the trees do lend,  
 From reynard's stealth, when Titan doth ascend,  
 And run his midway course, to leave her there,  
 And to his bleating charge again repair  
 He condescended, left her by the brook, 685  
 And to the swain and 's sheep himself betook

He gone, she with herself thus 'gan to scan  
 Alas! poor Marine, think'st thou to attain  
 His love by sitting here? or can the fire

Be quench'd with wood? can we allay desire 690  
 By wanting what's desired? O that breath,  
 The cause of life, should be the cause of death!  
 That who is shipwreck'd on love's hidden shelf,  
 Doth live to others, dies unto herself  
 Why might not I attempt by death as yet 695  
 To gain that freedom which I could not get,  
 Being hinder'd heretofore? A time as free,  
 A place as fit offers itself to me,  
 Whose seed of ill is grown to such a height,  
 • That makes the earth groan to support his weight 700  
 Whoso is lull'd asleep with Midas' treasures,  
 And only fears by death to lose life's pleasures,  
 Let them fear death but since my fault is such,  
 And only fault, that I have lov'd too much,  
 On joys of life why should I stand? For those 705  
 Which I ne'er had I surely cannot lose.  
 Admit a while I to these thoughts consented,  
 "Death can be but deferred, not prevented"  
 Then raging with delay, her tears that fell  
 Usher'd her way, and she into a well 710  
 Straightways leapt after "O! how desperation  
 Attends upon the mind enthrall'd to passion!"  
 The fall of her did make the god below,  
 Starting, to wonder whence that noise should grow,  
 Whether some rude clown in spite did fling 715  
 A lamb, untimely fall'n, into his spring

And if it were, he solemnly then swore  
 His spring should flow some other way no more  
 Should it in wanton manner e'er be seen  
 To writhe in knots, or give a gown of green 720  
 Unto their meadows, nor be seen to play,  
 Nor drive the rushy mills that in his way  
 The shepherds made, but rather for their lot,  
 Send them red waters that their sheep should rot,  
 And with such moonish springs embrace their field, 725  
 That it should nought but moss and rushes yield  
 Upon each hillock, where the merry boy  
 Sits piping in the shades his notes of joy,  
 He'd show his anger by some flood at hand,  
 And turn the same into a running sand 730  
 Upon the oak, the plum-tree, and the holm,  
 The stock dove and the blackbird should not come,  
 Whose muting on those trees do make to grow  
 Rots-curing hyphear,\* and the mistletoe [735  
 Nor shall this help their sheep, whose stomach fails,  
 By tying knots of wool near to their tails  
 But 'tis the place next to the knot doth die,  
 So shall it all the body mortify  
 Thus spake the god but when as in the water [740  
 The corps came sinking down, he spied the matter,  
 And catching softly in his arms the maid,  
 He brought her up, and having gently laid

\* Hyphear ad  
 saginanda  
 pecora uti  
 lius omnino  
 tutem satum  
 nullo modo  
 nascitur, nec  
 nisi per alvum  
 avium reddi-  
 tum, maxime  
 palumbis ac  
 turdis Plin  
 Hist Nat  
 16 cap 93  
 Hinc illud  
 vetus ver-  
 bum turdus  
 sibi malum  
 caecot.

731 —*Holm*, the holly

733 —*Muting*, dropping dung (of birds)

734 —*Hyphear*, the Latin name for mistletoe

Her on his bank, did presently command  
Those waters in her to come forth at hand  
They straight came gushing out, and did contest 745  
Which chiefly should obey their god's behest  
This done, her then pale lips he straight held ope,  
And from his silver hair let fall a drop  
Into her mouth of such an excellence,  
That call'd back life which griev'd to part from  
                  thence, 750  
Being for troth assur'd that than this one,  
• She ne'er possess'd a fairer mansion  
Then did the god her body forwards steep,  
And cast her for a while into a sleep,  
Sitting still by her did his full view take 755  
Of Nature's masterpiece Here for her sake,  
My pipe in silence as of right shall mourn,  
Till from the wat'ring we again return

753 - *Steep*, to lay down lengthways

## THE SECOND SONG

## THE ARGUMENT

Oblivion's spring, and Dory's love,  
 With fair Marina's rite, first move  
 Mine oaten pipe, which after sings  
 The birth of two renowned springs

Now till the sun shall leave us to our rest,  
 And Cynthia have her brother's place possess'd,  
 I shall go on and first in differing stripe,  
 The flood god's speech thus tune on oaten pipe  
     Or mortal, or a power above, 5  
     Enrag'd by fury, or by love,  
     Or both, I know not, such a deed  
     Thou wouldst effected, that I bleed  
     To think thereon alas ! poor elf,  
     What, grown a traitor to thyself? 10  
     This face, this hour, this hand so pure  
     Were not ordain'd for nothing, sure  
     Nor was it meant so sweet a breath

Should be expos'd by such a death ,  
But rather in some lover's breast 15  
Be given up, the place that best  
Befits a lover yield his soul  
Nor should those mortals e'er control  
The gods that in their wisdom sage,  
Appointed have what pilgrimage 20  
Each one should run and why should men  
Abridge the journey set by them ?  
But much I wonder any wight  
If he did turn his outward sight  
Into his inward, dar'd to act 25  
Hei death, whose body is compact  
Of all the beauties ever Nature  
Laid up in store for earthly creature  
No savage beast can be so cruel  
To rob the earth of such a jewel 30  
Rather the stately unicorn  
Would in his breast enrage scorn,  
That maids committed to his charge  
By any beast in forest large  
Should so be wronged Satyrs rude, 35  
Durst not attempt, or e'er intrude  
With such a mind the flow'ry balks  
Where harmless virgins have their walks  
Would she be won with me to stay,  
My waters should bring from the sea 40

37 — *Balks*, a ridge of land left by the plough in ploughing



The coral red, as tribute due,  
 And roundest peails of Orient hue  
 Or in the richer veins of ground  
 Should seek for her the diamond  
 And whereas now unto my spring 45  
 They nothing else but gravel bring,  
 They should within a mine of gold  
 In piercing manner long time hold,  
 And having it to dust well wrought,  
 By them it hither should be brought, 50  
 With which I'll pave and overspread  
 My bottom, where her foot shall tread  
 The best of fishes in my flood  
 Shall give themselves to be her food  
 The trout, the dace, the pike, the bream, 55  
 The eel, that loves the troubled stream,  
 The miller's thumb, the hiding loach,  
 The perch, the ever-nibbling roach,  
 The shoats with whom <sup>is</sup> Tavy fraught,  
 The foolish gudgeon, quickly caught, 60  
 And last the little minnow-fish,  
 Whose chief delight in gravel is  
 In right she cannot me despise  
 Because so low mine empire lies  
 For I could tell how Nature's store 65  
 Of majesty appeareth more  
 In waters than in all the rest

Of elements    It seem'd her best  
To give the waves most strength and power  
For they do swallow and devour                 70  
The earth, the waters quench and kill  
The flames of fire and mounting still  
Up in the air, are seen to be  
As challenging a seignorie  
Within the heavens, and to be one                 75  
That should have like dominion  
They be a ceiling and a floor  
Of clouds, caus'd by the vapours' store  
Arising from them, vital spirit  
By which all things their life inherit                 80  
From them is stopped, kept asunder  
And what's the reason else of thunder,  
Of lightning's flashes all about,  
That with such violence break out,  
Causing such troubles and such jars,                 85  
As with itself the world had wars?  
And can there anything appear  
More wonderful than in the air  
Congealed waters oft to spy  
Continuing pendant in the sky?                 90  
Till falling down in hail or snow,  
They make those mortal wights below  
To run, and ever help desire  
From his foe element the fire,

Which fearing then to come abroad, 95  
Within doors maketh his abode ,  
Or falling down ofttime in rain,  
Doth give green liveries to the plain,  
Make[s] shepherds' lambs fit for the dish,  
And giveth nutriment to fish , 100  
Which nourisheth all things of worth  
The earth produceth and brings forth ,  
And therefore well considering  
The nature of it in each thing  
As when the teeming earth doth grow 105  
So hard, that none can plough nor sow,  
Her breast it doth so mollify,  
That it not only comes to be  
More easy for the share and ox,  
But that in harvest times the shocks 110  
Of Ceres' hanging eared corn  
Doth fill the hovel and the barn  
To trees and plants I comfort give,  
By me they fructify and live  
For first ascending from beneath 115  
Into the sky, with lively breath,  
I thence am furnish'd, and bestow  
The same on herbs that are below  
So that by this each one may see  
I cause them spring and multiply 120  
Who seeth this can do no less,  
Than of his own accord confess,  
That notwithstanding all the strength

The earth enjoys in breadth and length,  
 She is beholding to each stream, 125  
 And hath received all from them  
 Her love to him she then must give  
 By whom herself doth chiefly live  
 This being spoken by this water's god,  
 He straightway in his hand did take his rod, 130  
 And struck it on his bank, wherewith the flood  
 Did such a roaring make within the wood,  
 That straight the nymph\* who then sat on her shore, \* The watery  
 Knew there was somewhat to be done in store nymph  
 And therefore hasting to her brother's spring 135 that spoke  
 She spied what caus'd the waters' echoing to Remond  
 Saw where fair Marine fast asleep did lie,  
 Whilst that the god still viewing her sat by  
 Who when he saw his sister nymph draw near,  
 He thus 'gan tune his voice unto her ear 140  
 My fairest sister (for we come  
 Both from the swelling Thetis' womb)  
 The reason why of late I strook  
 My ruling wand upon my brook, 145  
 Was for this purpose Late this maid  
 Which on my bank asleep is laid,  
 Was by herself or other wight  
 Cast in my spring, and did affright  
 With her late fall the fish that take  
 Their chiefest pleasure in my lake 150  
 Of all the fry within my deep,  
 None durst out of their dwellings peep

The trout within the weeds did scud,  
 The eel him hid within the mud  
 Yea, from this fear I was not free 155  
 For as I musing sat to see  
 How that the pretty pebbles round  
 Came with my spring from underground,  
 And how the waters issuing  
 Did make them dance about my spring, 160  
 The noise thereof did me appall  
 That starting upward therewithal,  
 I in my arms her body caught,  
 And both to light and life her brought  
 Then cast her in a sleep you see 165  
 But, brother, to the cause (quoth she)  
 Why by your raging waters wild  
 Am I here called? Thetis' child,  
 Replied the god, for thee I sent,  
 That when her time of sleep is spent, 170  
 I may commit her to thy gage,  
 Since women best know women's rage  
 Meanwhile, fair nymph, accompany  
 My spring with thy sweet harmony;  
 And we will make her soul to take 175  
 Some pleasure, which is said to wake,  
 Although the body hath his rest  
 She gave consent, and each of them address'd  
 Unto their part The wat'ry nymph did sing

171 —*Gage*, here used in the sense of "temporary keeping"

In manner of a pretty questioning 180  
 The god made answer to what she propounded,  
 Whilst from the spring a pleasant music sounded,  
 Making each shrub in silence to adore them,  
 Taking their subject from what lay before them

*Nymph* What's that, compact of earth, infus'd with  
 air , 185

A certain made full with uncertainties ,  
 Sway'd by the motion of each several sphere ,  
 Who's fed with nought but infelicities ,  
 Endures nor heat nor cold , is like a swan,  
 That this hour sings, next dies ? 190  
*God* It is a man

*Nymph* What's he, born to be sick, so always dying,  
 That's guided by inevitable fate ,  
 That comes in weeping, and that goes out crying ,  
 Whose calendar of woes is still in date , 195  
 Whose life's a bubble, and in length a span ,  
 A concert still in discord ?  
*God* 'Tis a man

*Nymph* What's he, whose thoughts are still quell'd  
 in th' event,  
 Though ne'er so lawful, by an opposite, 200  
 Hath all things fleeting, nothing permanent,  
 And at his ears wears still a parasite

Hath friends in wealth, or wealthy friends, who can  
In want prove mere illusions ?

*God* 'Tis a man 205

*Nymph* What's he, that what he is not strives to  
seem,

That doth support an Atlas-weight of care,  
That of an outward good doth best esteem,  
And looketh not within how solid they are,  
That doth not virtuous, but the richest scan, 210,  
Learning and worth by wealth ?

*God* It is a man

*Nymph* What's that possessor, which of good makes  
bad,

And what is worst, makes choice still for the best,  
That grieveth most to think of what he had, 215  
And of his chiefest loss accounteth least,  
That doth not what he ought, but what he can,  
Whose fancy's ever boundless ?

*God* 'Tis a man

The first  
woman is  
fashioned to be  
named Pan-  
dora : a  
creature  
framed of the  
concurrence  
of the gifts  
and orna-  
ments of all

*Nymph* But what is it wherein Dame Nature wrought  
The best of works, the only frame of Heaven ; [220  
And having long to find a present sought,  
Wherein the world's whole beauty might be given,  
She did resolve in it all arts to summon,  
To join with Nature's framing ? 225

*God* 'Tis this woman.

*Nymph* If beauty be a thing to be admird,  
 And if admiring draw to it affection,  
 And what we do affect is most desired,  
 What wight is he to love denies subjection ? 230  
 And can his thoughts within himself confine ?

the gods As  
 Hesiod, ὅτι  
 παντες  
 Ολυμπια  
 \* δωματ  
 εχοντες  
 Δωρον  
 εδωρησαν

Marine that waking lay, said Celandine  
 He is the man that hates which some admire ,  
 He is the wight that loathes whom most desire ;  
 'Tis only he to love denies subjecting, 235  
 And but himself, thinks none is worth affecting  
 Unhappy me the while, accurs'd my fate,  
 That Nature gives no love where she gave hate  
 The wat'ry ruleis then perceived plain,  
 Nipp'd with the winter of love's frost, disdain, 240  
 This nonpareil of beauty had been led  
 To do an act which Envy pitied  
 Therefore in pity did confer together  
 What physic best might cure this burning fever  
 At last found out that in a grove below, 245  
 Where shadowing sycamores past number grow,  
 A fountain takes his journey to the main,  
 Whose liquor's nature was so sovereign  
 (Like to the wondrous well and famous spring,  
 Which in Boeotia\* hath his issuing), 250  
 That whoso of it doth but only taste,  
 All former memory from him doth waste ,  
 Not changing any other work of Nature,  
 But doth endow the drinker with a feature

\* Pliny  
 writes of two  
 springs rising  
 in Boeotia,  
 the first help  
 ing memory,  
 called μνήμη  
 the latter  
 causing ob-  
 livion, called  
 ληθη



More lovely    Fair Medea took from hence      255  
 Some of this water, by whose quintessence  
 Jason from age came back to youth    This known,  
 The god thus spake

r

Nymph, be thine own,  
 And after mine    This goddess here  
 (For she's no less) will bring thee where      260  
 Thou shalt acknowledge springs have do[n]e  
 As much for thee as any one  
 Which ended, and thou gotten free,  
 If thou wilt come and live with me,  
 No shepherd's daughter, nor his wife,      265  
 Shall boast them of a better life  
 Meanwhile I leave thy thoughts at large,  
 Thy body to my sister's charge ,  
 Whilst I into my spring do dive  
 To see that they do not deprive      270  
 The meadows near, which much do thirst,  
 Thus heated by the sun    May first  
 (Quoth Marine) swains give lambs to thee ,  
 And may thy flood have seignorie  
 Of all floods else, and to thy fame      275  
 Meet greater springs, yet keep thy name.  
 May never evet nor the toad  
 Within thy banks make their abode '  
 Taking thy journey from the sea,

274 —*Seignorie*, lordship, dominion

277 —*Evet*, or *hibit*, the Devonshire name of the newt

May'st thou ne'er happen in thy way 280  
 On nitre or on brimstone mine,  
 To spoil thy taste ' this spring of thine  
 Let it of nothing taste but earth,  
 And salt conceived, in then birth.  
 Be ever fresh ' Let no man dare 285  
 To spoil thy fish, make lock or waie ,  
 But on thy margent still let dwell  
 Those flowers which have the sweetest smell  
 And let the dust upon thy strand  
 Become like Tagus' golden sand 290  
 Let as much good betide to thee,  
 As thou hast favour show'd to me

Thus said, in gentle paces they remove,  
 And hasten'd onward to the shady grove,  
 Where both arriv'd , and having found the rock, 295  
 Saw how this precious water it did lock  
 As he whom avarice possesseth most,  
 Drawn by necessity unto his cost,  
 Doth drop by piecemeal down his prison'd gold,  
 And seems unwilling to let go his hold 300  
 So the strong rock the water long time stops,  
 And by degrees lets it fall down in drops  
 Like hoarding housewives that do mould their food,  
 And keep from others what doth them no good  
 The drops within a cistern fell of stone, 305  
 Which fram'd by Nature, Art had never one

Half part so curious    Many spells then using,  
 The water's nymph 'twixt Marine's lips infusing  
 Part of this water, she might straight perceive  
 How soon her troubled thoughts began to leave 310  
 Her love swoll'n breast, and that her inward flame  
 Was clean assuaged, and the very name  
 Of Celandine forgotten, did scarce know  
 If there were such a thing as love or no  
 And sighing, therewithal threw in the air 315  
 All former love, all sorrow, all despair,  
 And all the former causes of her moan  
 Did therewith bury in oblivion  
 Then must'ring up her thoughts, grown vagabonds,  
 Press'd to relieve her inward bleeding wounds, 320  
 She had as quickly all things past forgotten,  
 As men do monarchs that in earth lie rotten  
 As one new born she seem'd, so all discerning,  
 " Though things long learn'd are the long'st unlearn  
     ing "  
 Then walk'd they to a grove but near at hand, 325  
 Where fiery Titan had but small command,  
 Because the leaves, conspiring, kept his beams,  
 For fear of hurting (when he's in extremes)  
 The under-flow'ers, which did enrich the ground  
 With sweeter scents than in Arabia found 330  
 The earth doth yield (which they through pores  
     exhale)  
 Earth's best of odours, th'aromatical  
 Like to that smell which oft our sense describes

Within a field which long unploughed lies,  
 Somewhat before the setting of the sun , 335  
 And where the rainbow in the horizon  
 Doth pitch her tips or as when in the prime,  
 The earth being troubled with a drought long time,  
 The hand of Heaven his spongy clouds doth strain,  
 And throws into her lap a shower of rain 340  
 She sendeth up (conceived from the sun)  
 A sweet perfume and exhalation  
 Not all the ointments brought from Delos' Isle,  
 Nor from the confines of seven headed Nile,  
 Nor that brought whence Phœnicians have abodes, 345  
 Nor Cyprus' wild vine flowers, nor that of Rhodes,  
 Nor roses' oil from Naples, Capua,  
 Saffron confected in Cilicia,  
 Nor that of quinces, nor of majoram,  
 That ever from the Isle of Coos came, 350  
 Nor these, nor any else, though ne'er so rare,  
 Could with this place for sweetest smells compare  
 There stood the elm, whose shade so mildly dim  
 Doth nourish all that groweth under him ,  
 Cypress that like pyramids run topping, 355  
 And hurt the least of any by their dropping ,  
 The alder, whose fat shadow nourisheth,  
 Each plant set near to him long flourisheth ,  
 The heavy headed plane tree, by whose shade  
 The grass grows thickest, men are fresher made , 360

337 — *Prime*, spring348 — *Confect*, prepared as sweetmeats

The oak, that best endures the thunder-shocks ,  
 The everlasting eben, cedar, box ,  
 The olive that in wainscot never cleaves ,  
 The amorous vine, which in the elm still weaves ,  
 The lotus, juniper, where worms ne'er enter ,      365  
 The pine, with whom men through the ocean venture ,  
 The warlike yew, by which (more than the lance)  
 The strong-arm'd English spirits conquer'd France  
 Amongst the rest the tamarisk there stood,  
 For housewives' besoms only known most good ,      370  
 The cold-place loving birch, and service-tree ,  
 The walnut loving vales, and mulberry ,  
 The maple, ash, that do delight in fountains  
 Which have their currents by the sides of mountains ,  
 The laurel, myrtle, ivy, date, which hold      375  
 Their leaves all winter, be it ne'er so cold ,  
 The fir, that oftentimes doth rosin drop ,  
 The beech, that scales the welkin with his top ,  
 All these, and thousand more within this grove,  
 By all the industry of Nature strove      380  
 To frame an harbour that might keep within it  
 The best of beauties that the world hath in it

Here ent'ring, at the entrance of which shroud,  
 The sun, half angry, hid him in a cloud,  
 As raging that a grove should from his sight      385  
 Lock up a beauty whence himself had light,

369 — *Tamarisk*, a shrub growing freely on the south coast of England      See Note

371 — *Service tree*, the wild pear tree

The flowers pull'd in their heads as being 'sham'd  
 Their beauties by the others were defam'd

Neat to this wood there lay a pleasant mead,  
 Where fairies often did their measures tread, 390  
 Which in the meadow made such circles green,  
 As if with garlands it had crowned been,  
 Or like the circle where the signs we track,  
 And learned shepherds call't the Zodiac  
 Within one of these rounds was to be seen 395,  
 A hillock rise, where oft the fairy queen  
 At twilight sat, and did command her elves  
 To pinch those maids that had not swept their  
                   shelves,

And further, if by maidens' oversight  
 Within doors water were not brought at night, 400  
 Or if they spread no table, set no bread,  
 They should have nips from toe unto the head,  
 And for the maid that had perform'd each thing,  
 She in the water-pail bade leave a ring

Upon this hill there sat a lovely swain, 405  
 As if that Nature thought it great disdain  
 That he should (so through her his genius told him)  
 Take equal place with swains, since she did hold him  
 Her chiefest work, and therefore thought it fit  
 That with inferiors he should never sit 410  
 Narcissus' change sure Ovid clean mistook,  
 He died not looking in a crystal brook,  
 But (as those which in emulation gaze)  
 He pin'd to death by looking on this face.

When he stood fishing by some river's bum,      415  
 The fish would leap, more for a sight of him  
 Than for the fly      The eagle, highest bred,  
 'Was taking him once up for Ganymede  
 The shag hair'd satyrs, and the tripping fawns,  
 With all the troop that frolic on the lawns,      420  
 Would come and gaze on him, as who should say  
 They had not seen his like this many a day  
 Yea, Venus knew no difference 'twixt these twain,  
 Save Adon was a hunter, this a swain  
 The wood's sweet quiristers from spray to spray      425  
 Would hop them nearer him, and then there stay  
 Each joying greatly from his little heart  
 That they with his sweet reed might bear a part  
 This was the boy (the poets did mistake)  
 To whom bright Cynthia so much love did make,      430  
 And promis'd for his love no scornful eyes  
 Should ever see her more in horned guise  
 But she at his command would as of duty  
 Become as full of light as he of beauty  
 Lucina at his birth for midwife stuck,      435  
 And Cytherea nurs'd and gave him suck,  
 Who to that end, once dove drawn from the sea,  
 Her full paps dropp'd, whence came the milky way  
 And as when Plato did i' th' cradle thrive,  
 Bees to his lips brought honey from their hive.      440  
 So to this boy they came, I know not whether

They brought, or from his lips did honey gather  
 The wood-nymphs oftentimes would busied be,  
 And pluck for him the blushing strawberry,  
 Making of ther<sup>a</sup> a bracelet on a bent, 445  
 Which for a favour to this swain they sent  
 Sitting in shades, the sun would oft by skips  
 Steal through the boughs, and seize upon his lips  
 The chiefest cause the sun did condescend  
 To Phaeton's request was to this end, 450  
 That whilst the other did his horses rein,  
 He might slide from his sphere and court this swain,  
 Whose sparkling eyes vied lustre with the stars,  
 The truest centre of all circulars  
 In brief, if any man in skill were able 455  
 To finish up Apelles' half done table,  
 This boy (the man left out) were fittest sure  
 To be the pattern of that portraiture  
 Piping he sat, as merry as his look,  
 And by him lay his bottle and his hook 460  
 His buskins (edg'd with silver) were of silk,  
 Which held a leg more white than morning's milk,  
 Those buskins he had got and brought away  
 For dancing best upon the revel day  
 His oaten reed did yield forth such sweet notes, 465  
 Joined in concert with the birds' shrill throats,

445 — *Bent*, a long coarse grass.

449 — *Condescend*, consent

456 — *Fable*, a picture of Aphrodite



That equaliz'd the harmony of spheres,  
 A music that would ravish choicest ears  
 Long look'd they on, (who would not long look on,  
 That such an object had to look upon?) 470  
 Till at the last the nymph did Maime send  
 To ask the nearest way whereby to wend  
 To those fair walks where sprung Marina's ill,  
 Whilst she would stay Marine obey'd her will,  
 And hasten'd towards him (who would not do so, 475  
 That such a pretty journey had to go?)  
 Sweetly she came, and with a modest blush,  
 Gave him the day, and then accosted thus  
     Fairest of men, that (whilst thy flock doth feed)  
 Sitt'st sweetly piping on thine oaten reed 480  
 Upon this little berry (some ycleep  
 A hillock) void of care, as are thy sheep  
 Devoid of spots, and sure on all this green  
 A fairer flock as yet was never seen  
 Do me this favour (men should favour maids) 485  
 That whatsoever path directly leads,  
 And void of danger, thou to me do show,  
 That by it to the Marish I might go  
 Marriage! (quoth he) mistaking what she said,  
 Nature's perfection . thou most fairest maid, 490  
 (If any fairer than the fairest may be)  
 Come sit thee down by me , know, lovely lady,

481 —*Berry*, barrow, or mound    *Berry*, *Berry-Head*, *Berry Pomeroy*, all in Devonshire, are perhaps instances of its use

488 —*Marish*, marsh

Love is the readiest way if ta'en aright,  
 You may attain thereto full long ere night  
 The maiden thinking he of marish spoke, 495  
 And not of marriage, straightway did invoke,  
 And pray'd the shepherds' god might always keep  
 Him from all danger, and from wolves his sheep  
 Wishing withal that in the prime of spring  
 Each sheep he had two lambs might yearly bring 500  
 But yet (quoth she) arede, good gentle swain,  
 If in the dale below, or on yond plain,  
 Or is the village situate in a grove,  
 Through which my way lies, and ycleeped Love?  
 Nor on yond plain, nor in this neighbouring wood,  
 Nor in the dale where glides the silver flood, [505  
 But like a beacon on a hill so high,  
 That every one may see 't which passeth by,  
 Is Love yplac'd there's nothing can it hide,  
 Although of you as yet 'tis unespied 510  
 But on which hill (quoth she) pray tell me true?  
 Why here (quoth he) it sits and talks to you  
 And are you Love (quoth she?) fond swain, adieu,  
 You guide me wrong, my way lies not by you  
 Though not your way, yet you may lie by me 515  
 Nymph, with a shepherd thou as merrily  
 May'st love and live, as with the greatest lord  
 "Greatness doth never most content afford"  
 I love thee only, not affect world's pelf,

501 — *Arede*, explain

"She is not lov'd that's lov'd not for herself" 520  
 How many shepherds' daughters, who in duty  
 To griping fathers have enthral'd their beauty,  
 To wait upon the gout, to walk when pleases  
 Old January halt O that diseases [525  
 Should link with youth ! She that hath such a mate  
 Is like two twins born both incorporate  
 Th' one living, th' other dead the living twin  
 Must needs be slain through noisomeness of him  
 He carrieth with him such are their estates,  
 Who merely marry wealth and not their mates 530  
 As ebbing waters freely slide away  
 To pay their tribute to the raging sea ;  
 When meeting with the flood they jostle stout,  
 Whether the one shall in, or th' other out [535  
 Till the strong flood new power of waves doth bring,  
 And drives the river back into his spring  
 So Marine's words off'ring to take then course,  
 By Love then ent'ring, were kept back, and force  
 To it, his sweet face, eyes, and tongue assign'd,  
 And threw them back again into her mind 540  
 "How hard it is to leave and not to do  
 That which by nature we are prone unto !  
 We hardly can (alas why not?) discuss,  
 When Nature hath decreed it must be thus  
 It is a maxim held of all, known plain 545  
 Thrust Nature off with forks, she'll turn again "  
 Blithe Doridon (so men this shepherd hight)  
 Seeing his goddess in a silent plight,

("Love often makes the speech's organs mute,")  
Began again thus to renew his suit 550

If by my words your silence hath been such,  
Faith I am sorry I have spoke so much  
Bar I those lips? fit to be th' utterers when  
The heavens would pailey with the chief of men,  
Fit to direct (a tongue all hearts convinces) 555  
When best of scribes writes to the best of princes  
Were mine like yours, of choicest words completest,  
"I'd show how grief's a thing weighs down the  
greatest,

The best of forms (who knows not) grief doth taint it,  
The skilfull'st pencil never yet could paint it," 560  
And reason good, since no man yet could find  
What figure represents a grieved mind  
Methinks a troubled thought is thus express'd,  
To be a chaos rude and indigest  
Where all do rule, and yet none bears chief sway 565  
Check'd only by a power that's more than they  
This do I speak, since to this every lover  
That thus doth love, is thus still given over  
If that you say you will not, cannot love [570  
Oh heavens! for what cause then do you here move?  
Are you not fram'd of that expertest mould  
For whom all in this round concordance hold?  
Or are you framed of some other fashion,  
And have a form and heart, but yet no passion?



But to be loved? If you understood  
The birds that prattle here, you would know then,  
As birds woo byds, maids should be woo'd of men.  
But I want power to woo, since what was mine 605  
Is fled, and lie as vassals at your shrine  
And since what's mine is yours, let that same move,  
Although in me you see nought worthy love  
Maine about to speak, forth of a sling  
(Fortune to all misfortunes plies her wing 610  
More quick and speedy) came a sharpen'd flint,  
• Which in the fair boy's neck made such a dint,  
That crimson blood came streaming from the wound,  
And he fell down into a deadly swoond  
The blood ran all along where it did fall, 615  
And could not find a place of burial  
But where it came, it there congealed stood,  
As if the Earth loath'd to drink guiltless blood  
Gold-hair'd Apollo, Muses' sacred king,  
Whose praise in Delphos' Isle doth ever ring, 620  
Physic's first founder, whose art's excellence  
Extracted Nature's chiefest quintessence,  
Unwilling that a thing of such a worth  
Should so be lost, straight sent a dragon forth  
To fetch this blood, and he perform'd the same 625  
And now apothecaries give it name,  
From him that fetch'd it—(doctors know it good  
In physic's use)—and call it dragon's blood  
Some of the blood by chance did downward fall,  
And by a vein got to a mineral, 630

Whence came a red decayed dames infuse it  
 With Venice ceruse, and for painting use it  
 Marine astonish'd (most unhappy maid),  
 O'ercome with fear, and at the view afraid,  
 Fell down into a trance, eyes lost their sight, 635  
 Which being open made all darkness light  
 Her blood ran to her heart, or life to feed,  
 Or loathing to behold so vile a deed

And as when winter doth the earth array  
 In silver suit, and when the night and day 640  
 Are in dissension, night locks up the ground,  
 Which by the help of day is oft unbound,  
 A shepherd's boy with bow and shafts address'd,  
 Ranging the fields, having once pierc'd the breast  
 Of some poor fowl, doth with the blow straight rush  
 To catch the bird lies panting in the bush [645  
 So rush'd this striker in, up Marine took,  
 And hasten'd with her to a near-hand brook  
 Old shepherds say (old shepherds sooth have say)

\* An expression of the natures of two rivers rising near to gether, and differing in their tastes and manner of running

Two rivers\* took their issue from the main, 650  
 Both near together, and each bent his race,  
 Which of them both should first behold the face  
 Of radiant Phœbus one of them in gliding  
 Chanc'd on a vein where nitre had abiding  
 The other, loathing that her purer wave 655  
 Should be defil'd with that the nitre gave

632 — *Venice ceruse*, white lead, used by ladies for painting their faces and bosoms

Fled fast away, the other follow'd fast,  
 Till both been in a rock ymet at last  
 As seemed best, the rock did first deliver  
 Out of his hollow sides the purer river, 680  
 (As if it taught those men in honour clad  
 To help the virtuous and suppress the bad,)  
 Which gotten loose, did softly glide away  
 As men from earth, to earth; from sea, to sea,  
 So rivers run and that from whence both came 665  
 Takes what she gave waves, earth but leaves a  
 name

As waters have their course, and in their place  
 Succeeding streams will out, so is man's race  
 The name doth still survive, and cannot die,  
 Until the channels stop, or spring grow dry 670

As I have seen upon a bridal day  
 Full many maids clad in their best array,  
 In honour of the bride come with their flasks  
 Fill'd full with flowers others in wicker baskets  
 Bring from the marish rushes to o'erspread 675  
 The ground whereon to church the lovers tread,  
 Whilst that the quaintest youth of all the plain  
 Ushers their way with many a piping strain  
 So, as in joy, at this fair river's birth,  
 Triton came up a channel with his mirth, 680

673 —*Flaskets*, clothes baskets

675 —*Marish*, marsh

677 —*Quaintest*, neat, elegant, or ingenious



And call'd the neighb'ring nymphs each in her turn  
To pour their pretty rivulets from their urn  
To wait upon this new deliver'd spring,  
Some running through the meadows, with them bring  
Cowslip and mint and 'tis another's lot 685  
To light upon some gard'ner's curious knot,  
Whence she upon her breast (love's sweet repose)  
Doth bring the queen of flowers, the English rose  
Some from the fen bring reeds, wild-thyme from  
downs.

Some from a grove the bay that poets crowns , 690  
Some from an aged rock the moss hath torn,  
And leaves him naked unto winter's storm ,  
Another from her banks (in mere goodwill)  
Brings nutriment for fish, the camomile  
Thus all bring somewhat, and do overspread 695  
The way the spring unto the sea doth tread

This while the flood which yet the rock up pent,  
And suffer'd not with jocund merriment  
To tread rounds in his spring, came rushing forth,  
As angry that his waves (he thought) of worth 700  
Should not have liberty, nor help the prime  
And as some ruder swain composing rhyme,  
Spends many a grey goose quill unto the handle,  
Buries within his socket many a candle,  
Blots paper by the quire, and dries up ink, 705

686 — *Knot*, garden plat

691 — *An aged rock, etc* See Note

As Xerxes' army did whole rivers drink,  
 Hoping thereby his name his work should raise  
 That it should live until the last of days  
 Which finished, he boldly doth address  
 Him and his works to undergo the press, 710  
 When lo (O Fate !) his work not seeming fit  
 To walk in equipage with better wit,  
 Is kept from light, there gnawn by moths and worms,  
 At which he frets right so this river storms  
 But broken forth, as Tavy creeps upon 715  
 The western vales of fertile Albion,  
 Here dashes roughly on an aged rock,  
 That his intended passage doth up lock,  
 There intricately 'mongst the woods doth wander,  
 Losing himself in many a wry meander 720  
 Here amorously bent, clips some fair mead,  
 And then dispers'd in rills, doth measures tread  
 Upon her bosom 'mongst her flow'ry ranks  
 There in another place bears down the banks  
 Of some day-labouring wretch here meets a rill, 725  
 And with their forces join'd cuts out a mill  
 Into an island, then in jocund guise  
 Surveys his conquest, lauds his enterprise  
 Here digs a cave at some high mountain's foot  
 There undermines an oak, tears up his root 730  
 Thence rushing to some country-farm at hand,  
 Breaks o'er the yeoman's mounds, sweeps from his land

712 — *To walk in equipage*, etc See Note

729 — *Here digs a cave*, etc See Note

His harvest hope of wheat, of rye, or pease  
 And makes that channel which was shepherd's lease  
 Here, as our wicked age doth sacrilege, 735  
 Helps down an abbey, then a natural bridge  
 By creeping underground he flammeth out,  
 As who should say he either went about  
 To right the wrong he did, or hid his face,  
 For having done a deed so vile and base 740  
 So ran this river on, and did bestir  
 Himself to find his fellow-traveller

But th' other fearing lest her noise might show  
 What path she took, which way her streams did flow  
 As some wayfaring man strays thro' a wood, 745  
 Where beasts of prey, thirsting for human blood,  
 Lurk in their dens, he softly list'ning goes,  
 Not trusting to his heels, treads on his toes,  
 Dreads every noise he hears, thinks each small bush  
 To be a beast that would upon him rush, 750  
 Feareth to die, and yet his wind doth smother;  
 Now leaves this path, takes that, then to another.  
 Such was her course This feared to be found,  
 The other not to find, swells o'er each mound,  
 Roars, rages, foams, against a mountain dashes, 755  
 And in recoil makes meadows standing plashes  
 Yet finds not what he seeks in all his way,  
 But in despair runs headlong to the sea

734 — *Lease*, pasture736 — *Helps down an abbey*, etc. See Note.756 — *Plashes*, pools.

This was the cause them by tradition taught,  
 Why one flood ran so fast, th' other so soft, 760  
 Both from one head Unto the rougher stream,  
 (Crown'd by that meadow's flow'ry diadem,  
 Where Doridon lay hurt) the cruel swain  
 Hurries the shepherdess, where having lain  
 Her in a boat like the cannows of Inde, 765  
 Some silly trough of wood, or some tree's rind,  
 Puts from the shore, and leaves the weeping strand,  
 Intends an act by water, which the land  
 Abhorr'd to bolster, yea, the guiltless earth  
 Loath'd to be midwife to so vile a birth 770  
 Which to relate I am enforc'd to wrong  
 The modest blushes of my maiden-song  
 Then each fair nymph whom Nature doth endow  
 With beauty's cheek, crown'd with a shamefast  
 brow,  
 Whose well tun'd ears, chaste object loving eyne 775  
 Ne'er heard nor saw the works of Aretine,\*  
 Who ne'er came on the Cytherean shelf,  
 But is as true as Chastity itself,  
 Where hated Impudence ne'er set her seed,  
 Where lust lies not veil'd in a virgin's weed 780

\* An ob-  
scene Italian  
poet

765 — *Cannows*, canoes

769 — *Bolster*, support

777 — *Cytherean shelf*, Cythera, a very rocky island lying off the south eastern extremity of Laconia, represented in the Greek and Latin poets as one of the favourite residences of Aphrodite

Let her withdraw    Let each young shepherdling  
Walk by, or stop his ear, the whilst I sing      °

But ye, whose blood like kids upon a plain,  
Doth skip and dance lavoltas in each vein,      [785  
Whose breasts are swoll'n with the venerean game,  
And warm yourselves at lust's alluring flame ;  
Who dare to act as much as men dare think,  
And wallowing lie within a sensual sink ;  
Whose feigned gestures do entrap our youth  
With an apparency of simple truth ,      790  
Insatiate gulfs, in your defective part  
By Art help Nature, and by Nature, Art  
Lend me your ears, and I will touch a string  
Shall lull your sense asleep the while I sing

But stay methinks I hear something in me      795  
That bids me keep the bounds of modesty ,  
Says, " Each man's voice to that is quickly mov'd  
Which of himself is best of all belov'd ,  
By utt'ring what thou know'st less glory's got,  
Than by concealing what thou knowest not "      800  
¶ so, I yield to it, and set my rest  
Rather to lose the bad than wrong the best  
My maiden-Muse flies the lascivious swains,  
And scorns to soil her lines with lustful strains ,  
Will not dilate (nor on her forehead bear      805  
Immodesty's abhorred character)

784 —*Lavoltas*, romping waltzes

801 —*Set my rest*, am determined, a metaphor from the once fashionable game of *primero*

His shameless prying, his undecent doings,  
 His curious searches, his respectless wooings,  
 How that he saw—But what? I dare not break it,  
 You safer may conceive than I dare speak it 810  
 Yet verily had he not thought her dead,  
 Sh'ad lost, ne'er to be found, her maidenhead

The roughest stream, loathing a thing compacted  
 Of so great shame should on his flood be acted,  
 (According to our times not well allow'd 815  
 In others what he in himself avow'd)  
 Bent hard his forehead, furrow'd up his face,  
 And danger led the way the boat did trace  
 And as within a landskip that doth stand  
 Wrought by the pencil of some curious hand, 820  
 We may descry, here meadow, there a wood,  
 Here standing ponds, and there a running flood,  
 Here on some mount a house of pleasure vanted,  
 Where once the roaring cannon had been planted,  
 I here on a hill a swain pipes out the day, 825  
 Out-braving all the quiristers of May,  
 A huntsman here follows his cry of hounds,  
 Driving the hare along the fallow grounds,  
 Whilst one at hand seeming the sport t' allow, [830  
 Follows the hounds and careless leaves the plough,  
 There in another place some high-raised land,  
 In pride bears out her breasts unto the strand,

823 —*Vanted*, made an ostentatious display

826 —*Quiristers*, choristers, constantly used for birds

Here stands a bridge, and there a conduit head ,  
 Here round a Maypole some the measures tread ,  
 There boys the truant play and leave their book , 835  
 Here stands an angle with a baited hook ,  
 There for a stag one lurks within a bough ;  
 Here sits a maiden milking of her cow ,  
 There on a goodly plain (by time thrown down)  
 Lies buried in his dust some ancient town),      840  
 Who now invillaged there's only seen  
 In his vast ruins what his state had been ,  
 And of all these in shadows so express'd  
 Make the beholders' eyes to take no rest  
 So for the swain the flood did mean to him      845  
 To show in Nature (not by Art to him)  
 A tempest's rage his furious waters threat,  
 Some on this shore, some on the other beat  
 Here stands a mountain where was once a dale ,  
 There where a mountain stood is now a vale.      850  
 Here flows a billow, there another meets ,  
 Each, on each side the skiff, unkindly greets  
 The waters underneath 'gan upward move,  
 Wond'ring what stratagems were wrought above  
 Billows that miss'd the boat still onward thrust,      855  
 And on the cliffs, as swell'd with anger, burst  
 All these, and more, in substance so express'd,  
 Made the beholder's thoughts to take no rest  
 Horror in triumph rid upon the waves ,  
 And all the Furies from their gloomy caves      860  
 Came hovering o'er the boat, summon'd each sense





So      *BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS*    [Book I

So lay the maid, th' amazed swain sat weeping,  
And Death in her was dispossess'd by sleeping    890  
The roaring voice of winds, the billows' raves,  
Nor all the mutt'ring of the sullen waves  
Could once disquiet, or her slumber stir,  
But lull'd her more asleep than waken'd her  
Such are their states whose souls from foul offence    895  
Enthroned sit in spotless innocence  
Where rest my Muse, till (jolly shepherds' swains)  
Next morn with pearls of dew bedecks our plains  
We'll fold our flocks, then in fit time go on  
To tune mine oaten pipe for Doridon                      900

## THE THIRD SONG

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### THE ARGUMENT

The shepherd s swain here singing on,  
Tells of the cure of Doridon  
And then unto the waters' falls  
Chanteth the rustic Pastorals

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Now had the sun, in golden chariot hurl'd,  
Twice bid good-morrow to the nether world ,  
And Cynthia, in her orb and perfect round,  
Twice view'd the shadows of the upper ground ;  
Twice had the day-star usher'd forth the light ,      5  
And twice the evening star proclaim'd the night ,  
Ere once the sweet-fac'd boy (now all forlorn)  
Came with his pipe to resalute the morn  
    When grac'd by time (unhappy time the while)  
The cruel swain (who ere knew swain so vile ?)      10  
Had struck the lad, in came the wat'ry nymph  
To raise from sound poor Doridon (the imp

1 — *Hurl'd*, wheeled

12 — *Sound*, swoon

12 — *Imp*, a graft or shoot inserted into a tree, used metaphorically for offspring, a child

Whom Nature seem'd to have selected forth  
 To be ingrafted on some stock of worth ,)  
 And the maid help, but since "to dooms of Fate 15  
 Succour, though ne'er so soon, comes still too late,"  
 She rais'd the youth, then with her arms enwrings him,  
 And so with words of hope she homewards brings  
 him

At door expecting him his mother sat,  
 Wond'ring her boy should stay from her so late , 20  
 Framing for him unto herself excuses,  
 And with such thoughts gladly herself abuses  
 As that her son, since day grew old and weak,  
 Stay'd with the maids to run at bailey-break ,  
 Or that he cours'd a park with females fraught, 25  
 Which would not run except they might be caught ,  
 Or in the thickets laid some wily snare  
 To take the rabbit or the purblind hare ,  
 Or taught his dog to catch the climbing kid  
 Thus shepherds do, and thus she thought he did 30  
 "In things expected meeting with delay,  
 Though there be none, we frame some cause of stay "  
 And so did she (as she who doth not so?)  
 Conjecture Time unwing'd he came so slow  
 But Doridon drew near, so did her grief 35  
 "Ill-luck, for speed, of all things else is chief "  
 For as the blind man\* sung, "Time so provides,  
 That Joy goes still on foot, and Sorrow flies "

Homer

Now when she saw (a woful sight) her son,  
 Her hopes then fail'd her, and her cries begun 40  
 To utter such a plaint, that scarce another,  
 Like this, ere came from my love sick mother

If man hath done this, Heaven, why mad'st thou  
 men ?

Not to deface thee in thy children,  
 But by the work the workman to adore , 45

Framing that something which was nought before  
 Aye me, unhappy wretch ! if that in things  
 Which are as we (save title) men fear kings,  
 That be their postures to the life limn'd on  
 Some wood as frail as they, or cut in stone, 50

“ 'Tis death to stab why then should earthly things  
 Dare to deface his form who formed kings ?

When the world was but in his infancy,  
 Revenge, desires unjust, vile jealousy,  
 Hate, envy, murder, all these six then reign'd, 55  
 When but their half of men the world contain'd  
 Yet but in part of these, those ruled then.

When now as many vices live as men  
 Live they ? yes, live, I fear, to kill my son,  
 With whom my joys, my love, my hopes are done 60

Cease, quoth the water's nymph, that led the swain,  
 Though 'tis each mother's cause thus to complain,  
 Yet “ abstinence in things we must profess  
 Which Nature fram'd for need, not for excess ”

Since the least blood, drawn from the lesser part 65  
 Of any child comes from the mother's heart,

We cannot choose but grieve, except that we  
 Should be more senseless than the senseless tree,  
 Replied his mother Do but cut the limb  
 Of any tree, the trunk will weep for him 70

Alluding to  
 our English  
 pronuncia-  
 tion and in-  
 different  
 ortho-  
 graphy

Rend the cold sycamore's\* thin bark in two,  
 His name and tears would say, So love should do  
 "That mother is all flint (than beasts less good)  
 Which drops no water when her child streams blood "  
 At this the wounded boy fell on his knee, 75  
 Mother, kind mother (said) weep not for me  
 Why, I am well Indeed I am if you  
 Cease not to weep, my wound will bleed anew  
 When I was promis'd first the light's fruition,  
 You oft have told me, 'twas on this condition, 80  
 That I should hold it with like rent and pain  
 As others do, and one time leave't again  
 Then, dearest mother, leave, oh leave to wail,  
 "Time will effect where tears can nought avail."

Herewith Marinda taking up her son, 85  
 Her hope, her love, her joy, her Doridon,  
 She thank'd the nymph for her kind succour lent,  
 Who straight tripp'd to her wat'ry regiment

July took  
 his name from  
 Julius Cæsar

Down in a dell (where in that month\* whose fame  
 Grows greater by the man who gave it name, 90  
 Stands many a well-pil'd cock of short sweet hay  
 That feeds the husband's neat each winter's day)

83 —*Leave*, cease

92 —*Husband's neat*, farmer's oxen.

A mountain had his foot, and 'gan to rise  
 In stately height to parley with the skies  
 And yet as blaming his own lofty gait, 95

Weighing the fickle props in things of state,  
 His head began to droop, and downwards bending,  
 Knock'd on that breast which gave it birth and  
 ending

And lies so with an hollow hanging vault,  
 As when some boy trying the somersault, 100

Stands on his head, and feet, as he did lie  
 To kick against earth's spangled canopy,  
 When seeing that his heels are of such weight  
 That he cannot obtain their purpos'd height,  
 Leaves any more to strive, and thus doth say, 105

What now I cannot do, another day  
 May well effect it cannot be denied  
 I show'd a will to act, because I tried  
 The Scornfull-hill men call'd him, who did scorn  
 So to be call'd, by reason he had borne 110

No hate to greatness, but a mind to be  
 The slave of greatness through humility.  
 For had his mother Nature thought it meet,  
 He meekly bowing would have kiss'd her feet

Under the hollow hanging of this hill 115

There was a cave cut out by Nature's skill  
 Or else it seem'd the mount did open's breast,  
 That all might see what thoughts he there possess'd

Whose gloomy entrance was environ'd round      [120  
 With shrubs that cloy ill husbands' meadow ground  
 The thick-grown hawthorn and the binding briar,  
 The holly that out-daies cold winter's ire  
 Who all entwin'd, each limb with limb did deal,  
 That scarce a glimpse of light could inward steal  
 An uncouth place, fit for an uncouth mind,      125  
 That is as heavy as that cave is blind  
 Here liv'd a man his hoary hairs call'd old,  
 Upon whose front time many years had told,  
 Who, since Dame Nature in him feeble grew,  
 And he unapt to give the world ought new,      130  
 The secret power of herbs that grow on mould,  
 Sought out, to cherish and relieve the old

Hither Marinda all in haste came running,  
 And with her tears desir'd the old man's cunning,  
 When this good man (as goodness still is prest      135  
 At all assays to help a wight distress'd)  
 As glad and willing was to ease her son,  
 As she would ever joy to see it done,  
 And giving her a salve in leaves up bound,  
 And she directed how to cure the wound,      140  
 With thanks, made homewards (longing still to see  
 Th' effect of this good hermit's surgery)  
 There carefully, her son laid on a bed  
 (Enriched with the blood he on it shed),

135 —*Still*, constantly*Prest*, ready136 —*Assays*, essays, trials

She washes, dresses, binds his wound (yet sore) 145  
That griev'd it could weep blood for him no more

Now had the glorious sun ta'en up his inn,  
And all the lamps of heav'n enlighten'd been ,  
Within the gloomy shades of some thick spring  
Sad Philomel 'gan on the hawthorn sing , 150  
(Whilst every beast at rest was lowly laid),  
The outrage done upon a silly maid  
All things were hush'd ; each bird slept on his bough ,  
And night gave rest to him day tir'd at plough ;  
Each beast, each bird, and each day toiling  
wight 155

Recerv'd the comfort of the silent night ;  
Free from the gripes of sorrow every one,  
Except poor Philomel and Doudon ,  
She on a thorn sings sweet though sighing strains ,  
He on a couch more soft, more sad complains , 160  
Whose in pent thoughts him long time having pain'd,  
He sighing, wept, and weeping thus complain'd

Sweet Philomela (then he heard her sing),  
I do not envy thy sweet carolling,  
But do admire thee that each even and morrow 165  
Canst carelessly thus sing away thy sorrow  
Would I could do so too ' and ever be  
In all my woes still imitating thee  
But I may not attain to that, for then  
Such most unhappy, miserable men 170







Noontide the Morn had woo'd, and she 'gan yield,  
 When Doridon (made ready for the field)  
 Goes sadly forth (a woful shepheid's lad)      225  
 Drowned in tears, his mind with griet yclad,  
 To ope his fold and let his lambkins out,  
 (Full jolly flock they seem'd, a well fleec'd rout)  
 Which gently walk'd before, he sadly pacing,      [230  
 Both guides and follows them towards their grazing  
 When from a grove the wood nymphs held full dear,  
 Two heavenly voices did entreat his ear,  
 And did compel his longing eyes to see  
 What happy wight enjoy'd such harmony,  
 Which joined with five more, and so made  
    seven,      235  
 Would parallel in mirth the spheres of heaven  
 To have a sight at first he would not press,  
 For fear to interrupt such happiness,  
 But kept aloof the thick-grown shrubs among,  
 Yet so as he might hear this wooing song      240

*F*    Fic, shepherd's swain, why sit'st thou all alone,  
       Whilst other lads are sporting on the leys?  
*R*    Joy may have company, but grief hath none  
       Where pleasure never came, sports cannot please  
*F*    Yet may you please to grace our this day's  
    sport,      245  
       Though not an actor, yet a looker-on.

- R* A looker-on, indeed ! so swains of sort,  
 Cast low, take joy to look whence they are thrown ?  
*R* Seek joy and find it  
*F* Grief doth not mind it 250

*Both*

Then both agree in one,  
 Sow now doth hate  
 To have a mate ,  
 " True grief is still alone "

- F* Sad swain, arede (if that a maid may ask) 255  
 What cause so great effects of grief hath  
 wrought ?  
*R* Alas ! Love is not hid, it wears no mask ,  
 To view 'tis by the face conceiv'd and brought  
*F* The cause I grant the causer is not learn'd  
 Your speech I do entreat about this task 260  
*R* If that my heart were seen, 'twould be discern'd ,  
 And Fida's name found graven on the cask  
*F* Hath Love young Remond moved ?  
*R* 'Tis Fida that is loved

*Both*

Although 'tis said that no men 265  
 Will with their hearts,

O! goods' chief parts  
Trust either seas or women

- F* How my<sup>a</sup> maiden be assu'd of love,  
Since falsehood late in every swain excelleth ? 270  
*R* When protestations fail, time may approve  
Where true affection lives, where falsehood  
dwelleth  
*F* The truest cause elects a judge as true  
Fie, how my sighing my much loving telleth  
*R* Your love is fix'd in one whose heart to you 275  
Shall be as constancy, which ne'er rebelleth  
*F* None other shall have grace  
*R* None else in my heart place

*Both*

Go, shepherds' swains and wive all,  
For love and kings 280  
Are two like things  
Admitting no co-rival.

As when some malefactor judg'd to die  
For his offence, his execution nigh,  
Casteth his sight on states unlike to his, 285  
And weighs his ill by others' happiness  
So Doridon thought every state to be  
Further from him, more near felicity  
O blessed sight, where such concordance meets,

Where truth with truth, and love with liking  
 • greets. 290

Had (quoth the swain) the Fates giv'n me some  
 measure

Of true delight's inestimable treasure,  
 I had been fortunate but now so weak;  
 My bankrupt heart will be enforc'd to break  
 Sweet love, that draws on earth a yoke so even ; 295  
 Sweet life, that imitates the bliss of heaven ;  
 Sweet death they needs must have, who so unite  
 That two distinct make one heimaphrodite  
 Sweet love, sweet life, sweet death, that so do meet  
 On earth , in death, in heaven be ever sweet ' 300  
 Let all good wishes ever wait upon you,  
 And happiness as handmaid tending on you  
 Your loves within one centre meeting have '  
 One hour your deaths, your corps possess one  
 grave ' [305

Your names still green, (thus doth a swain implore)  
 Till time and memory shall be no more !

Herewith the couple hand in-hand alose,  
 And took the way which to the sheep-walk goes  
 And whilst that Dondon their gait look'd on,  
 His dog disclos'd him, rushing forth upon 310  
 A well-fed deer, that tips it o'er the mead  
 As nimbly as the wench did whilom tread

312 — *The wench*, Camilla, one of the swift-footed huntresses  
 of Diana (Virgil, *Æneid*, vii 803, etc )

On Ceies' dangling ears, or shaft let go  
 By some fair nymph that bears Diana's bow  
 When turning head, he not a foot would stir,      315  
 Scorning the barking of a shepherd's cur  
 So should all swains as little weigh their spite,  
 Who at their songs do bawl, but dare not bite

Remond, that by the dog the master knew,  
 Came back, and angry bade him to pursue      320  
 Dory (quoth he), if your ill-tutor'd dog  
 Have nought of awe, then let him have a clog  
 Do you not know this seely timorous deer,  
 (As usual to his kind) hunted whilere

The sun not ten degrees got in the signs,      325  
 Since to our maids, here gathering columbines,  
 She weeping came, and with her head low laid  
 In Fida's lap, did humbly beg for aid  
 Whereat unto the hounds they gave a check,  
 And saving her, might spy about her neck      330  
 A collar hanging, and (as yet is seen)

These words in gold wrought on a ground of green  
 "Maidens, since 'tis decreed a maid shall have me,  
 Keep me till he shall kill me that must save me"  
 But whence she came, or who the words concern,      335  
 We neither know nor can of any learn  
 Upon a pallat she doth lie at night,  
 Near Fida's bed, nor will she from her sight  
 Upon her walks she all the day attends,

And by her side she trips where'er she wends 340

Remond (replied the swain) if I have wrong'd  
Fida in ought which unto her belong'd,  
I sorrow for't, and truly do protest, ,  
As yet I never heard speech of this beast  
Nor was it with my will, or if it were, 345  
Is it not lawful we should chase the deer,  
That breaking our enclosures every morn  
Are found at feed upon our crop of corn?  
Yet had I known this deer, I had not wrong'd  
Fida in ought which unto her belong'd 350

• I think no less, quoth Remond, but, I pray,  
Whither walks Doridon this holy day?  
Come drive your sheep to their appointed feeding,  
And make you one at this our merry meeting  
Full many a shepherd with his lovely lass 355  
Sit telling tales upon the clover grass  
There is the merry shepherd of the Hole,  
Thenot, Piers, Nilkin, Duddy, Hobbinoll,  
Alexis, Silvan, Teddy of the Glen,  
Rowly and Perigot here by the Fen, 360  
With many more (I cannot reckon all)  
That meet to solemnize this festival

I grieve not at their mirth, said Doridon  
Yet had there been of feasts not any one  
Appointed or commanded, you will say, 365  
"Where there's content 'tis ever holy-day "

Leave further talk (quoth Remond) let's be gone,  
I'll help you with your sheep, the time draws on



Fida will call the hind, and come with us

Thus went they on, and Remond did discuss      370  
 Their cause of meeting, till they won with pacing  
 The circuit chosen for the maidens' tracing  
 It was a roundel seated on a plain,  
 That stood as sentinel unto the main,  
 Environ'd round with trees and many an arbour,      375  
 Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour,  
 And on a bough within the quick'ning spring,  
 Would be a-teaching of their young to sing,  
 Whose pleasing notes the tired swain have made  
 To steal a nap at noontide in the shade      380  
 Nature herself did there in triumph ride,  
 And made that place the ground of all her pride  
 Whose various flow'rs deceiv'd the rasher eye  
 In taking them for curious tapestry  
 A silver spring forth of a rock did fall,      385  
 That in a drought did serve to water all  
 Upon the edges of a grassy bank  
 A tuft of trees grew circling in a rank,  
 As if they seem'd their sports to gaze upon,  
 Or stood as guard against the wind and sun      390  
 So fair, so fresh, so green, so sweet a ground  
 The piercing eyes of Heaven yet never found.  
 Here Doridon all ready met doth see,  
 (Oh, who would not at such a meeting be?)

372 — *Tracing*, dancing

373 — *Roundel*, a round space of ground

Where he might doubt, who gave to other grace, 395  
 Whether the place the maids, or maids the place  
 Here 'gan the reed and merry bagpipe play,  
 Shrill as a thrush upon a morn of May,

(A rural music for an heavenly train)

And every shepherdess danc'd with her swain. 400

As when some gale of wind doth nimbly take  
 A fan white lock of wool, and with it make  
 Some pretty driving, here it sweeps the plain,  
 There stays, here hops, there mounts, and turns  
 again,

Yet all so quick, that none so soon can say 405

That now it stops, or leaps, or turns away  
 So was their dancing none look'd thereupon,  
 But thought their several motions to be one

A crooked measure was their first election,  
 Because all crooked tends to best perfection 410

And as I ween this often bowing measure  
 Was chiefly framed for the women's pleasure  
 Though like the rib, they crooked are and bending,

Yet to the best of forms they aim their ending  
 Next in an (I) their measure made a rest, 415

Showing when love is plainest it is best  
 Then in a (Y) which thus doth love commend,  
 Making of two at first, one in the end

And lastly closing in a round do enter,  
 Placing the lusty shepherds in the centre 420

About the swains they dancing seem'd to roll,  
 As other planets round the heav'nly pole,

Who by their sweet aspect or chiding frown,  
 Could raise a shepherd up, or cast him down  
 Thus were they circled till a swain came near,      425  
 And sent this song unto each shepherd's ear  
 The note and voice so sweet, that for such mirth  
 The gods would leave the heavens, and dwell on earth.

Happy are you so enclosed ,  
 May the maids be still disposed      430  
     In their gestures and their dances,  
 So to grace you with entwining,  
 That Envy wish in such combining,  
     Fortune's smile with happy chances

Here it seems as if the Graces      435  
 Measur'd out the plain in traces,  
     In a shepherdess disguising  
 Are the spheres so nimbly turning?  
 Wand'ring lamps in heaven burning,  
     To the eye so much enticing?      440

Yes, Heaven means to take these thither,  
 And add one joy to see both dance together

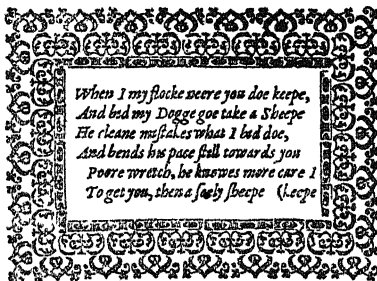
Gentle nymphs, be not refusing,  
 Love's neglect is time's abusing,  
     They and beauty are but lent you,      445  
 Take the one and keep the other  
 Love keeps fresh what age doth smother  
     Beauty gone you will repent you

*Twill be said when yee ha<sup>e</sup> proued,  
 Neuer Swaines more truly loued  
 O it en flye all nice behaviour  
 Pity fauour would (as her dutie)  
 Be attending still on beautie  
 Let her not be out of fauour.*

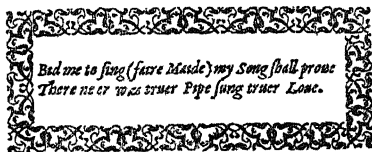
*Dildame is now so much rewarded,  
 That Pity weeps since shee is rewarded.*

The measure and the Song here being ended  
 Each Swaine his thoughts thus to his Loue commended

• The first presents his Dogge, with these:



The second, his Pipe, with these:



The third, a pair of Gloves, thus

*These will keepe your Bands from burning,  
Whilst the Sunne is swiftly turning;  
But who can any weale demise  
To shield my Heart from your saure Eyes?*

The fourth, an Anagram.

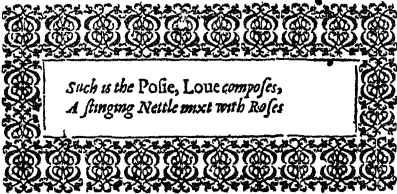
MAIDEN  
AID MEN

*Maidens should be ayding Men,  
And for loue give loue agen  
Learne this lesson from your Mother,  
One good wish requires another  
They deserue their names best, when  
Maides most willingly ayd Men*

The fifth, a Ring, with a Picture in a Jewell on it

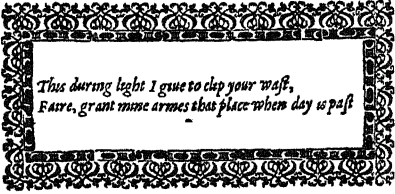
*Nature hath fram'd a Iewell beyond compare,  
The world's the Ring, but you the Jewell are*

The sixt, a *Nosegay* of *Roses*, with  
a *Nettle* in it



*Such is the Posie, Loue composes,  
A stinging Nettle mixt with Roses*

The seauenth, a *Girdle*



*Thus during light I gae to clasp your waist,  
Faue, grant mine armes that place when day is past*

---

The



Eight

You haue the substance, and I liue,  
But by the shadowe which you giue,  
Substance and shadowe, both are due  
And giuen of me to none but you  
Then whence is life but from that part  
Which is possessor of the hart.

The Nynth

The booke of right belongs to you, for when I take but sence Sheepe, so still take Men

The Tenth

Black each hart it will be burninge,  
Doe see, and to loue be turninge,  
In yo locks to shade your beaues,  
This way ye may doe his duties  
Needs no combe to smooth y<sup>r</sup> tresses  
With you w<sup>h</sup>ome Nature dresses  
Euer y<sup>e</sup> hope euer playninge  
To euen y<sup>e</sup> should haue bounden meaninge  
Each one with his life is tyndred  
With youth is best comfort  
And once flinty, still repenting  
Mindens still should be reflectinge.

A ouelle maiden best of my  
Of our plaines though thrice as many  
Vale to loue, and leaue denyinge,  
R. niles harts left faies betyng.  
Such a face, so fyne a feature  
K. inders fairest sweetes errature  
Neuer yet was found but louing;  
O then let my plaintes be mouing:  
I trust a shepheard though I cannot.  
Truth is best when shee is plainest.  
I loue, not, with reurs contesting:  
If any is faith without protestow.  
Time y<sup>e</sup> all things doth inherite  
R. enders each desert his merit.  
If y<sup>e</sup> stile on me, as noe man  
Is anilles fyne aere vsinne auerment





## THE FOURTH SONG

---

### THE ARGUMENT

Fida's distress, the hind is slain,  
 Yet from her ruins lives again  
 Riot's description next I rhyme,  
 Then Aletheia, and old Time  
 And lastly, from this song I go,  
 Having describ'd the Vale of Woe

---

HAPPY ye days of old, when every waste  
 Was like a Sanctuary to the chaste,  
 When incests, rapes, adulteries, were not known,  
 All pure as blossoms which are newly blown  
 Maids were as free from spots, and soils within,      5  
 As most unblemish'd in the outward skin  
 Men every plain and cottage did afford,  
 As smooth in deeds, as they were fair of word  
 Maidens with men as sisters with their brothers,      [10  
 And men with maids convers'd as with their mothers,  
 Free from suspicion, or the rage of blood  
 Strife only reign'd, for all striv'd to be good  
     But then as little wrens but newly fledge,

First, by their nests hop up and down the hedge ;  
 Then one from bough to bough gets up a tree 15  
 His fellow noting his agility,  
 Thinks he as well may venture as the other,  
 So flushing from one spray unto another,  
 Gets to the top, and then embolden'd flies,  
 Unto an height past ken of human eyes 20  
 So time brought worse, men first desir'd to talk ,  
 Then came suspect , and then a private walk ,  
 Then by consent appointed times of meeting,  
 Where most securely each might kiss his sweeting ,  
 Lastly, with lusts their panting breasts so swell, 25  
 They came to—— But to what I blush to tell,  
 And enter'd thus, rapes used were of all,  
 Incest, adultery, held as venial  
 The certainty in doubtful balance rests,  
 If beasts did learn of men, or men of beasts 30  
 Had they not learn'd of man who was their king,  
 So to insult upon an underling,  
 They civilly had spent their lives' gradation,  
 As meek and mild as in their first creation ,  
 Nor had th' infections of infected minds 35  
 So alter'd nature, and disorder'd kinds,  
 Fida had been less wretched, I more glad,  
 That so true love so true a progress had  
 When Remond left her (Remond then unkind)  
 Fida went down the dale to seek the hind , 40

And found her taking soil within a flood  
 Whom when she call'd straight follow'd to the wood.  
 Fida, then wearied, sought the cooling shade,  
 And found an *ar-bour* by the shepherds made  
 To frolic in (when Sol did hottest shine) 45  
 With cates which were far cleaner than fine,  
 For in those days men never us'd to feed  
 So much for pleasure as they did for need  
 Enriching then the *arbour* down she sat her,  
 Where many a busy bee came flying at her 50  
 Thinking when she for air her breasts discloses,  
 That there had grown some tuft of damask roses,  
 And that her azure veins which then did swell,  
 Were conduit-pipes brought from a living well,  
 Whose liquor might the world enjoy for money, 55  
 Bees would be bankrupt, none would care for honey  
 The hind lay still without (poor silly creature,  
 How like a woman art thou fram'd by Nature?  
 Timorous, apt to tears, wily in running,  
 Caught best when force is intermix'd with cunning) 60  
 Lying thus distant, different chances meet them,  
 And with a fearful object Fate doth greet them.  
 Something appear'd, which seem'd, far off, a man  
 In stature, habit, gait, proportion  
 But when their eyes their objects' masters were, 65  
 And it for stricter censure came more near,  
 By all his properties one might well guess,  
 Than of a man, he sure had nothing less.

Description  
 of Riot

For verily since old Deucalion's flood,  
 Earth's slime did ne'er produce a viler brood 70  
 Upon the various earth's embroidered gown  
 There is a weed upon whose head grows down ;  
 Sow-thistle 'tis yclept, whose downy wreath,  
 If any one can blow off at a breath,  
 We deem her for a maid such was his hair, 75  
 Ready to shed at any stirring air  
 His ears were stricken deaf when he came nigh,  
 To hear the widow's or the orphan's cry ,  
 His eyes encircled with a bloody chain,  
 With poring in the blood of bodies slain , 80  
 His mouth exceeding wide, from whence did fly  
 Volfies of execrable blasphemy,  
 Banning the heavens, and he that rideth on them,  
 Dar'd vengeance to the teeth to fall upon him  
 Like Scythian wolves, or men\* of wit bereaven, 85  
 Which howl and shoot against the lights of heaven  
 His hands (if hands they were) like some dead stars  
 corse,  
 With digging up his buried ancestors ,  
 Making his father's tomb and sacred shrine  
 The trough wherein the hog herd fed his swine 90  
 And as that beast hath legs (which shepherds fear,  
 Yclept a badger, which our lambs doth tear)  
 One long, the other short, that when he runs  
 Upon the plains, he halts , but when he wons

\* Men of  
Scirum shoot  
against the  
stars

On craggy rocks, or steepy hills, we see 95  
 None runs more swift, nor easier than he  
 Such legs the monster had, one sinew shiunk,  
 That in the plains he reel'd, as being diunk,  
 And halted in the paths to virtue tending,  
 And therefore never durst be that way bending 100  
 But when he came on carved monuments,  
 Spring colosses, and high-raised rents,  
 He pass'd them o'er, quick, as the Eastern wind  
 Sweeps through a meadow, or a nimble hind,  
 Or satyr on a lawn, or skipping roe, 105  
 Or well-wing'd shaft forth of a Parthian bow.  
 His body made (still in consumptions rife)  
 A miserable prison for a life

Riot he hight, whom some cuis'd fiend did raise,  
 When like a chaos were the nights and days 110  
 Got and brought up in the Cimmerian clime,  
 Where sun nor moon, nor days, nor nights do time  
 As who should say, they scorn'd to show their faces  
 To such a fiend should seek to spoil the Graces

At sight whereof Fida, nigh drown'd in fear, 115  
 Was clean dismay'd when he approached near,  
 Nor durst she call the deer, nor whistling wind hei,  
 Fearing hei noise might make the monster find her;

102 —*Rents*, fissures, crevices

111 —*Cimmerian clime*, a land described by Homer (*Odyssey*, xi 14) as being beyond the ocean stream, plunged in darkness, and unblest by the rays of the sun

117 —*Wind her*, make her turn



An asp, who thought him stout, could not dissemble,  
 But show'd his fear, and yet is seen to tremble. <sup>c</sup> [145  
 Yet Cruelty was deaf, and had no sight  
 In ought which might gainsay the appetite  
 But with his teeth rending her throat asunder,  
 Besprinkl'd with her blood the green grass under, 150  
 And gormandizing on her flesh and blood,  
 He, vomiting, returned to the wood

Not but newly gone, as strange a vision,  
 Though far more heavenly, came in apparition  
 As that Arabian bird (whom all admire) 155  
 Her exequies prepar'd and funeral fire,  
 Burnt in a flame conceived from the sun,  
 And nourished with slips of cinnamon,  
 Out of her ashes hath a second birth,  
 And flies abroad, a wonderment on earth 160  
 So from the ruins of this mangled creature  
 Arose so fair and so divine a feature,  
 That Envy for her heart would dote upon her,  
 Heaven could not choose but be enamour'd on her  
 Were I a star, and she a second sphere, 165  
 I'd leave the other, and be fixed there  
 Had fair Arachne wrought this maiden's hair,  
 When she with Pallas did for skill compare,  
 Minerva's work had never been esteem'd,  
 But this had been more rare and highly deem'd, 170  
 Yet gladly now she would reverse her doom,  
 Weaving this hair within a spider's loom  
 Upon her forehead, as in glory, sat

Descrip-  
 tion of I ruth.

Mercy and Majesty, for wond'ring at,  
 As pure and simple as Albania's snow, 175  
 Or milk-white swans which stem the streams of Po  
 Like to some goodly foreland, bearing out  
 Her hair, the tufts which fring'd the shore about  
 And lest the man which sought those coasts might slip,  
 Her eyes like stars did serve to guide the ship 180  
 Upon her front (heaven's fairest promontory)  
 Delineated was th' authentic story  
 Of those elect, whose sheep at first began  
 To nibble by the springs of Canaan  
 Out of whose sacred loins (brought by the stem 185  
 Of that sweet singer of Jerusalem)  
 Came the best Shepherd ever flocks did keep,  
 Who yielded up his life to save his sheep  
     O thou Eterne ! by whom all beings move,  
 Giving the springs beneath, and springs above , 190  
 Whose finger doth this universe sustain,  
 Bringing the former and the latter rain ,  
 Who dost with plenty meads and pastures fill,  
 By drops distill'd like dew on Hermon hill  
 Pardon a silly swain, who (far unable 195  
 In that which is so rare, so admirable)  
 Dares on an oaten pipe thus meanly sing  
 Her praise immense, worthy a silver string  
 And thou which through the desert and the deep,  
 Didst lead thy chosen like a flock of sheep 200  
 As sometime by a star thou guided'st them,  
 Which fed upon the plains of Bethlehem ,



So by thy sacred Spirit direct my quill,  
 When I shall sing ought of thy holy hill,  
 That times to come, when they my rhymes rehearse, 205  
 May wonder at me, and admire my verse  
 For who but one rapt in celestial fire,  
 Can by his Muse to such a pitch aspire,  
 That from aloft he might behold and tell  
 Her worth, whereon an iron pen might dwell? 210

When she was born, Nature in sport began  
 To learn the cunning of an artisan,  
 And did vermilion with a white compose,  
 To mock herself and paint a damask rose  
 But scorning Nature unto Art should seek, 215  
 She spilt her colours on this maiden's cheek  
 Her mouth the gate from whence all goodness came,  
 Of power to give the dead a living name  
 Her words embalmed in so sweet a breath, [220  
 That made them triumph both on Time and Death,  
 Whose fragrant sweets, since the chameleon knew,  
 And tasted of, he to this humour grew,  
 Left other elements, held this so rare,  
 That since he never feeds on ought but air

O had I Virgil's verse, or Tully's tongue, 225  
 Or raving numbers like the Thracian's song,  
 I have a theme would make the rocks to dance,  
 And surly beasts that through the desert prance,  
 Hie from their caves, and every gloomy den,

To wonder at the excellence of men 230  
 Nay, they would think their states for ever rais'd,  
 But once to look on one so highly prais'd

Out of whose maiden breasts (which sweetly rise)  
 The seers suck'd their hidden prophecies  
 And told that for her love in times to come, 235  
 Many should seek the crown of martyrdom,  
 By fire, by sword, by tortures, dungeons, chains,  
 By stripes, by famine, and a world of pains ,  
 Yet constant still remain (to her they lov'd)  
 Like Sion Mount, that cannot be remov'd 240

Proportion on her arms and hands recorded,  
 The world for her no fitter place afforded  
 Praise her who list, he still shall be her debtor  
 For Art ne'er feign'd, nor Nature fram'd a better

As when a holy father hath began 245  
 To offer sacrifice to mighty Pan,  
 Doth the request of every swain assume,  
 To scale the welkin in a sacred fume  
 Made by a widow'd turtle's loving mate,  
 Or lambkin, or some kid immaculate, 250  
 The off'ring heaves aloft, with both his hands,  
 Which all adore that near the altar stands  
 So was her heavenly body comely rais'd  
 On two fair columns , those that Ovid prais'd  
 In Julia's borrow'd name, compar'd with these, 255  
 Were ciabs to apples of th' Hesperides ,

255 —*Julia's borrow'd name, Corinna*

Or stump-foot Vulcan in comparison  
 With all the height of true perfection

Nature was here so lavish of her store,  
 That she bestow'd until she had no more , 260  
 Whose treasure being weaken'd (by this dame)  
 She thrusts into the world so many lame

The highest synod of the glorious sky  
 (I heard a wood-nymph sing) sent Mercury  
 To take a survey of the fairest faces, 265  
 And to describe to them all women's graces ,  
 Who long time wand'ring in a serious quest,  
 Noting what parts by Beauty were possess'd  
 At last he saw this maid, then thinking fit  
 To end his journey, here, nil ultra, writ 270

Fida in adoration kiss'd her knee,  
 And thus bespake Hail glorious Deity '  
 (If such thou art, and who can deem you less ?)  
 Whether thou reign'st queen of the wilderness,  
 Or art that goddess ('tis unknown to me) 275  
 Which from the ocean draws her pettigree  
 , Or one of those, who by the mossy banks  
 Of dizzying Helicon, in airy ranks  
 Tread roundelays upon the silver sands,  
 Whilst shaggy satyrs, tripping o'er the strands, 280  
 Stand still at gaze, and yield their senses thralls  
 To the sweet cadence of your madrigals  
 Or of the fairy troop which nimbly play,

And by the springs dance out the summer's day,  
Teaching the little birds to build their nests, 285

And in their singing how to keepen rests,  
Or one of those who, watching where a spring  
Out of our Grandame Earth hath issuing,  
With your attractive music woo the stream  
(As men by fairies led, fall'n in a dream) 290

To follow you, which sweetly trilling wanders  
In many mazes, intricate meanders,  
Till at the last, to mock th' enamour'd ill,  
Ye bend your traces up some shady hill,  
And laugh to see the wave no further tread; 295

But in a chafe run foaming on his head,  
Being enforc'd a channel new to frame,  
Leaving the other destitute of name  
If thou be one of these, or all, or more,  
Succour a seely maid, that doth imploie 300  
Aid, on a bended heart, unfeign'd and meek,  
As true as blushes of a maiden cheek

Maiden, arise, replied the new born maid  
"Pure Innocence the senseless stones will aid"  
Nor of the fairy troop, nor Muses nine, 305  
Nor am I Venus, nor of Proserpine  
But daughter to a lusty aged swain,  
That cuts the green tufts off th' enamell'd plain,  
And with his scythe hath many a summer shorn  
The plough'd-lands lab'ring with a crop of corn, 310

Who from the cloud clipt mountain by his stroke  
Fells down the lofty pine, the cedar, oak

Description  
tion of Time



'Tis he alone that mightily can discover  
 Who is the true, and who the feigned lover 340  
 In summer's heat, when any swain to sleep  
 Doth more addict himself than to his sheep ,  
 And whilst the leaden god sits on his eyes,  
 If any of his fold or strays or dies,  
 And to the waking swain it be unknown, 345  
 Whether his sheep be dead, or stray'd, or stol'n ,  
 To meet my sire he bends his course in pain,  
 Either where some high hill surveys the plain ,  
 Or takes his step toward the flow'ry valleys,  
 Where Zephyr with the cowslip hourly dallies , 350  
 Or to the groves, where birds from heat or weather,  
 Sit sweetly tuning of their notes together ,  
 Or to a mead a wanton river dresses  
 With richest collars of her turning esses ,  
 Or where the shepherds sit old stories telling, 355  
 Chronos, my sire, hath no set place of dwelling ,  
 But if the shepherd meet the aged swain,  
 He tells him of his sheep, or shows them slain  
 So great a gift the sacred Powers of heaven  
 (Above all others) to my sire have given, 360  
 That the abhorred stratagems of night,  
 Lurking in caverns from the glorious light,  
 By him (perforce) are from their dungeons hurl'd,  
 And show'd as monsters to the wond'ring world  
 What manner is he sailing upon 365  
 The wat'ry desert-clipping Albion,  
 Hears not the billows in their dances roar,

Answer'd by echoes from the neighbour shore?  
 To whose accord the maids trip from the downs,  
 And rivers dancing come, yecrown'd with towns, 370  
 All singing forth the victories of Time  
 Upon the monsters of the Western clime,  
 Whose horrid, damned, bloody plots would bring  
 Confusion on the laureate poet's king,  
 Whose hell-fed hearts devis'd how never more 375  
 A swan might singing sit on Isis' shore  
 But croaking ravens, and the screech owl's cry,  
 The fit musicians for a tragedy,  
 Should evermore be heard about her strand,  
 To fright all passengers from that sad land 380  
     Long summer's days I on his worth might spend,  
 And yet begin again when I would end  
 All ages since the first age first begun,  
 Ere they could know his worth their age was done  
 Whose absence all the treasury of earth 385  
 Cannot buy out From far-fam'd Tagus' birth,  
 Not all the golden gravel he treads over,  
 One minute past, that minute can recover  
 I am his only child (he hath no other),  
 Clept Aletheia, born without a mother 390  
 Poor Aletheia, long despis'd of all,  
 Scarce Charity would lend an hospital  
 To give my month's cold watching one night's rest,  
 But in my room took in the miser's chest

In winter's time, when hardly fed the flocks, 395  
 And icicles hung dangling on the rocks ,  
 When Hyems bound the floods in silver chains,  
 And hoary frosts had carried all the plains ,  
 When every barn rung with the threshing flails,  
 And shepherds' boys for cold 'gan blow their nails 400  
 Wearied with toil in seeking out some one  
 That had a spark of true devotion,  
 It was my chance (chance only helpeth need)  
 To find an house ybuilt for holy deed,  
 With goodly architect, and cloisters wide, 405'  
 With groves and walks along a river's side ,  
 The place itself afforded admuation,  
 And every spray a theme of contemplation  
 But (woe is me !) when knocking at the gate  
 I 'gan entreat an entrance thereat 410  
 The porter ask'd my name I told , he swell'd,  
 And bade me thence wherewith in grief repell'd,  
 I sought for shelter to a ruin'd house,  
 Harb'ring the weasel, and the dust-bied mouse ,  
 And others none, except the two kind bat, 415  
 Which all the day there melancholy sat  
 Here sat I down, with wind and rain ybeat ;  
 Grief fed my mind, and did my body eat  
 Yet Idleness I saw (lam'd with the gout)  
 Had entrance when poor Truth was kept without 420  
 There saw I Drunkenness with dropsies swoll'n ,

Aletheia  
 seeks relief at  
 an abbey, and  
 is denied



And pamper'd Lust, that many a night had stol'n  
 Over the abbey-wall when gates were lock'd, "  
 To be in Venus' wanton bosom rock'd  
 And Gluttony, that surfeiting had been, 425  
 Knock at the gate and straightway taken in,  
 Sadly I sat; and sighing, griev'd to see  
 Their happiness, my infelicity  
 At last came Envy by, who, having spied  
 Where I was sadly seated, inward hied, 430  
 And to the convent eagerly she cries,  
 Why sit you here, when with these ears and eyes,  
 I heard and saw a strumpet dares to say  
 She is the true fair Aletheia,  
 Which you have boasted long to live among you, 435  
 Yet suffer not a peevish girl to wrong you?  
 With this provok'd, all rose, and in a rout  
 Ran to the gate, strove who should first get out,  
 Bade me begone, and then (in terms uncivil)  
 Did call me counterfeit, witch, hag, whore, devil, 440  
 Then like a strumpet drove me from their cells,  
 With tinkling pans, and with the noise of bells  
 And he that lov'd me, or but moan'd my case,  
 Had heaps of firebrands banded at his face  
 Thus beaten thence (distress'd, forsaken wight) 445  
 Enforc'd in fields to sleep, or wake all night,  
 A silly sheep, seeing me straying by,  
 Forsook the shrub where once she meant to lie,

As if she in her kind (unhurting elf)  
 Did bid me take such lodging as herself 450  
 Gladly I took the place the sheep had given,  
 Uncanopied of anything but heaven  
 Where, nigh benumb'd with cold, with grief fie  
     quented,  
 Unto the silent night I thus lamented  
     Fair Cynthia, if, from thy silver throne, 455  
 Thou ever lent'st an ear to virgin's moan !  
 Or in thy monthly course one minute stay'd  
 Thy palfreys' trot, to hear a wretched maid !  
 Pull in their reins, and lend thine ear to me,  
 Forlorn, forsaken, cloth'd in misery 460  
 But if a woe hath never woo'd thine ear,  
 To stop those coursers in their full career,  
 But as stone-hearted men, uncharitable,  
 Pass careless by the poor, when men less able  
 Hold not the needy's help in long suspense, 465  
 But in their hands pour their benevolence  
 O ! if thou be so hard to stop thine ears,  
 When stars in pity drop down from their spheres,  
 Yet for a while in gloomy veil of night,  
 Enshroud the pale beams of thy borrow'd light ! 470  
 O ! never once discourage Goodness (lending  
 One glimpse of light) to see Misfortune spending  
 Her utmost rage on Truth, despis'd, distress'd,  
 Unhappy, unrelieved, yet undress'd !  
 Where is the heart at Virtue's suffering grieveeth ? 475  
 Where is the eye that, pitying, relieveth ?

Where is the hand that still the hungry feedeth?  
 Where is the ear that the decrepit steedeth?  
 That heart, that hand, that ear, or else that eye,  
 Giveth, relieveth, feeds, steeds Misery?                     480

O Earth! produce me one of all thy store  
 Enjoys, and be vain-glorious no more  
 By this had chanticleer, the village clock,  
 Bidden the goodwife for her maids to knock,  
 And the swart ploughman for his breakfast stay'd, 485

That he might till those lands were fallow laid  
 The hills and valleys here and there resound  
 With the re-echoes of the deep-mouth'd hound  
 Each shepherd's daughter, with her cleanly peal,  
 Was come afield to milk the morning's meal,                     490  
 And ere the sun had climb'd the eastern hills,  
 To gild the mut'ring bourns and pretty rills,  
 Before the lab'ring bee had left the hive,  
 And nimble fishes which in rivers dive,  
 Began to leap, and catch the drowned fly,                     495

I rose from rest, not in felicity  
 Seeking the place of Charity's resort,  
 Unware I happen'd on a prince's court,  
 Where, meeting Greatness, I requir'd relief,  
 (O happy undelay'd) she said in brief,                     500  
 To small effect thine oratory tends,

478 — *Steedeth*, assists

485 — *Swart*, sunburnt

489 — *Peal*, pail

How can I keep thee and so many friends?  
 If of my household I should make thee one,  
 Farewell my servapt, Adulation  
 I know she will not stay when thou art there 505  
 But seek some great man's service elsewhere  
 Darkness and light, summer and winter's weather  
 May be at once, ere you two live together  
 Thus with a nod she left me cloth'd in woe

Thence to the city once I thought to go, 510  
 But somewhat in my mind this thought had thrown,  
 It was a place wherein I was not known  
 And therefore went unto these homely towns,  
 Sweetly environ'd with the daisied downs

Upon a stream washing a village end 515  
 A mill is plac'd, that never difference kenn'd  
 Twixt days for work, and holy-tides for rest,  
 But always wrought and ground the neighbours' grist

Before the door I saw the miller walking,  
 And other two (his neighbours) with him talking 520  
 One of them was a weaver, and the other  
 The village tailor, and his trusty brother  
 To them I came, and thus my suit began

Truth en-  
 treats suc-  
 cour from a  
 miller, a  
 tailor, and a  
 weaver

Content, the riches of a country-man,  
 Attend your actions, be more happy still 525  
 Than I am hapless ' and as yonder mill,  
 Though in his turning it obey the stream,  
 Yet by the headstrong torrent from his beam  
 Is unremov'd, and till the wheel be tore,  
 It daily toils, then rests, and works no more 530

So in life's motion may you never be  
 (Though sway'd with griefs) o'erborne with misery  
     With that the miller, laughing, blush'd his clothes,  
 Then swore by Cock and other dunghill oaths,  
 I greatly was to blame that duist so wade     535  
 Into the knowledge of the wheelwright's trade  
 Ay, neighbour quoth the tailor (then he bent  
 His pace to me, spruce like a Jack of Lent)  
 Your judgment is not seam-rent when you spend it,  
 Nor is it botching, for I cannot mend it     540  
 And, maiden, let me tell you in displeasure,  
 You must not press the cloth you cannot measure  
 But let your steps be stitch'd to Wisdom's chalking,  
 And cast presumptuous shreds out of your walking  
 The weaver said, Fie, wench ! yourself you wrong,  
 Thus to let slip the shuttle of your tongue ,     [545  
 For mark me well, yea, mark me well, I say,  
 I see you work your speech's web astray  
     Sad to the soul, o'erlaid with idle words,  
 O Heaven ! quoth I, where is the place affords     550  
 A friend to help, or any heart that ru'th  
 The most dejected hopes of wronged Truth ?  
 Truth ! quoth the miller, plainly for our parts,  
 I and the weaver hate thee with our hearts  
 The strifes you raise I will not now discuss,     555

534 — *Cock*, a vulgar corruption of the name of God

538 — *Jack of Lent*, a stuffed puppet which was thrown at  
 during Lent hence a term of reproach

551 — *Ru'th*, ruth, pities

Between our honest customers and us  
 But get you gone, for sure you may despair  
 Of comfort here, seek it some otherwhere  
 Maid (quoth the tailor) we no succour owe you,  
 For as I guess here's none of us doth know you 560  
 Nor my remembrance any thought can seize  
 That I have ever seen you in my days  
 Seen you? nay, therein confident I am,  
 Nay, till this time I never heard your name,  
 Excepting once, and by this token chief, 565  
 My neighbour at that instant call'd me thief  
 By this you see you are unknown among us,  
 We cannot help you, though your stay may wrong us

Thus went I on, and further went in woe  
 For as shrill-sounding Fame, that's never slow, 570  
 Grows in her going, and increaseth more,  
 Where she is now, than where she was before.  
 So Grief (that never healthy, ever sick,  
 That froward scholar to arithmetic,  
 Who doth division and subtraction fly, 575  
 And chiefly learns to add and multiply)  
 In longest journeys hath the strongest strength,  
 And is at hand, suppress'd, unquail'd at length

Between two hills, the highest Phœbus sees  
 Gallantly crown'd with large sky-kissing trees, 580  
 Under whose shade the humble valleys lay;  
 And wild boars from their dens their gambols play  
 There lay a gravel'd walk o'ergrown with green,  
 Where neither tract of man nor beast was seen

Descrip-  
 tion of a  
 solitary vale.

And as the ploughman, when the land he tills,     585  
 Throws up the fruitful earth in ridged hills,  
 Between whose chevron form he leaves a balk,  
 So 'twixt those hills had Nature fram'd this walk,  
 Not over dark, nor light, in angles bending,  
 And like the gliding of a snake, descending,     590  
 All hush'd and silent as the mid of night,  
 No chatt'ring pie, nor crow appear'd in sight,  
 But further in I heard the turtle dove  
 Singing sad dirges on her lifeless love  
 Birds that compassion from the rocks could bring, 595  
 Had only license in that place to sing  
 Whose doleful notes the melancholy cat  
 Close in a hollow tree sat wond'ring at  
 And trees that on the hill side comely grew,  
 When any little blast of Æol blew,     600  
 Did nod their cuiled heads, as they would be  
 The judges to approve their melody  
     Just half the way this solitary grove,  
 A crystal spring from either hill-side strove,     [605  
 Which of them first should woo the meeker ground,  
 And makes the pebbles dance unto their sound  
 But as when children having leave to play,  
 And near then master's eye sport out the day,  
 (Beyond condition) in their childish toys  
 Oft vex their tutor with too great a noise,     610

587 —*Chevron*, zigzag587 —*Balk*, a bank or ridge of land left by the plough





When by a sliding, yet not steep descent,  
 I gain'd a place, ne'er poet did invent  
 The like for sorrow, not in all this round  
 A fitter seat for passion can be found 640

As when a dainty fount, and crystal spring,  
 Got newly from the earth's imprisoning,  
 And ready prest some channel clear to win,  
 Is round his rise by rocks immured in,  
 And from the thirsty earth would be withheld, 645  
 Till to the cistern top the waves have swell'd,  
 But that a careful hind the well hath found,  
 As he walks sadly through his parched ground,  
 Whose patience suffering not his land to stay  
 Until the water o'er the cistern play, 650  
 He gets a pickaxe, and with blows so stout  
 Digs on the rock, that all the groves about  
 Resound his stroke, and still the rock doth charge,  
 Till he hath made a hole both long and large,  
 Whereby the waters from their prison run 655  
 To close earth's gaping wounds made by the sun  
 So through these high-raised hills, embracing round  
 This shady, sad, and solitary ground,  
 Some power (respecting one whose heavy moan  
 Requir'd a place to sit and weep alone) 660  
 Had cut a path, whereby the grieved wight  
 Might freely take the comfort of this site  
 About the edges of whose roundly form

In order grew such trees as do adorn  
 The sable hearse, and sad forsaken mate, 665  
 And trees whose tears their loss commiserate  
 Such are the cypress, and the weeping myrrh,  
 The dropping amber, and the refin'd fir,  
 The bleeding vine, the wat'ry sycamore,  
 And willow for the forlorn paramour, 670  
 In comely distance underneath whose shade  
 Most neat in rudeness Nature arbours made  
 Some had a light, some so obscure a seat,  
 • Would entertain a suff'rance ne'er so great  
 Where grieved wights sat (as I after found, 675  
 Whose heavy hearts the height of sorrow crown'd)  
 Wailing in saddest tunes the dooms of Fate  
 On men by virtue cleeped fortunate  
 The first note that I heard I soon was won  
 To think the sighs of fair Endymion, 680  
 The subject of whose mournful heavy lay  
 Was his declining with fair Cynthia  
 Next him a great man sat, in woe no less,  
 Tears were but barren shadows to express  
 The substance of his grief, and therefore stood 685  
 Distilling from his heart red streams of blood  
 He was a swain whom all the Graces kiss'd,

679 — *The first note*, etc, referring to Sir Walter Raleigh, who was for some time in disgrace at Court

682 — *Cynthia*, Queen Elizabeth

683 — *A great man*, Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex.  
*See Note*

A brave, heroic, worthy martialist  
Yet on the downs he oftentimes was seen  
To draw the merry maidens of the green 690  
With his sweet voice once, as he sat alone,  
He sung the outrage of the ~~lazy~~ drone  
Upon the lab'ring bee, in strains so rare,  
That all the flitting pinionists of air  
Attentive sat, and in their kinds did long 695  
To learn some note from his well-timed song

Exiled Naso (from whose golden pen  
The Muses did distil delights for men)  
Thus sang of Cephalus (whose name was worn  
Within the bosom of the blushing Morn ) 700  
He had a dart was never set on wing,  
But Death flew with it he could never fling,  
But life fled from the place where stuck the head  
A hunter's frolic life in woods he led  
In separation from his yoked mate, 705  
Whose beauty, once, he valued at a rate  
Beyond Aurora's cheek, when she (in pride)  
Promis'd their offspring should be deified,  
Procris she hight, who (seeking to restore  
Herself that happiness she had before) 710  
Unto the green wood wends, omits no pain  
Might bring her to her lord's embrace again  
But Fate thus cross'd her, coming where he lay  
Wearied with hunting all a summer's day,

688 — *Martialist*, a soldier

694 -*Pinionists*, winged creatures, birds.

He somewhat heard within the thicket rush, 715  
 And deeming it some beast hid in a bush,  
 Raised himself, then set on wing a dart,  
 Which took a sad rest in the restless heart  
 Of his chaste wife, who with a bleeding breast  
 Left love and life and slept in endless rest 720  
 With Procris' heavy fate this shepherd's wrong  
 Might be compar'd, and ask as sad a song.

In th' autumn of his youth and manhood's spring,  
 Desert (grown now a most dejected thing)  
 Won him the favour of a royal maid, 725  
 Who with Diana's nymphs in forests stray'd,  
 And liv'd a huntress' life, exempt from fear.  
 She once encounter'd with a surly bear,  
 Near to a crystal fountain's flowery brink  
 Heat brought them thither both, and both would  
 drink, 730

When from her golden quiver she took forth  
 A dart, above the rest esteem'd for worth,  
 And sent it to his side the gaping wound  
 Gave purple streams to cool the parched ground [735  
 Whereat he gnash'd his teeth, storm'd his hurt limb,  
 Yielded the earth what it denied him  
 Yet sunk not there, but (wrapt in horror) hied  
 Unto his hellish cave, despair'd and died

After the bear's just death the quick'ning sun  
 Had twice six times about the zodiac run, 740

728 — *A surly bear*, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in allusion probably to his arms, a bear and ragged staff



And when with sugar'd strains they strove to raise  
 Worth to a garland of immortal bays,  
 She as the learned'st maid was chose by them,  
 Her flaxen hair crown'd with an anadem, 770  
 To judge who best deserv'd, for she could fit  
 The height of praise unto the height of wit  
 But, well-a day ! those happy times were gone  
 Millions admit a small subtraction

And as the year hath first his jocund spring, 775  
 Wherein the leaves, to birds' sweet carolling,  
 Dance with the wind , then sees the summer's day  
 Perfect the embryon blossom of each spray ,  
 Next cometh autumn, when the threshed sheaf  
 Loseth his grain, and every tree his leaf , 780  
 Lastly, cold winter's rage, with many a storm,  
 Threats the proud pines which Ida's top adorn,  
 And makes the sap leave succourless the shoot,  
 Shrinking to comfort his decaying root  
 Or as a quaint musician being won 785  
 To run a point of sweet division,  
 Gets by degrees unto the highest key ;  
 Then, with like order, falleth in his play  
 Into a deeper tone , and lastly, throws  
 His period in a diapason close 790  
 So every human thing terrestrial,

770 — *Anadem*, garland

785 — *Quaint*, skilled

786 — *Division*, rapid passage

790 — *Diapason close*, a close with the interval of an octave

His utmost height attain'd, bends to his fall  
 And as a comely youth, in fairest age,  
 Epamour'd on a maid, whose parentage  
 Had Fate adorn'd, as Nature deck'd her eye, 795  
 Might at a beck command a monarchy,  
 But poor and fair could never yet bewitch  
 A miser's mind, preferring foul and rich,  
 And therefore, as a king's heart left behind,  
 When as his corps are borne to be enshrin'd, 800  
 (His parents' will, a law) like that dead corse,  
 Leaving his heart, is brought unto his horse,  
 Carried unto a place that can impart  
 No secret embassy unto his heart,  
 Climbs some proud hill, whose stately eminence 805  
 Vassals the fruitful vale's circumference  
 From whence, no sooner can his lights descry  
 The place enriched by his mistress' eye,  
 But some thick cloud his happy prospect blends,  
 And he in sorrow rais'd, in tears descends 810  
 So this sad nymph (whom all commiserate)  
 Once pac'd the hill of greatness and of state,  
 And got the top, but when she 'gan address  
 Her sight, from thence to see true happiness,  
 Fate interpos'd an envious cloud of fears, 815  
 And she withdrew into this vale of tears,  
 Where Sorrow so enthrall'd best Virtue's jewel,  
 Stones check'd Grief's hardness, call'd her too, too  
 cruel  
 A stream of tears upon her fair cheeks flows,

As morning dew upon the damask rose, 820  
 Or crystal glass veiling vermillion,  
 Or drops of milk on the carnation  
 She sang and wept (O ye sea binding 'cleeves,  
 Yield tributary drops, for Virtue grieves !)  
 And to the period of her sad sweet key. 825  
 Intwinn'd her case with chaste Penelope  
 But see, the drizzling south my mournful strain  
 Answers in weeping drops of quick'ning rain ,  
 And since this day we can no further go,  
 Restless I rest within this vale of woe, 820  
 Until the modest Morn on Earth's vast zone  
 The ever gladsome Day shall re enthrone.





Till unawaies the tide hath clos'd them round,  
 And they must wade it through or else be drown'd 10  
 May (if unto my pipe he listen well)  
 My Muse' distress with theirs soon parallel  
 For where I whilom sung 'the loves of swains,  
 And woo'd the crystal currents of the plains,  
 Teaching the buds to love, whilst every tree 15  
 Gave his attention to my melody  
 Fate now (as envying my too happy theme)  
 Hath round begirt my song with Sorrow's stream,  
 Which till my Muse wade through and get on shore,  
 My grief-swoll'n soul can sing of love no more 20

But turn we now (yet not without remorse)  
 To heavenly Aletheia's sad discourse,  
 That did from Fida's eyes salt tears exhale,  
 When thus she show'd the solitary vale  
 Just in the midst this joy-forsaken ground 25  
 A hillock stood, with springs embraced round,  
 (And with a crystal ring d<sup>ed</sup> seem to marry  
 Themselves to this small Isle sad-solitary,)  
 Upon whose breast, which trembled as it ran,  
 Rode the fair downy-silver-coated swan 30  
 And on the banks each cypress bow'd his head,  
 To hear the swan sing her own epiced \*

As when the gallant youth which live upon  
 The western downs of lovely Albion,  
 Meeting, some festival to solemnize, 35  
 Choose out two, skill'd in wrestling exercise,  
 Who strongly, at the wrist or collar cling,

A funeral  
 song before  
 the corpse be  
 interred

Whilst arm-in-arm the people make a ring  
 So did the water round this Isle enlink,  
 And so the trees grew on the water's brink,                   40  
 Waters their streams about the Island scatter  
 And trees perform'd as much unto the water  
 Under whose shade the nightingale would bring  
 Her chirping young, and teach them how to sing  
 The woods' most sad musicians thither hie,                   45  
 As it had been the Sylvians' Castle,  
 And warbled forth such elegiac strains,  
 That struck the winds dumb, and the motley plains  
 Were fill'd with envy that such shady places  
 Held all the world's delights in their embraces                   50  
 O how (methinks) the imps of Mneme bring  
 Dews of invention from their sacred spring '  
 Here could I spend that spring of poesy,  
 Which not twice ten suns have bestow'd on me,  
 And tell the world the Muses' love appears                   55  
 In nonag'd youth as in the length of years  
 But ere my Muse erected have the frame,  
 Wherein t' enshrine an unknown shepherd's name,  
 She many a grove, and other woods must tread, [60  
 More hills, more dales, more founts must be display'd,  
 More meadows, rocks, and from them all elect  
 Matter befitting such an architect.

As children on a play-day leave the schools,

48 — *Motley*, various coloured

51 — *Imps*, offspring     *Mneme*, Greek *μνημη*, memory

56 — *Nonag'd youth*, not of full age

And gladly run unto the swimming pools ,  
 Or in the thickets, all with nettles stung, 65  
 Rush to despoil some sweet thrush of her young ;  
 Or with their hats (for fish) laden in a brook  
 Withouten pain , but when the Morn doth look  
 Out of the Eastern gates, a snail would faster  
 Glide to the schools, than they unto their master 70  
 So when before I sung the songs of birds,  
 Whilst every moment sweeten'd lines affords,  
 I pip'd devoid of pain, but now I come  
 Unto my task, my Muse is stricken dumb  
 My blubb'ring pen her sable tears lets fall 75  
 In characters right hieroglyphical,  
 And mixing with my tears are ready turning  
 My late white paper to a weed of mourning ,  
 Or ink and paper strive how to impart  
 My words, the weeds they wore, within my heart 80  
 Or else the blots unwilling are my rhymes  
 And their sad cause should live till after-times ,  
 Fearing if men their subject should descry,  
 They forthwith would dissolve in tears and die  
 Upon the Island's craggy rising hill 85  
 A quadrant ran, wherein by artless skill,  
 At every corner Nature did erect  
 A column rude, yet void of all defect  
 Whereon a marble lay The thick-grown bniar,  
 And prickled hawthorn (woven all entire) 90  
 Together clung, and barr'd the gladsome light  
 From any entrance, fitting only night

No way to it but one, steep and obscure,  
 The stairs of rugged stone, seldom in ure,  
 All overgrown with moss, as Nature sat 95  
 To entertain Grief with a cloth of state

Hardly unto the top I had ascended,  
 But that the trees (siding the steps) befriended  
 My weary limbs, who bowing down their arms  
 Gave hold unto my hands to 'scape from harms 100  
 Which evermore are ready, still present  
 Our feet, in climbing places eminent  
 Before the door (to hinder Phœbus' view)  
 A shady box-tree grasped with a yew,  
 As in the place' behalf they menac'd wai 105  
 Against the radiance of each sparkling star  
 And on their barks (which Time had nigh deprav'd)  
 These lines (it seem'd) had been of old engrav'd  
 "This place was fram'd of yore to be possess'd  
 By one which sometime hath been happiest " 110

Lovely Idya, the most beauteous  
 Of all the darlings of Oceanus,  
 Hesperia's envy and the Western pride,  
 Whose party-coloured garment Nature dy'd  
 In more eye-pleasing hues, with richer grain, 115  
 Than Iris' bow attending April's rain,  
 Whose lily white inshaded with the rose  
 Had that man seen who sung th'Eneidos,  
 Dido had in oblivion slept, and she

Had given his Muse her best eternity 120

Had brave Atrides, who did erst employ

His force to mix his dead with those of Troy,

Been proffer'd for a truce her feigned peace

Helen had stay'd, and that had gone to Greece

The Phrygian soil had not been drunk with  
blood, 125

Achilles longer breath'd, and Troy yet stood

The prince of poets had not sung his story,

My friend had lost his ever-living glory

But as a snowy Swan, who many a day

On Tamar's swelling breasts hath had her play, 130

For further pleasure doth assay to swim

My native Tavy, or the sandy Plim,

And on the panting billows bravely rides,

Whilst country-lasses, walking on the sides,

Admire her beauty, and with clapping hands, 135

Would force her leave the stream, and tread the sands,

When she, regardless, swims to th' other edge,

Until an envious briar, or tangling sedge,

Despoils her plumes, or else a sharpen'd beam

Pierceth her breast, and on the bloody stream 140

She pants for life so whilom rode this maid

On streams of worldly bliss, more rich array'd

With Earth's delight than thought could put in ure

To glut the senses of an epicure

128 —*My friend*, George Chapman, translator of Homer's poems

130 —The old editions read "his play"

Whilst neighb'ring kings upon their frontiers stood,  
 And offer'd for her dower huge seas of blood [145  
 And perjur'd Gerion to win her rent  
 The Indian rocks for gold, and bootless spent  
 Almost his patrimony for her sake,  
 Yet nothing like respected as the Drake 150  
 That scour'd her channels, and destroy'd the weed  
 Which spoil'd her fishers' nets and fishes' breed  
 At last her truest love she threw upon  
 A royal youth, whose like, whose paragon,  
 Heaven never lent the Earth so great a spirit 155  
 The world could not contain, nor kingdoms meet  
 And therefore Jove did with the saints enthrone him,  
 And left his lady nought but tears to moan him  
 Within this place (as woful as my verse)  
 She with her crystal founts bedew'd his hearse, 160  
 Inveiled with a sable weed she sat,  
 Singing this song which stones dissolved at

WHAT time the world, clad in a mourning-robe,  
 A stage made for a woful tragedy,  
 When showers of tears from the celestial globe 165  
 Bewail'd the fate of sea-lov'd Britany,  
 When sighs as frequent were as various sights,  
 When Hope lay bed-rid, and all pleasures dying,

150 — *The Drake*, Sir Francis Drake154 — *A royal youth*, Henry, Prince of Wales See Note

When Envy wept,  
 And Comfort slept, 170  
 When Cruelty itself sat almost crying,  
 Nought being heard but what the mind affrights,  
 When Autumn had dissolved the Summer's pride,  
 Then England's honour, Europe's wonder, died

O saddest strain that e'er the Muses sung ' 175  
 A text of woe for Grief to comment on ;  
 Tears, sighs, and sobs, give passage to my tongue,  
 Or I shall spend you till the last is gone  
 Which done, my heart in flames of burning love  
 (Wanting his moisture) shall to cinders turn, 180  
     But first, by me  
     Bequeathed be  
 To strew the place wherein his sacred urn  
 Shall be enclos'd this might in many move  
     The like effect who would not do it when 185  
     No grave befits him but the hearts of men ?

That man whose mass of sorrows hath been such,  
 That by their weight laid on each several part,  
 His fountains are so dry, he but as much  
 As one poor drop hath left to ease his heart, 190  
 Why should he keep it ? since the time doth call,  
 That he ne'er better can bestow it in ,  
     If so he fears  
     That others' tears



In greater number, greatest prizes win ,                    195  
 Know none gives more than he which giveth all  
     Then he which hath but one poor tear in store,  
 O let him spend that drop, and weep no more

3

Why flows not Helicon beyond her strands?  
 Is Henry dead, and do the Muses sleep?                    200  
 Alas ! I see each one amazed stands ,  
 " Shallow fords mutter, silent are the deep "  
 Fain would they tell their griefs, but know not  
     where ,  
 All are so full, nought can augment their store  
     Then how should they                    205  
     Their griefs display  
 To men so cloy'd, they fain would hear no more,  
 Though blaming those whose plants they cannot  
     hear?  
 And with this wish their passions I allow,  
 May that Muse never speak that's silent now ! 210

Is Henry dead ? alas ! and do I live  
 To sing a screech-owl's note that he is dead?  
 If any one a fitter theme can give,  
 Come, give it now, or never to be read  
 But let him see it do of horror taste,                    215  
 Anguish, destruction could it rend in sunder  
     With fearful groans  
     The senseless stones,

Yet should we hardly be enforc'd to wonder,  
 Our former griefs would so exceed then last 220  
 Time cannot make our sorrows ought completer,  
 Nor add one grief to make our mourning greater

England was ne'er engirt with waves till now,  
 Till now it held part with the Continent  
 Aye me ! some one in pity show me how 225  
 I might in doleful numbers so lament,  
 That any one which lov'd him, hated me,  
 Might dearly love me for lamenting him  
     Alas ! my plaint  
     In such constraint 230  
 Breaks forth in rage, that though my passions swim,  
 Yet are they drowned ere they landed be  
     Imperfect lines ! O happy ! were I hurl'd  
     And cut from life as England from the world

O happier had we been ! if we had been 235  
 Never made happy by enjoying thee !  
 Where hath the glorious eye of heaven seen  
 A spectacle of greater misery ?  
 Time, turn thy course, and bring again the spring ,  
 Break Nature's laws ; search the records of old, 240  
     If aught befell  
     Might parallel  
 Sad Britain's case weep, rocks, and Heaven behold  
 What seas of sorrow she is plunged in,

Where storms of woe so mainly have beset her, 245  
 She hath no place for worse, nor hope for better

Britain was whilom known (by more than fame)  
 To be one of the Islands Fortunate  
 What frantic man would give her now that name,  
 Lying so rueful and disconsolate ? 250  
 Hath not her wat'ry zone in murmuring  
 Fill'd every shore with echoes of her cry ?

Yes, Thetis raves,  
 And bids her waves  
 Bring all the nymphs within her emprise 255  
 To be assistant in her sorrowing  
 See where they sadly sit on Isis' shore,  
 And rend their hairs as they would joy no more

Isis, the glory of the Western world,  
 When our hero (honour'd Essex) died, 260  
 Strucken with wonder, back again she hurl'd,  
 And fill'd her banks with an unwonted tide  
 As if she stood in doubt, if it were so,  
 And for the certainty had turn'd her way  
 Why do not now 265  
 Her waves reflow ?

Poor nymph, her sorrows will not let her stay,  
 Or flies to tell the world her country's woe,  
 Or cares not to come back, perhaps, as showing  
 Our tears should make the flood, not her reflow-  
 ing 270

Sometimes a tyrant held the reins of Rome,  
 Wishing to all the city but one head,  
 That all at once might undergo his doom,  
 And by one blow from life be severed •  
 Fate wish'd the like on England, and 'twas  
                     given 275

O miserable men, enthrall'd to Fate !)  
                     Whose heavy hand  
                     That never scann'd  
 The misery of kingdoms ruinate,  
 Minding to leave her of all joys bereaven, 280  
     'With one sad blow (alas ! can worser fall ?)  
     Hath given this little Isle her funeral

O come, ye blessed imps of Memory,  
 Erect a new Parnassus on his grave !  
 There tune your voices to an elegy, 285  
 The saddest note that e'er Apollo gave  
 Let every accent make the stander-by  
 Keep time unto your song with dropping tears,  
                     Till drops that fell  
                     Have made a well 290  
 To swallow him which still unmoved hears !  
 And though myself prove senseless of your cry,  
     Yet gladly should my light of life grow dim,  
     To be entomb'd in tears are wept for him



Couple his base pipe with their base tone  
 Know (Shepherdess) that so I lent an ear  
 To those sad wights whose plaints I told while ere , Aletheia to Fida  
 But when this goodly lady 'gan address 335  
 Her heavenly voice to sweeten heaviness,  
 It drown'd the rest, as torrents little springs ,  
 And stricken mute at her great sorrowings,  
 Lay still and wonder'd at her piteous moan,  
 Wept at her griefs, and did forget their own, 330  
 Whilst I attentive sat, and did impart  
 Tears when they wanted drops, and from a heart,  
 As high in sorrow as e'er creature wore,  
 Lent thrilling groans to such as had no more  
 Had wise Ulysses (who regardless flung 335  
 Along the ocean when the sirens sung)  
 Pass'd by and seen her on the sea torn cleaves  
 Wail her lost love (while Neptune's wat'ry thieves  
 Durst not approach for rocks ) to see her face  
 He would have hazarded his Grecian race, 340  
 Thurst headlong to the shore, and to her eyes  
 Offer'd his vessel as a sacrifice  
 Or had the sirens on a neighbour shore  
 Heard in what raving notes she did deplore  
 Her buried glory, they had left their shelves, 345  
 And to come near her would have drown'd them-  
 selves

335 — *Flung*, hastened337 — *Cleaves*, cliffs344 — *Raving*, ravishing

Aletheia  
cometh to  
Idya

Now silence lock'd the organs of that voice  
 Whereat each merry sylvan wont rejoice,  
 When with a bended knee to her I came,  
 And did impart my grief and hated name 350  
 But first a pardon begg'd, if that my cause  
 So much constrain'd me as to break the laws  
 Of her wish'd sequestration, or ask'd bread  
 (To save a life) from her whose life was dead,  
 But lawless famine, self consuming hunger, 355  
 Alas ! compell'd me had I stayed longer,  
 My weaken'd limbs had been my want's forc'd meed,  
 And I had fed on that I could not feed  
 When she (compassionate) to my sad moan  
 Did lend a sigh, and stole it from her own, 360  
 And (woful lady wick'd on hapless shelf)  
 Yielded me comfort, yet had none herself  
 Told how she knew me well since I had been  
 As chiefest consort of the Fanny Queen  
 O happy Queen ! for ever, ever praise 365  
 Dwell on thy tomb, the period of all days  
 Only seal up thy fame, and as thy birth  
 Enrich'd thy temples on the fading earth,  
 So have thy virtues crown'd thy blessed soul,  
 Where the first Mover with his words controul, 370  
 As with a girdle the huge ocean binds,  
 Gathers into his fist the nimble winds,  
 Stops the bright courser in his hot career,

Commands the moon twelve courses in a year  
 Livethou with him in endless bliss, while we 375  
 Admire all virtues in admiring thee

Thou, thou, the fautress of the leained Well,  
 Thou nusing mother o' God's Isiael,  
 Thou, for whose loving truth, the heavens rains  
 Sweet mel and manna on our flow'ry plams, 380  
 Thou, by whose hand the sacred Trine did bring  
 Us out of bonds, from bloody Bonnering  
 Ye suckling babes, for ever bless that name  
 Releas'd you burning in your motheis' flame '  
 Thrice-blessed maiden, by whose hand was  
 given 385

Free liberty to taste the food of Heaven  
 Never forget her (Albion's lovely daughters)  
 Which led you to the springs of living waters '  
 And if my Muse her glory fail to sing,  
 May to my mouth my tongue for ever cling ' 390

Herewith (at hand) taking her hoin of plenty  
 Fill'd with the choice of every orchard's dainty, Idya  
 As pears, plums, apples, the sweet raspis-beiry, cherisheth  
 The quince, the apricock, the blushing cherry, Aletheia  
 The mulberry (his black from Thisbe taking), 395  
 The clustel'd filbeit, grapes oft meny-making  
 (This fruitful horn th' immortal ladies fill'd  
 With all the pleasures that ough forests yield,

377 — *Fautress*, patroness382 — *Bonnering* See Note381 — *Trine*, Trinity395 — *Thisbe* See Note



And gave Idya, with a further blessing,  
 That thence, as from a garden, without dressing 400  
 She these should ever have, and never want  
 Store, from an orchard without tree or plant )  
 With a right willing hand she gave me hence  
 The stomach's comforter, the pleasing quince ,  
 And for the chiefest cherish she lent 405  
 The royal thistle's milky nourishment

Here stay'd I long , but when to see Aurora  
 Kiss the perfum'd cheeks of dainty Floa,  
 Without the vale I trod one lovely morn,  
 With true intention of a quick return, 410  
 An unexpected chance strove to defer  
 My going back, and all the love of her  
 But, maiden, see the day is waxen old,  
 And 'gins to shut in with the marigold  
 The neatherd's kine do bellow in the yard , 415  
 And daisy maidens, for the milk prepar'd,  
 Are drawing at the udder , long ere now  
 The ploughman hath unyok'd his team from plough  
 My transformation to a fearful hind  
 Shall to unfold a fitter season find 420  
 Meanwhile yond palace, whose brave turrets' tops  
 Over the stately wood survey the copse,  
 Promis'th (if sought) a wished place of rest,  
 Till Sol our hemisphere have repossess'd  
 Now must my Muse afford a strain to Riot, 425

Who, almost kill'd with his luxurious diet,  
 Lay eating grass (as dogs) within a wood,  
 So to disgorge the undigested food  
 By whom fair Aletheia pass'd along  
 With Fida, queen of every shepherd's song, 430  
 By them unseen (for he secretly lay  
 Under the thick of many a leaved spray)  
 And through the levell'd meadows gently threw  
 Then neatest feet, wash'd with refreshing dew,  
 Where he durst not approach, but on the edge 435  
 Of th' hilly wood, in covert of a hedge,  
 Went onward with them, tied with them in paces,  
 And far off much admir'd their forms and graces  
 Into the plains at last he headlong ventur'd,  
 But they the hill had got and palace enter'd 440

When, like a valiant, well-resolved man,  
 Seeking new paths i' th' pathless ocean,  
 Unto the shores of monster breeding Nile,  
 Or through the North to the unpeopled Thyle,  
 Where, from the equinoctial of the spring 445  
 To that of autumn, Titan's golden ring  
 Is never off, and till the spring again  
 In gloomy darkness all the shores remain  
 Or if he furrow up the bony sea  
 To cast his anchors in the frozen bay 450

444 —*Thyle*, or rather Thule, the name given by Greek and Roman geographers to a land situated to the North of Britain, which they held to be the most northerly portion of Europe indeed of the known world

Of woody Norway, who hath ever fed  
 Her people more with scaly fish than bread,  
 Though rattling mounts of ice thrust at his helm,  
 And by their fall still threaten to o'erwhelm  
 His little vessel, and though Winter throw 455  
 (What age should on their heads) white caps of snow,  
 Strives to congeal his blood, he cares not for't,  
 But arm'd in mind, gets his intended port

So Riot, though full many doubts arise  
 Whose unknown ends might grasp his enterprise, 460  
 Climbs towards the palace, and with gait demure,  
 With hanging head, a voice as feigning pure,  
 With torn and ragged coat, his hairy legs  
 Bloody, as scratch'd with briars, he entrance begs

Remembrance sat as portress of this gate 465  
 A lady always musing as she sat,  
 Except when sometime suddenly she rose,  
 And with a back-bent eye, at length, she throws  
 Her hands to heaven, and in a wond'ring guise,  
 Star'd on each object with her fixed eyes 470

As some wayfaring man passing a wood,  
 Whose waving top hath long a sea-mark stood,  
 Goes jogging on, and in his mind nought hath,  
 But how the primrose finely strew the path,  
 On sweetest violets lay down their heads 475  
 At some tree's root on mossy feather-beds,  
 Until his heel receives an adder's sting,  
 Whereat he starts, and back his head doth fling

She never mark'd the suit he did prefer,

But (careless) let him pass along by her 480

So on he went into a spacious court,  
 All trodden bare with multitudes' resort,  
 At th' end whereof a second gate appears,  
 The fabric show'd full many thousand years,  
 Whose postern key that time a lady kept, 485  
 Her eyes all swell'n as if she seldom slept,  
 And would by fits her golden tresses tear,  
 And strive to stop her breath with her own hair  
 Her lily hand (not to be lik'd by Art)  
 A pair of pincers held, wherewith her heart 490  
 Was hardly grasped, while the piled stones  
 Re echoed her lamentable groans

Here at this gate the custom long had been  
 When any sought to be admitted in,  
 Remoise thus us'd them, ere they had the key, 495  
 And all these torments felt, pass'd on their way

When Riot came, the lady's pains nigh done,  
 She pass'd the gate, and then Remoise begun  
 To fetter Riot in strong iron chains,  
 And doubting much his patience in the pains 500  
 As when a smith and 's man, lame Vulcan's fellows,  
 Call'd from the anvil or the puffing bellows,  
 To clap a well-wrought shoe, for more than pay,  
 Upon a stubborn nag of Galloway,  
 Or unback'd jennet, or a Flanders mare, 505  
 That at the forge stand snuffing of the air,

The swarty smith spits in his buckhoir fist,  
 And bids his man bring out the five-fold twist,  
 His shackles, shacklocks, hampeys, gyves and chains,  
 His linked bolts, and with no little pains 510  
 These make him fast, and lest all these should falter,  
 Unto a post with some six-doubled halter  
 He binds his head, yet all aie of the least  
 To curb the fury of the headstrong beast,  
 When, if a carrier's jade he brought unto him, 515  
 His man can hold his foot whilst he can shoe him  
 Remorse was so enforc'd to bind him stronger,  
 Because his faults requir'd infliction longer  
 Than any sin-press'd wight which many a day  
 Since Judas hung himself had pass'd that way 520  
 When all the cruel torments he had borne,  
 Galled with chains, and on the rack nigh torn,  
 Pinching with glowing pincers his own heart,  
 All lame and restless, full of wounds and smart,  
 He to the postern creeps, so inward hies, 525  
 And from the gate a two fold path descries,  
 One leading up a hill, Repentance' way,  
 And (as more worthy) on the right hand lay  
 The other headlong, steep, and liken'd well  
 Unto the path which tendeth down to hell 530  
 All steps that thither went show'd no returning,  
 The port to pains, and to eternal mourning,

507 —*Swarty*, grimy509 —*Shacklocks* locks for fetters

Where certain Death liv'd, in an ebon chair,  
 The soul's black homicide, meagre Despair,  
 Had his abode there 'gainst the craggy rocks 535  
 Some dash'd then brains out with relentless knocks,  
 Others on trees (O most accursed elves !)  
 Are fastening knots, so to undo themselves,  
 Here one in sin, not daring to appeal  
 At Mercy's seat with one repentant tear, 540  
 Within his breast was lancing of an eye,  
 That unto God it might for vengeance cry,  
 There from a rock a wretch but newly fell,  
 All torn in pieces, to go whole to hell  
 Here with a sleepy potion one thinks fit 545  
 To grasp with Death, but would not know of it,  
 There in a pool two men their lives expire,  
 And die in water to revive in fire  
 Here hangs the blood upon the guiltless stones,  
 There worms consume the flesh of human bones 550  
 Here lies an arm, a leg there, here a head,  
 Without other limbs of men unburied,  
 Scatt'ring the ground, and as regardless hurl'd,  
 As they at virtue spurned in the world  
 Fie, hapless wretch ! O thou, whose graces sterv-  
 ing, 555  
 Measur'st God's mercy by thine own deserving,  
 Which cri'st (distrustful of the power of Heaven)  
 " My sins are greater than can be forgiven,"  
 Which still are ready to " curse God and die"  
 At every stripe of worldly misery 560

O learn thou, in whose breasts the dragon lurks,  
God's mercy ever is o'er all his works  
Know he is pitiful, apt to forgive,  
Would not a sinner's death, but that he live  
O ever, ever rest upon that word 565  
Which doth assure thee, though his two-edg'd sword  
Be drawn in justice 'gainst thy sinful soul,  
To separate the rotten from the whole,  
Yet if a sacrifice of prayer be sent him,  
He will not strike, or, if he strike, repent him 570  
Let none despair for cursed Judas' sin  
Was not so much in yielding up the King  
Of life to death, as when he thereupon  
Wholly despair'd of God's remission  
Riot, long doubting stood which way were 575  
best  
To lead his steps at last, preferring rest  
(As foolishly he thought) before the pain  
Was to be past ere he could well attain  
The high-built palace, 'gain adventure on  
That path which led to all confusion, 580  
When suddenly a voice as sweet as clear,  
With words divine began entice his ear  
Whereat, as in a rapture, on the ground  
He prostrate lay, and all his senses found  
A time of rest, only that faculty 585  
Which never can be seen, nor ever die,  
That in the essence of an endless nature  
Doth sympathize with the All-good Creator,

That only wak'd which cannot be interr'd  
And from a heavenly choir this ditty heard 590

Vain man, do not mistrust  
Of heaven winning ,  
Nor (though the most unjust)  
Despair for sinning  
God will be seen his sentence changing, 595  
If he behold thee wicked ways estranging

Climb up where pleasures dwell  
In flow'ry alleys ,  
And taste the living well  
That decks the valleys 600  
Fair Metanoia is attending  
To crown thee with those joys which know no ending

Herewith on leaden wings sleep from him flew,  
When on his arm he rose, and sadly threw  
Shrill acclamations , while an hollow cave, 605  
Or hanging hill, or heaven an answer gave  
O sacred essence, light'ning me this hour !  
How may I lightly style thy great Power? *Echo*  
Power

Power ? but of whence ? under the green-wood spray,  
Or liv'st in heav'n ? say *Echo* In heavens aye 610



In heavens aye I tell    May I it obtain  
 By alms, by fasting, prayer, by pain? *Echo* By pain  
 Show me the pain, 't shall be undergone  
 I to mine end will still go on    *Echo* Go on  
 But whither? On! Show me the place, the time 615  
 What if the mountain I do climb? *Echo* Do climb  
 Is that the way to joys which still endure?  
 O bid my soul of it be sure! *Echo* Be sure  
 Then thus assured, do I climb the hill [620  
 Heaven be my guide in this thy will    *Echo* I will

As when a maid taught from her mother wing  
 To tune her voice unto a silver string,  
 When she should run, she rests, rests when should  
                                 run,  
 And ends her lesson having now begun  
 Now misseth she her stop, then in her song,            625  
 And doing of her best she still is wrong,  
 Begins again, and yet again strikes false,  
 Then in a chafe forsakes her virginals,  
 And yet within an hour she tries anew,  
 That with her daily pains (Art's chiefest due)            630  
 She gains that charming skill, and can no less  
 Tame the fierce walkers of the wilderness,  
 Than that Oeagrin harpist, for whose lay

628 —*Virginals*, the more usual name for the keyed musical instrument, the virginal, with one string, jack and quill to each note it was the precursor of the harpsichord

633 —*Oeagrin Harpist* Orpheus, according to some accounts, the son of Oceanus and Chloris Polyhymnia

Tigers with hunger pin'd and left their prey  
 So Riot, when he 'gan to climb the hill, 635  
 Here maketh haste and there long standeth still,  
 Now getteth up a step, then falls again,  
 Yet not despairing all his nerves doth strain  
 To clamber up anew, then slide his feet,  
 And down he comes but gives not over yet, 640  
 For (with the maid) he hopes a time will be  
 When merit shall be link'd with industry

Now as an angler melancholy standing  
 • Upon a green bank yielding room for landing,  
 A wriggling yellow worm thrust on his hook, 645  
 Now in the midst he throws, then in a nook  
 Here pulls his line, there throws it in again,  
 Mendeth his cork and bait, but all in vain,  
 He long stands viewing of the curled stream,  
 At last a hungry pike, or well-grown bream 650  
 Snatch at the worm, and hasting fast away,  
 He knowing it a fish of stubborn sway,  
 Pulls up his rod, but soft, as having skill,  
 Wherewith the hook fast holds the fish's gill,  
 Then all his line he freely yieldeth him, 655  
 Whilst furiously all up and down doth swim  
 Th' insnared fish, here on the top doth scud,  
 There underneath the banks, then in the mud,  
 And with his frantic fits so scares the shoal,  
 That each one takes his hide, or starting hole . 660  
 By this the pike, clean wearied, underneath  
 A willow lies, and pants (if fishes breathe)

Wherewith the angler gently pulls him to him,  
 And lest his haste might happen to undo him,  
 Lays down his rod, then takes his line in hand, 665  
 And by degrees getting the fish to land,  
 Walks to another pool at length is winner  
 Of such a dish as serves him for his dinner  
 So when the climber half the way had got,  
 Musing he stood, and busily 'gan plot 670  
 How (since the mount did always steeper tend)  
 He might with steps secure his journey end  
 At last (as wand'ring boys to gather nuts)  
 A hooked pole he from a hazel cuts,  
 Now throws it here, then there to take some hold, 675  
 But bootless and in vain, the rocky mould  
 Admits no cranny where his hazel hook  
 Might promise him a step, till in a nook  
 Somewhat above his reach he hath espied  
 A little oak, and having often tried 680  
 To catch a bough with standing on his toe,  
 On leaping up, yet not prevailing so,  
 He rolls a stone towards the little tree,  
 Then gets upon it, fastens warily  
 His pole unto a bough, and at his drawing 685  
 The early-rising crow with clam'rous cawing,  
 Leaving the green bough, flies about the rock,  
 Whilst twenty twenty couples to him flock  
 And now within his reach the thin leaves wave,  
 With one hand only then he holds his stave, 690  
 And with the other grasping first the leaves,

A pretty bough he in his fist receives ,  
 Then to his girdle making fast the hook,  
 His other hand another bough hath took ,  
 His first, a third, and that, another gives, 695  
 To bring him to the place where his root lives  
 Then, as a nimble squirrel from the wood,  
 Ranging the hedges for his filberd-food,  
 Sits peartly on a bough his brown nuts cracking,  
 And from the shell the sweet white kernel taking, 700  
 Till with their crooks and bags a sort of boys,  
 To share with him, come with so great a noise,  
 That he is forc'd to leave a nut nigh broke,  
 And for his life leap to a neighbour oak,  
 Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes , 705  
 Whilst through the quagmires, and red water splashes,  
 The boys run dabbling thorough thick and thin ,  
 One tears his hose, another breaks his shin,  
 This, torn and tatter'd, hath with much ado  
 Got by the briars, and that hath lost his shoe , 710  
 This drops his band , that headlong falls for haste ,  
 Another cries behind for being last ,  
 With sticks and stones, and many a sounding holloa,  
 The little fool, with no small sport, they follow,  
 Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray, 715  
 Gets to the wood, and hides him in his dray

699 — *Peartly*, briskly

701 — *Sort*, set or company

706 — *Plashes*, pools

716 — *Dray*, a squirrel's nest

Such shift made Riot ere he could get up,  
 And so from bough to bough he won the top,  
 Though hindrances, for ever coming there,  
 Were often thrust upon him by Despair 720

Now at his feet the stately mountain lay,  
 And with a gladsome eye he 'gan survey  
 What perils he had trod on since the time  
 His weary feet and arms assayed to climb  
 When with a humble voice, withouten fear, 725  
 Though he look'd wild and overgrown with hair,

A gentle nymph, in russet coarse array,  
 Comes and directs him onward in his way  
 First, brings she him into a goodly hall,  
 Fair, yet not beautified with mineral 730

Descrip-  
 tion of the  
 house of  
 Repentance

But in a careless art and artless care  
 Made loose neglect more lovely far than rare  
 Upon the floor ylav'd with marble slate,  
 With sack-cloth cloth'd, many in ashes sat ,  
 And round about the walls for many years 735  
 Hung crystal vials of repentant tears ,

And books of vows, and many a heavenly deed  
 Lay ready open for each one to read  
 Some were immured up in little sheds,  
 There to contemplate heaven, and bid their beads ,  
 Others with garments thin of camel's hair, [740

With head, and arms, and legs, and feet all bare,  
 Were singing hymns to the Eternal Sage,  
 For safe returning from their pilgrimage ,  
 Some with a whip their pamper'd bodies beat , 745

Others in fasting live, and seldom eat  
 But as those trees which do in India grow  
 And call'd of elder swains full long ago  
 The sun and moon's fair trees, full goodly dight,  
 And ten times ten feet challenging their height, 750  
 Having no help to overlook brave towers,  
 From cool refreshing dew, or drizzling showers,  
 When as the earth, as oftentimes is seen,  
 Is interpos'd 'twixt Sol and Night's pale queen,  
 Or when the moon eclipseth Titan's light, 755  
 The trees all comfortless robb'd of their sight  
 Weep liquid drops, which plentifully shoot  
 Along the outward bark down to the root,  
 And by their own shed tears they ever flourish,  
 So their own sorrows, their own joys do nourish 760  
 And so within this place full many a wight  
 Did make his tears his food both day and night,  
 And had it g[r]anted from th' Almighty great  
 To swim through them unto his mercy-seat  
 Fair Metanoia in a chair of earth, 765  
 With count'nance sad, yet sadness promis'd mirth,  
 Sat veil'd in coarsest weeds of camel's hair,  
 Enriching poverty . yet never fair  
 Was like to her, nor since the world begun  
 A lovelier lady kiss'd the glorious sun 770  
 For her the god of thunder, mighty, great,  
 Whose footstool is the earth, and heaven his seat,  
 Unto a man who from his crying birth  
 Went on still shunning what he carried, earth,

When he could walk no further for his grave, 775  
 Nor could step over, but he there must have  
 A seat to rest, when he would fain go on,  
 But age in every nerve, in every bone  
 Forbad his passage for her sake hath Heaven  
 Fill'd up the grave, and made his path so even 780  
 That fifteen courses had the bright steeds run,  
 (And he was weary) ere his course was done  
 For scorning her the courts of kings which throw  
 A proud rais'd pinnacle to rest the crow,  
 And on a plain outbrave a neighbour rock 785  
 In stout resistance of a tempest's shock,  
 For her contempt Heaven, raining his disasters,  
 Have made those towers but piles to burn their  
 masters

To her the lowly nymph (Humblessa hight)  
 Brought as her office this deformed wight, 790  
 To whom the lady courteous semblance shows,  
 And pitying his estate in sacred thewes,  
 And letters worthily ycleep'd divine,  
 Resolv'd t' instruct him but her discipline  
 She knew of true effect would surely miss, 795  
 Except she first his metamorphosis  
 Should clean exile and knowing that his birth  
 Was to inherit reason, though on earth  
 Some witch had thus transform'd him, by her skill,  
 Expert in changing, even the very will, 800

In few days' labours with continual prayer,  
 (A sacrifice transcends the buxom air)  
 His grisly shape, his foul deformed feature,  
 His horrid looks, worse than a savage creature,  
 By Metanoia's hand from heaven, began 805  
 Receive then sentence of divorce from man

And as a lovely maiden, pure and chaste,  
 With naked iv'ry neck, and gown unlac'd,  
 Within her chamber, when the day is fled,  
 Makes poor her garments to enrich her bed 810

• First, puts she off her lily-silken gown,  
 That shrieks for sorrow as she lays it down,  
 And with her arms graceth a waistcoat fine,  
 Embracing her as it would ne'er untwine  
 Her flaxen hair, ensnaring all beholders, 815

She next permits to wave about her shoulders,  
 And though she cast it back, the silken slips  
 Still forward steal and hang upon her lips  
 Whereat she sweetly angry, with her laces  
 Binds up the wanton locks in curious traces, 820  
 Whilst (twisting with her joints) each hair long  
 lingers,

As loth to be enchain'd but with her fingers  
 Then on her head a dressing like a crown,  
 Her breasts all bare, her kirtle slipping down,  
 And all things off (which rightly ever be 825  
 Call'd the foul-fair marks of our misery)

802 — *Buxom*, yielding, in which sense it is constantly used  
 by Spenser



Except her last, which enviously doth seize her,  
 Lest any eye partake with it in pleasure,  
 Prepares for sweetest rest, while sylvans greet her,  
 And longingly the down bed swells to meet her 830  
 So by degrees his shape all brutish vild,  
 Fell from him (as loose skin from some young child)  
 In lieu whereof a man-like shape appears,  
 And gallant youth scarce skill'd in twenty years,  
 So fair, so fresh, so young, so admuable 835  
 In every part, that since I am not able  
 In words to show his picture, gentle swans,  
 Recall the praises in my former strains,  
 And know if they have graced any limb,  
 I only lent it those, but stole 't from him 840  
 Had that chaste Roman dame beheld his face,  
 Ere the proud king possess'd her husband's place,  
 Her thoughts had been adulterate, and this stain  
 Had won her greater fame had she been slain  
 The lark that many morns herself makes merry 845  
 With the shrill chanting of her teery-leiry,  
 (Before he was transform'd) would leave the skies,  
 And hover o'er him to behold his eyes  
 Upon an oaten pipe well could he play,  
 For when he fed his flock upon the lay 850  
 Maidens to hear him from the plains came tripping,

831 — *Vild*, vile846 — *Teery lerry*, more usually *tirra lirra*, borrowed from the French *tire-lire*850 — *Lay*, ley, lea.

And birds from bough to bough full nimbly skipping,  
His flock (then happy flock) would leave to feed,  
And stand amaz'd to listen to his reed ,  
Lions and tigers, with each beast of game, 855  
With hearing him were many times made tame ,  
Brave trees and flowers would towards him be bend  
ing,

And none that heard him wish'd his song an ending  
Maid, lions, birds, flocks, trees, each flower, each  
spring

Were wrapt with wonder when he used to sing 860  
So fair a person to describe to men  
Requires a curious pencil, not a pen

Him Metanoia clad in seemly wise  
(Not after our corrupted age's guise,  
Where gaudy weeds lend splendour to the limb, 865  
While that his clothes receiv'd their grace from him),  
Then to a garden set with rarest flowers,  
With pleasant fountains stor'd and shady bowers,  
She leads him by the hand, and in the groves,  
Where thousand pretty birds sung to their loves, 870  
And thousand thousand blossoms (from their stalks)  
Mild Zephyrus threw down to paint the walks  
Where yet the wild boar never durst appear  
Here Fida (ever to kind Raymond dear)  
Met them, and show'd where Aletheia lay, 875  
The fairest maid that ever bless'd the day  
Sweetly she lay, and cool'd her lily hands  
Within a spring that threw up golden sands .

As if it would entice her to persevere  
 In living there, and grace the banks for ever. 880  
 To her Amintas (Riot now no more)  
 Came, and saluted never man before  
 More bless'd, nor like this kiss hath been another  
 But when two dangling cherries kiss'd each other  
 Nor ever beauties, like, met at such closes, 885  
 But in the kisses of two damask roses  
 O how the flowers (press'd with their treadings on  
 them)  
 Strove to cast up their heads to look upon them !  
 How jealously the buds that so had seen them  
 Sent forth the sweetest smells to step between  
 them, 890  
 As fearing the perfume lodg'd in their powers  
 Once known of them, they might neglect the flowers  
 How often wish'd Amintas with his heart,  
 His ruddy lips from hers might never part,  
 And that the heavens this gift were them bequeath-  
 ing, 895  
 To feed on nothing but each other's breathing !  
 A truer love the Muses never sung,  
 Nor happier names e'er grac'd a golden tongue  
 O ! they are better fitting his sweet stripe,  
 Who on the banks of Ancor tun'd his pipe 900

899 —*Stripe*, strain or measure900 —*Ancor*, or Anker, the river intersecting Hartshill in Warwickshire, the birthplace of Michael Drayton

O! rather for that learned swain whose lays  
 Divinest Homer crown'd with deathless bays  
 Or any one sent from the sacred Well  
 Inheiting the soul of Astrophel  
 These, these in golden lines might write this story,  
 And make these loves their own eternal glory [905  
 Whilst I, a swain as weak in years as skill,  
 Should in the valley hear them on the hill  
 Yet when my sheep have at their cistern been,  
 And I have brought them back to shear the green,  
 To miss an idle hour, and not for need, [910  
 With choicest relish shall mine oaten reed  
 Record their worths and though in accents rare  
 I miss the glory of a charming air,  
 My Muse may one day make the courtly swains 915  
 Enamour'd on the music of the plains,  
 And as upon a hill she bravely sings,  
 Teach humble dales to weep in crystal springs

901 — *That learned swain*, George Chapman, the translator of Homer's poems

904 — *Astrophel*, a poetical name given by Spenser and his contemporaries to Sir Philip Sidney



BRITANNIA'S  
PASTORALS.

*The second Booke.*

HORAT

*Carmine Dii superi placantur, carmine Manes*

LONDON

Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM for GEORGE  
NORTON, and are to be sold at the signe of  
the Red Bull without Temple-barre

1616



*The truly Noble and Learned*

WILLIAM, EARL OF PEMBROKE,

*Lord Chamberlain to His Majesty, &c*

NOT that the gift, great Lord, deserves your hand,  
 Held ever worth the rarest works of men,  
 Offer I this , but since in all our land  
 None can more rightly claim a poet's pen  
 That noble blood and virtue truly known,  
 Which circular in you united run,  
 Makes you each good, and every good your own,  
 If it can hold in what my Muse hath done  
 But weak and lowly are these tuned lays,  
 Yet though but weak to win fair Memory,  
 You may improve them, and your gracing raise ,  
 For things are priz'd as their possessors be  
     If for such favour they have worthless striven,  
     Since love the cause was, be that love forgiven !

Your Honour

W BROWNE.





*To the most ingenious Author Mr W Browne*

INGENIOUS swain ! that highly dost adorn  
Clear Tavy ! on whose brink we both were born !  
Just praise in me would ne'er be thought to move\_\_  
From thy sole worth, but from my partial love  
Wherefore I will not do thee so much wrong,  
As by such mixture to allay thy song  
But while kind strangers rightly praise each grace  
Of thy chaste Muse, I (from the happy place  
That brought thee forth, and thinks it not unfit  
To boast now that it erst bred such a wit)  
Would only have it known I much rejoice  
To hear such matters sung by such a voice

JOHN GIANVILL

*To his Friend Mr Browne*

ALL that do read thy works, and see thy face,  
Where scarce a hair grows up thy chin to grace,  
Do greatly wonder how so youthful years  
Could frame a work where so much worth appears

To hear how thou describ'st a tree, a dale,  
 A grove, a green, a solitary vale,  
 The evening showers, and the morning gleams,  
 The golden mountains, and the silver streams,  
 How smooth thy verse is, and how sweet thy rhymes,  
 How sage, and yet how pleasant are thy lines ,  
     What more or less can there be said by men,  
     But, Muses rule thy hand, and guide thy pen

THO WENMAN,

e Societate Inter Templi.

*To his worthily-affected Friend Mr W Browne*

AWAKE, sad Muse, and thou my sadder spright,  
 Made so by Time, but more by Fortune's spite ,  
     Awake, and hie us to the green ,  
     There shall be seen  
     The quaintest lad of all the time  
     For neater rhyme  
     Whose free and unaffected strains  
     Take all the swains  
     That are not rude and ignorant,  
     Or Envy want

And Envy, lest its hate discover'd be,  
 A courtly love and friendship offers thee  
     The shepherdesses, blithe and fair,  
     For thee despair.

And whosoe'er depends on Pan  
 Holds him a man  
 Beyond themselves (if not compaie),  
 He is so rare,  
 So innocent in all his ways  
 As in his lays  
 He masters no low soul who hopes to please  
 The nephew<sup>a</sup> of the brave Philisides

*Another to the same*

WERE all men's envies fix'd in one man's looks,  
 That monster that would prey on safest Fame,  
 Durst not once check at thine, nor at thy name  
 So he who men can read as well as books  
 Attest thy lines, thus tried, they show to us  
 As Scæva's shield,<sup>b</sup> thyself Eminentus

W HERBERT

*To my Browne, yet brightest swain  
 That woons,<sup>c</sup> or haunts or hill or plain.*

Poeta nascitur

PIPE on, sweet swain, till joy, in bliss, sleep waking,  
 Hermes, it seems, to thee, of all the swains,

<sup>a</sup> *The nephew*, etc, William, Earl of Pembroke, to whom the book is dedicated

<sup>b</sup> *Scæva's shield*, transfix'd in a hundred and twenty places at the battle of Dyrrhachium

<sup>c</sup> *Woons*, wons, dwells

Hath lent his pipe and ait for thou art making  
With sweet notes (noted) heav'n of hills and  
                    plays !

Nay, if as thou begin'st, thou dost hold on,  
The total earth thine Arcadie will be,  
And Neptune's monarchy thy Helicon ;  
So all in both will make a god of thee,  
To whom they will exhibit sacrifice  
Of richest love and praise , and envious swains  
(Charm'd with thine accents) shall thy notes agnize<sup>a</sup>  
To reach above great Pan's in all thy strains  
Then ply this vein, for it may well contain  
The richest morals under poorest shroud ,  
And sith in thee the past'ial spirit doth reign,  
On such wit's treasures let it sit abroad,  
Till it hath hatch'd such numbers as may buy  
The rarest fame that e'er enriched air ,  
Or fann'd the way fair to eternity,  
To which unsoil'd thy glory shall repair !  
Where (with the gods that in fair stars do dwell,  
When thou shalt, blazing, in a star abide)  
Thou shalt be styl'd the shepherds' star to tell  
Them many mysteries and be their guide  
Thus do I spur thee on with sharpest praise,  
To use thy gifts of Nature and of skill,  
To double-gild Apollo's brows and bays,  
Yet make great Nature Art's true sov reign still

So Fame shall ever say, to thy renown,  
The shepherd's-star, or bright'st in sky, is Browne !

The true lover of thine

Art and Nature,

JOHN DAVIES of Heref

*Ad Illustrissimum Juvenem Gulhelmu Browne  
Generosum, in Operis sui Tomum secun-  
dum Carmen gratulatorium*

SCRIPTA prius vidi, legi, digitoque notavi  
Carminis istius singula verba meo  
Ex scriptis sparsim quærebam carpere dicta,  
Omnia sed par est, aut ego nulla notem  
Filia si fuerit facies hæc nacta sororis,  
Laudator prolis solus & Author eris  
Hæc nondum visi qui flagrat amore libelli  
Prænarrat scriptis omnia certa tuis

CAROLUS CROKE

*To my noble Friend the Author*

A PERFECT pen itself will ever praise  
So pipes our shepherd in his roundelays,  
That who could judge of Music's sweetest strain,  
Would swear thy Muse were in a heavenly vein.

A work of worth shows what the workman is  
 When as the fault that may be found amiss,  
 (To such at least as have judicious eyes)  
 Nor in the work, nor yet the workman lies  
 Well worthy thou to wear the laurel wreath  
 When from thy breast these blessed thoughts do  
                  breathe,  
 That in thy gracious lines such grace do give,  
 It makes thee everlastingly to live  
     Thy words well couch'd, thy sweet invention show  
     A perfect poet that could place them so

UNTON CROKF,

è Societate Inter Templi

*To the Author*

THAT privilege which others claim,  
 To flatter with their friends,  
 With thee, friend, shall not be mine aim,  
     My verse so much pretends  
 The general umpire of best wit  
     In this will speak thy fame  
 The Muses' minions, as they sit,  
     Will still confirm the same  
 Let me sing him that merits best,  
     Let others scrape for fashion,  
 Their buzzing prate thy worth will jest,  
     And slight such commendation

ANTH. VINCENT.

*To his<sup>o</sup> worthy Friend Mr W Browne, on his Book*

THAT poets are not bred so, but so born,  
 Thy Muse it proves, for on her age's moun  
 She hath strue Envy dumb, and charm'd the ev  
 Of ev'ry Muse whose birth the skies approve  
 Go on, I know thou art too good to fear  
 And may thy early strains affect the ear  
 Of that rare Lord, who judge and guerdon can  
 \*The richer gifts which do advantage man'

JOHN MORGAN,

è Societate Inter Templi

*To his Friend the Author*

SOMETIMES, dear friend, I make thy book my meat,  
 And then I judge 'tis honey that I eat  
 Sometimes my drink it is, and then I think  
 It is Apollo's nectar, and no drink  
 And being hurt in mind, I keep in store  
 Thy book, a precious balsam for the sore  
 'Tis honey, nectar, balsam most divine  
 Or one word for them all, my friend, 'tis thine

THO. HEYGATE,

è Societate Inter Templi



*To his Friend the Author*

IF antique swains wan such immortal praise,  
 Though they alone with their melodious lays  
 Did only charm the woods and flow'ry lawns,  
 Satyrs, and floods, and stones, and hairy fawns  
 How much, brave youth, to thy due worth belongs,  
 That charm'st not them but men with thy sweet  
                   songs?

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR,

e Societate Inter Templi

*To the Author*

'TIS known I scorn to flatter, or commend,  
 What merits not applause, though in my friend,  
 Which by my censure should now more appear,  
 Were this not full as good as thou art dead  
 But since thou couldst not (erring) make it so,  
 That I might my impartial humour show  
 By finding fault, nor one of these friends tell  
 How to show love so ill, that I as well  
 Might paint out mine I feel an envious touch,  
 And tell thee, swain, that at thy fame I grutch,<sup>a</sup>  
 Wishing the art that makes this poem shine,  
 And thus thy work (wert not thou wronged) mine

*Grutch*, grumble

For when detraction shall forgotten be,  
 This will continue to eternize thee ,  
 And if hereafter any busy wit  
 Should, wronging thy conceit, miscensure it,  
 Though seeming learn'd or wise here he shall see,  
 'Tis prais'd by wiser and more learn'd than he

G WITHER

*To Mr Browne*

WERE there a thought so strange as to deny  
 That happy bays do some men's births adorn,  
 Thy work alone might serve to justify,  
 That poets are not made so, but so born  
 How could thy plumes thus soon have soar'd thus  
                   high,  
 Hadst thou not laurel in thy cradle worn?  
 Thy birth o'ertook thy youth and it doth make  
 Thy youth (herein) thine elders overtake

W B

*To my truly below'd Friend M Browne, on his  
 Pastorals*

SOME men, of books or friends not speaking right,  
 May hurt them more with praise than foes with  
                   spite  
 But I have seen thy work, and I know thee  
 And, if thou list thyself, what thou canst be.

For though but early in these paths thou tread,  
I find thee write most worthy to be read  
It must be thine own judgment yet that sends  
This thy work forth that judgment mine commends  
And, where the most read books, on authors' fames,  
Or, like our money-brokers, take up names  
On credit, and are cozen'd, see that thou,  
By offering not more sueties than enow,  
Hold thine own worth unbroke, which is so good  
Upon th' Exchange of Letters, as I would  
More of our writers would, like thee, not swell  
With the how much they set forth, but th' how well

BEN. JONSON.

# BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

## THE SECOND BOOK.



### THE FIRST SONG



#### THE ARGUMENT

Marina's freedom now I sing,  
And of her new endangering  
Of Famine's Cave, and then th' abuse  
Tow'rds buried Colin<sup>a</sup> and his Muse



As when a mariner, accounted lost,  
Upon the wat'ry Desert long time tost,  
In Summer's parching heat, in Winter's cold,  
In tempests great, in dangers manifold,  
Is by a fav'ring wind drawn up the mast, 5  
Whence he descries his native soil at last,  
For whose glad sight he gets the hatches under,  
And to the ocean tells his joy in thunder,

<sup>a</sup> *Colin*, Edmund Spenser

(Shaking those barnacles into the sea,  
 At once that in the womb and cradle lay) 10  
 When suddenly the still inconstant wind  
 Masters before, that d d attend behind,  
 And grows so violent that he is fain  
 Command the pilot stand to sea again,  
 Lest want of sea room in a channel straight, 15  
 Or casting anchor might cast o'er his freight

Thus, gentle Muse, it happens in my song  
 A journey, tedious for a strength so young,  
 I undertook by silver-seeming floods,  
 Past gloomy bottoms and high-waving woods, 20  
 Climb'd mountains where the wanton kidling dallies,  
 Then with soft steps enseal'd the meeken'd valleys,  
 In quest of memory and had possess  
 A pleasant garden for a welcome rest  
 No sooner, than a hundred themes come on, 25  
 And hale my bark anew for Helicon

Thrice-sacred Powers ! (if sacred Powers there be  
 Whose mild aspect engyrland Poesy)  
 Ye happy sisters of the learned Spring,  
 Whose heavenly notes the woods are ravishing ! 30  
 Brave Thespian maidens, at whose charming lays  
 Each moss-thrumb'd mountain bends, each current  
 plays !

Pærian singers ! O ye blessed Muses !

28 —*Engyrland*, encircle

32 —*Moss-thrumb'd*, knitted over with moss.

Who as a gem too dear the world refuses '  
 Whose truest lovers never clip with age, 35  
 O be propitious in my pilgrimage '  
 Dwell on my lines<sup>a</sup> and till the last sand fall,  
 Run hand in hand with my weak Pastoral '  
 Cause every coupling cadence flow in blisses,  
 And fill the world with envy of such kisses 40  
 Make all the rarest beauties of our clime,  
 That deign a sweet look on my younger rhyme,  
 To linger on each line's enticing graces,  
 As on their lovers' lips and chaste embraces ' [45  
     Through rolling trenches of self-drowning waves,  
 Where stormy gusts throw up untimely graves,  
 By billows whose white foam show'd angry minds  
 For not out-roaring all the high rais'd winds,  
 Into the ever-drinking thirsty sea  
 By rocks that under water hidden lay 50  
 To shipwreck passengers, (so in some den  
 Thieves bent to robb'ry watch wayfaring men,)  
 Fairest Marina, whom I whilom sung,  
 In all this tempest, violent though long,  
 Without all sense of danger lay asleep 55  
 Till tossed where the still inconstant deep,  
 With widespread arms, stood ready for the tender  
 Of daily tribute that the swoll'n floods render  
 Into her chequer, whence, as worthy kings,  
 She helps the wants of thousand lesser springs 60

Here wax'd the winds dumb, shut up in their caves ,  
 As still as midnight were the sullen waves ,  
 And Neptune's silver ever-shaking breast  
 As smooth as when the halcyon builds her nest  
 None other wrinkles on his face were seen 65  
 Than on a fertile mead, or sportive green,  
 Where never ploughshare ripp'd his mother's womb  
 To give an aged seed a living tomb ,  
 Nor blinded mole the batt'ning earth e'er stirr'd ,  
 Nor boys made pitfalls for the hungry bird 70  
 The whistling reeds upon the waters' side  
 Shot up their sharp heads in a stately pride ,  
 And not a binding osier bow'd his head,  
 But on his root him bravely carried  
 No dandling leaf play'd with the subtle au, 75  
 So smooth the sea was, and the sky so fair  
 Now with his hands, instead of broad-palm'd oars,  
 The swain attempts to get the shell strew'd shores,  
 And with continual lading making way  
 Thrust the small boat into as fair a bay 80  
 As ever merchant wish'd might be the road  
 Wherein to ease his sea-torn vessel's load  
 It was an island, hugg'd in Neptune's arms,  
 As tend'ring it against all foreign harms,  
 And Mona hight so amiably fair, 85  
 So rich in soil, so healthful in her air,

64 — *Halcyon*, kingfisher69 — *Batt'ning*, thriving, fertile

So quick in her increase, (each dewy night  
 Yielding that ground as green, as fresh of plight  
 As 'twas the day before, whereon then fed  
 Of gallant steers full many a thousand head) 80

So deck'd with floods, so pleasant in her groves,  
 So full of well-fleec'd flocks and fatten'd droves ;  
 That the brave issue of the Trojan line,  
 Whose worths, like diamonds, yet in darkness shine ,  
 Whose deeds were sung by learned bards as high, 95  
 In raptures of immortal poesy,

As any nations, since the Grecian lads  
 Were famous made by Homer's Iliads  
 Those brave heroic spirits, 'twixt one another,  
 Proverbially call Mona Cambria's mother \*  
 Yet Cambria is a land from whence have come

100 \* ~~Non sunt~~  
~~sumbr~~

Worthies well worth the race of Ilium ,  
 Whose true desert of praise could my Muse touch,  
 I should be proud that I had done so much  
 And though of mighty Brute I cannot boast, 105  
 Yet doth our warlike strong Devonian coast

Resound his worth, since on her wave worn strand  
 He and his Trojans first set foot on land,  
 Struck sail, and anchor cast on Totnes'\* shore,  
 Though now no ship can ride there any more 110

\* Petunt  
 Classen  
 omnibus  
 bonis onus  
 tam pros-  
 peris ventis  
 mare sul-  
 cantes in  
 Totenesio  
 littore felici  
 ter applica-  
 runt Galf.  
 Monum  
 ' Hebe

In th' island's road the swain now moors his boat  
 Unto a willow, lest it outwards float,  
 And with a rude embacement taking up  
 The maid, more fair than she\* that fill'd the cup  
 Of the great thunderer, wounding with her eyes 115



More hearts than all the troops of deities,  
 He wades to shore, and sets her on the sand,  
 That gently yielded when her foot should land,  
 Where bubbling waters through the pebbles fleet,  
 As if they strove to kiss her slender feet 120

Whilst like a wretch, whose cursed hand hath ta'en  
 The sacred relics from a holy fane,  
 Feeling the hand of Heaven (enforcing wonder)  
 In his return, in dreadful cracks of thunder,  
 Within a bush his sacrifice hath left, 125  
 And thinks his punishment freed with the theft  
 So fled the swain from one, had Neptune spied  
 At half an ebb he would have forc'd the tide  
 To swell anew, whereon his car should sweep,  
 Deck'd with the riches of th' unsounded deep, 130  
 And he from thence would with all state on shore,  
 To woo this beauty, and to woo no more

Divine Electra (of the sisters seven  
 That beautify the glorious orb of heaven)  
 When Ilium's stately towers serv'd as one light 135  
 To guide the ravisher in ugly night  
 Unto her virgin beds, withdrew her face,  
 And never would look down on human race  
 Till this maid's birth; since when some power hath  
 won her  
 By often fits to shine as gazing on her. 140  
 Grim Saturn's son, the dread Olympic Jove,

122 — *Fane*, temple133 — *The sisters seven*, the seven Pleiads

That dark'd three days to frolic with his love,  
 Had he in Alcmen's stead clipp'd this fair wight,  
 The world had slept in everlasting night,  
 For whose sake only (had she lived then) 145  
 Deucalion's flood had never rag'd on men,  
 Nor Phaeton perform'd his father's duty,  
 For fear to rob the world of such a beauty  
 In whose due praise a learned quill might spend  
 Hours, days, months, years, and never make an end

What wretch inhuman, or what wilde blood, [150  
 Suck'd in a desert from a tiger's brood,  
 Could leave her so disconsolate? but one  
 Bred in the wastes of frost-bit Calydon;  
 For had his veins been heat with milder air, 155  
 He had not wrong'd so foul a maid so fair

Sing on, sweet Muse, and whilst I feed mine eyes  
 Upon a jewel and unvalued prize,  
 As bight a star, a dame, as fair, as chaste,  
 As eye beheld, or shall, till Nature's last, 160  
 Charm her quick senses, and with raptures sweet  
 Make her affection with your cadence meet!  
 And if her graceful tongue admire one strain,  
 It is the best reward my pipe would gain  
 In lieu whereof, in laurel-worthy rhymes 165  
 Her love shall live until the end of times,  
 And spite of age the last of days shall see  
 Her name embalm'd in sacred poesy

Sadly alone upon the aged rocks,  
 Whom Thetis grac'd in washing oft then locks 170  
 Of branching samphire, sat the maid o'ertaken  
 With sighs and tears, unfortunate, forsaken,  
 And with a voice that floods from rocks would borrow,  
 She thus both wept and sung her notes of sorrow

If Heaven be deaf and will not hear my cries, 175  
 But adds new days to add new miseries ,  
 Hear then, ye troubled waves and flitting gales,  
 That cool the bosoms of the fruitful vales '  
 Lend, one, a flood of tears, the other, wind,  
 To weep and sigh that Heaven is so unkind ' 180  
 But if ye will not spare of all your store  
 One tear or sigh unto a wretch so poor ,  
 Yet as ye travel on this spacious round,  
 Through forests, mountains, or the lawny ground,  
 If't hap you see a maid weep forth her woe, 185  
 As I have done, O bid her as ye go  
 Not lavish tears ' for when her own are gone,  
 The world is flinty and will lend her none  
 If this be eke deni'd, O hearken then,  
 Each hollow vaulted rock and crooked den ' 190  
 And if within your sides one Echo be,  
 Let her begin to rue my destiny '  
 And in your clefts her plainings do not smother,  
 But let that Echo teach it to another ! [195  
 Till round the world in sounding coombe and plain,

The last of them tell it the first again -  
 Of my sad fate so shall they never lin,  
 But where one ends, another still begin  
 Wretch that I am, my words I vainly waste ;  
 Echo of all woes only speaks the last , 200  
 And that's enough for should she utter all,  
 As at Medusa's head, each heart would fall  
 Into a flinty substance, and repine  
 At no one grief except as great as mine.  
 No careful nurse would wet her watchful eye, 205  
 When any pang should gripe her infantry,  
 Nor though to Nature it obedience gave,  
 And kneel'd to do her homage in the grave,  
 Would she lament her suckling from her torn ,  
 'Scaping by death those torments I have borne 210

This sigh'd, she wept, low leaning on her hand,  
 Her briny tears down raining on the sand,  
 Which seen by them that sport it in the seas  
 On dolphins' backs, the fair Nereides,  
 They came on shore, and shily as they fell 215  
 Convey'd each tear into an oyster shell,  
 And by some power that did affect the girls,  
 Transform'd those liquid drops to orient pearls,  
 And strew'd them on the shore for whose rich prize  
 In winged pines the Roman colonies 220

197 —*Lin*, cease206 —*Infantry*, children220 —*Pines*, ships

Flung through the deep abyss to our white rocks  
 For gems to deck their ladies' golden locks  
 Who valu'd them as highly in their kinds  
 As those the sunburnt Æthiopian finds

Long on the shore distress'd Marina lay 225  
 For he that spies the pleasant sweets of May,  
 Beyond the noonstead so far drove his team,  
 That harvest folks, with curds and clouted cream,  
 With cheese and butter, cakes, and cates enow,  
 That are the yeoman's from the yoke or cow, 230  
 On sheaves of corn were at their noonshun's close,  
 Whilst [by] them merrily the bagpipe goes  
 Ere from her hand she lifted up her head,  
 Where all the Graces then inhabited  
 When casting round her over-drowned eyes, 235  
 (So have I seen a gem of mickle price  
 Roll in a scallop-shell with water fill'd)  
 She, on a marble rock at hand beheld,  
 In characters deep cut with iron stroke, [240  
 A shepheid's moan, which, read by her, thus spoke

Glide soft, ye silver floods,  
 And every spring  
 Within the shady woods  
 Let no bird sing !  
 Nor from the grove a turtle-dove 245  
 Be seen to couple with her love ,

227 — *Noonstead*, period of noon

231 — *Noonshun*, luncheon

But silence on each dale and mountain dwell,  
 Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy farewell

But (or great Thetis' train)  
 Ye mermaids fair, 250  
 That on the shores do plain  
 Your sea-green hair,  
 As ye in trammels knit your locks,  
 Weep ye , and so enforce the rocks  
 In heavy murmurs through the broad shores tell 255  
 How Willy bade his friend and joy farewell

Cease, cease, ye murd'ring winds,  
 To move a wave ,  
 But if with troubled minds  
 You seek his grave, 260  
 Know 'tis as various as yourselves,  
 Now in the deep, then on the shelves,  
 His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,  
 Whilst Willy weeps and bids all joy farewell

Had he Arion-like 265  
 Been judg'd to drown,  
 He on his lute could strike  
 So rare a sowne,

251 — *Plain*, make smooth

262 — *Shelves*, rocks

268 — *Sowne*, sound

A thousand dolphins would have come  
 And jointly strive to bring him home      270  
 But he on shipboard died, by sickness fell,  
 Since when his Willy bade all joy farewell.

Great Neptune, hear a swain !  
 His coffin take,  
 And with a golden chain      275  
 For pity make  
 It fast unto a rock near land !  
 Where ev'ry calmy morn I'll stand,  
 And ere one sheep out of my fold I tell,  
 Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend farewell      280

Ah heavy shepherd, whosoe'er thou be,  
 Quoth fair Marina, I do pity thee •  
 For who by death is in a true friend cross'd,  
 Till he be earth, he half himself hath lost  
 More happy deem I thee, lamented swain,      285  
 Whose body lies among the scaly train,  
 Since I shall never think that thou canst die,  
 Whilst Willy lives, or any poetry  
 For well it seems in versing he hath skill,  
 And though he, aided from the sacred hill,      290  
 To thee with him no equal life can give,  
 Yet by his pen thou may'st for ever live  
 With this a beam of sudden brightness flies  
 Upon her face, so dazzling her clear eyes,  
 That neither flower nor grass which by her grew 295

She could discern cloth'd in their perfect hue  
 For as a wag, to sport with such as pass,  
 Taking the sunbeams in a looking-glass,  
 Conveys the ray into the eyes of one  
 Who, blinded, either stumbles at a stone, 300  
 Or as he dazzled walks the peopled streets,  
 Is ready justling every man he meets.  
 So then Apollo did in glory cast  
 His bright beams on a rock with gold enchas'd,  
 And thence the swift reflection of their light 305  
 •Blinded those eyes, the chiefest stars of night  
 When straight a thick-swoll'n cloud (as if it sought  
 In beauty's mind to have a thankful thought)  
 Inveil'd the lustre of great Titan's car,  
 And she beheld from whence she sat, not far, 310  
 Cut on a high-brow'd rock, inlaid with gold,  
 This epitaph, and read it, thus enroll'd

In depth of waves long hath Alexis slept,  
 So choicest jewels are the closest kept,  
 Whose death the land had seen, but it appears 315  
 To countervail his loss men wanted tears  
 So here he lies, whose dirge each mermaid sings,  
 For whom the clouds weep rain, the Earth her springs

Her eyes these lines acquainted with her mind  
 Had scarcely made, when o'er the hill behind 320  
 She heard a woman cry "Ah well-a-day,  
 What shall I do? Go home, or fly, or stay?"



Admir'd Marina rose, and with a pace  
 As graceful as the goddesses did trace  
 O'er stately Ida when fond Paris' doom 325  
 Kindled the fire should mighty Troy entomb,  
 She went to aid the woman in distress,  
 (True beauty never was found merciless)  
 Yet durst she not go nigh lest, being spied,  
 Some villain's outrage that might then betide, 330  
 For ought she knew, unto the crying maid,  
 Might grasp with her by thickets which array'd  
 The high sea-bounding hill so near she went,  
 She saw what wight made such loud dreriment  
 Loud? yes sung right for since the azure sky 335  
 Imprison'd first the world, a mortal's cry  
 With greater clangour never pierc'd the air  
 A wight she was so far from being fair,  
 None could be foul esteem'd compar'd with her  
 Describing foulness, pardon if I err, 340  
 Ye shepherds' daughters, and ye gentle swains!  
 My Muse would gladly chant more lovely strains  
 Yet since on miry grounds she trod, for doubt  
 Of sinking, all in haste, thus wades she out  
 As when great Neptune in his height of pride 345  
 The inland creeks fills with a high spring-tide,  
 Great shoals of fish among the oysters lie,  
 Which by a quick ebb on the shores left dry,

325 — *Doom*, judgment334 — *Dreriment*, lamentation

The fishes yawn, the oysters gapen wide  
 So broad her mouth was As she stood and cried, 350  
 She tore her elvish knots of hair, as black  
 And full of dust as any collier's sack  
 Her eyes, unlike, were like her body right,  
 Squint and misshapen, one dun, t'other white  
 As in a picture limn'd unto the life, 355  
 Or carved by a curious workman's knife,  
 If twenty men at once should come to see  
 The great effects of untu'd industry,  
 Each sev'rally would think the picture's eye  
 Was fix'd on him and on no stander-by 360  
 So as she bawling was upon the bank,  
 If twice five hundred men stood on a rank,  
 Her ill face towards them, every one would say,  
 She looks on me, when she another way  
 Had cast her eyes, as on some rock or tree, 365  
 And on no one of all that company  
 Her nose (O crooked nose !) her mouth o'erhung,  
 As it would be directed by her tongue  
 Her forehead such, as one might near avow [370  
 Some ploughman there had lately been at plough  
 Her face so scor'd was, and so vild it shows,  
 As on a pear-tree she had scar'd the crows  
 Within a tanner's fat I oft have eyed  
 (That three moons there had lain) a large ox-hide  
 In liquor mix'd with strongest bark (for gain) 375

351 — *Elvish knots*, elf-locks, tangled hair373 — *Fat*, vat.

Yet had not ta'en one-half so deep a stain  
As had her skin, and that as hard well-nigh  
As any brawns long harden'd in the sty  
Her shoulders such, as I have often seen  
A silly cottage on a village green 380  
Might change his corner-posts, in good behoof,  
For four such under-proppers to his roof  
Housewives, go hire her, if you yearly gave  
A lambkin more than use, you that might save  
In washing-beetles, for her hands would pass 385  
To serve that purpose, though you daily wash  
For other hidden parts thus much I say,  
As ballad-mongers on a market-day  
Taking their stand, one (with as harsh a noise  
As ever cart-wheel made) squeaks the sad choice 390  
Of Tom the Miller with a golden thumb,  
Who, cross'd in love, ran mad and deaf and dumb,  
Half part he chants, and will not sing it out,  
But thus he speaks to his attentive rout  
Thus much for love I warbled from my breast, 395  
And, gentle friends, for money take the rest  
So speak I to the over-longing ear,  
That would the rest of her description hear,  
Much have I sung for love, the rest (not common)  
Martial will show for coin in 's crabbed woman 400

If e'er you saw a pedant 'gin prepare  
 To speak some graceful speech to master mayor,  
 And being bashful, with a quaking doubt,  
 That in his eloquence he may be out,  
 He oft steps forth, as oft turns back again , 405  
 And long 'tis ere he ope his learned vein  
 Think so Marina stood for now she thought  
 To venture forth, then some conjecture wrought  
 Her to be jealous left this ugly wight, [410  
 Since like a witch she look'd, through spells of night  
 Might make her body thrall that yet was free  
 To all the foul intents of witchery  
 This drew her back again At last she bwoke  
 Through all fond doubts, went to her, and bespoke  
 In gentle manner thus Good day, good maid ; 415  
 With that her cry she on a sudden stay'd,  
 And rubb'd her squint eyes with her mighty fist  
 But as a miller, having ground his grist,  
 Lets down his flood gates with a speedy fall,  
 And quarrring up the passage therewithal, 420  
 The waters swell in spleen, and never stay  
 Till by some cleft they find another way  
 So when her tears were stopp'd from either eye  
 Her singults, blubb'ings seem'd to make them fly  
 Out at her oyster-mouth and nosethrils wide 425  
 Can there (quothe fair Marina) e'er betide

414 — *Fond*, foolish

420 — *Quarrring*, closing

424 — *Sing' lts*, sobs

425 — *Nosethrils*, nostrils

In these sweet groves a wench so great a wrong,  
 That should enforce a cry so loud, so long?  
 On these delightful plains how can there be  
 So much as heard the name of villainy? 430

Except when shepherds in their gladsome fit  
 Sing hymns to Pan that they are free from it  
 But show me, what hath caus'd thy grievous yell?  
 As late (quoth she) I went to yonder well,  
 (You cannot see it here, that grove doth cover 435  
 With his thick boughs his little channel over)  
 To fetch some water, as I use, to dress  
 My master's supper (you may think of flesh;  
 But well I wot he tasteth no such dish)

Of rotchets, whittings, or such common fish, 440  
 That with his net he drags into his boat  
 Among the flags below there stands his cote,  
 A simple one, thatch'd o'er with reed and broom;  
 It hath a kitchen and a several room  
 For each of us — But this is nought you flee, 445  
 Replied Marine, I prithee answer me  
 To what I question'd Do but hear me first,  
 Answer'd the hag He is a man so curst,  
 Although I toil at home, and serve his swine,  
 Yet scarce allows he me whereon to dine 450  
 In summer time on blackberries I live,  
 On crabs and haws, and what wild forests give  
 In winter's cold, half foot, I run to seek

For oysters and small winkles in each creek,  
 Whereon I feed, and on the meagre slone 455  
 But if he home return and find me gone,  
 I still am sure to feel his heavy hand  
 Alas and wealaway, since now I stand  
 In such a plight for if I seek his door  
 He'll beat me ten times worse than e'er before. 460  
 What hast thou done ? (yet ask'd Marina) say?  
 I with my pitcher lately took my way  
 (As late I said) to thilk same shaded spring,  
 Fill'd it, and homewards, rais'd my voice to sing,  
 But in my back return, I (hapless) spied 465  
 A tree of cherries wild, and them I eyed  
 With such a longing that unwares my foot  
 Got underneath a hollow-growing root,  
 Carrying my pot as maids use on their heads,  
 I fell with it, and broke it all to shreds 470  
 This is my grief, this is my cause of moan  
 And if some kind wight go not to atone  
 My surly master with me, wretched maid,  
 I shall be beaten dead Be not afraid,  
 Said sweet Marina, hasten thee before, 475  
 I'll come to make thy peace for since I sore  
 Do hunger, and at home thou hast small cheer,  
 (Need and supply grow far off, seldom near,)  
 To yonder grove I'll go to taste the spring,  
 And see what it affords for nourishing 480

Thus parted they And sad Marina blest  
 The hour she met the maid, who did invest  
 Her in assured hope she once should see  
 Her flock again and drive them merrily  
 To their flower-decked lair, and tread the shores 485  
 Of pleasant Albion through the well-pois'd oars  
 Of the poor fisherman that dwelt thereby

But as a man who in a lottery  
 Hath ventur'd of his coin, ere he have ought,  
 Thinks this or that shall with his prize be bought, 490  
 And so enrich'd, march with the better rank,  
 When suddenly he's call'd, and all is blank  
 To chaste Marina so doth Fortune prove,  
 "Statesmen and she are never firm in love "

No sooner had Marina got the wood, 495  
 But as the trees she nearly search'd for food,  
 A villain lean as any rake appears,  
 That look'd, as pinch'd with famine, Egypt's years,  
 Worn out and wasted to the pithless bone,  
 As one that had a long consumption 500  
 His rusty teeth (forsaken of his lips  
 As they had serv'd with want two 'prenticeships)  
 Did through his pallid cheek and lankest skin  
 Bewray what number were enrank'd within  
 His greedy eyes deep sunk into his head, 505  
 Which with a rough hair was o'ercovered  
 How many bones made up this starved wight





The more his viands more his appetite  
 Whate'er the deeps bring forth, or earth, or air, 535  
 He ravine should, and want in greatest fare  
 And what a city twice seven years would serve,  
 He should devour, and yet be like to starve  
 A wretch, so empty, that if e'er there be  
 In Nature found the least vacuity, 540  
 'Twill be in him The grave to Ceres' store,  
 A cannibal to lab'ers old and poor,  
 A sponge-like dropsy, drinking till it burst,  
 The sickness term'd the wolf, vild and accurs'd,  
 If some respects like th' art of alchemy, 545  
 That thrives least when it long'st doth multiply  
 Limos he cleeped was whose long-nail'd paw  
 Seizing Marina, and his sharp-fang'd jaw  
 (The strongest part he had) fix'd in her weeds, 550  
 He forc'd her thence, through thickets and high reeds,  
 Towards his cave Her fate the swift winds rue,  
 And round the grove in heavy murmurs flew  
 The limbs of trees that, as in love with either,  
 In close embacements long had liv'd together,  
 Rubb'd each on other, and in shrieks did show 555  
 The winds had mov'd more partners of their woe  
 Old and decayed stocks that long time spent  
 Upon their arms their roots' chief nourishment,  
 And that drawn dry, as freely did impart  
 Their boughs a-feeding on their father's heart, 560

Yet by respectless imps when all was gone,  
 Pithless and sapless, naked left alone,  
 Their hollow trunks, fill'd with their neighbours'  
                   moans,

Sent from a thousand vents ten thousand groans  
 All buds flew from the wood, as they had been 565  
 Scar'd with a strong bolt rattling 'mong the teen

Limos with his sweet theft full shily rushes  
 Through sharp-hook'd brambles, thorns, and tangling  
                   bushes,

Whose tenters sticking in her garments sought,  
 Poor shuubs, to help her, but availing nought, 570  
 As angry (best intents miss'd best proceeding)  
 They scratch'd his face and legs, clear water bleed  
                   ing

Not greater haste a fearful school-boy makes  
 Out of an orchard whence by stealth he takes  
 A churlish farmer's plums, sweet pears or grapes, 575  
 Than Limos did, as from the thick he 'scapes  
 Down to the shore Where resting him a space,  
 Restless Mauna 'gan entreat for grace  
 Of one whose knowing it as desp'rate stood,  
 As where each day to get supply of food 580

O ! had she thirsty such entreaty made  
 At some high rock, proud of his evening shade,  
 He would have burst in two, and from his veins,  
 For her avail, upon the under plains

A hundred springs a hundred ways should swim, 585  
 To show her tears enforced floods from him  
 Had such an oratress been heard to plead  
 For fair Polyxena, the muith'rer's head  
 Had been her pardon, and so 'scap'd that shock,  
 Which made her lover's tomb her dying block 590  
 Not an enraged lion, surly, wood,  
 No tiger reft her young, nor savage brood,  
 No, not the foaming boar, that durst approve  
 Loveless to leave the mighty Queen of Love,  
 But her sad plaints their uncouth walks among 595  
 Spent in sweet numbers from her golden tongue,  
 So much their great hearts would in softness steep,  
 They at her foot would grovelling lie and weep  
 Yet now (alas !) nor words, nor floods of tears  
 Did ought avail The belly hath no ears 600

As I have known a man loath meet with gain  
 That carrieth in his front least show of pain,  
 Who for his victuals all his raiment pledges,  
 Whose stacks for firing âre his neighbours' hedges,  
 From whence returning with a burden great, 605  
 Wearied, on some green bank he takes his seat,  
 But fearful (as still theft is in his stay)  
 Gets quickly up, and hasteth fast away

588 — *Murth'rer's head*, that of Paris, who treacherously slew Achilles, the lover of Polyxena

591 — *Wood*, mad or wild

593 — *The foaming boar*, etc., alluding to Adonis, beloved of Venus, who met his death while hunting a boar

595 — *Uncouth*, unfrequented

So Limos sooner eased than yrested  
 Was up and through the reeds (as much molested 610  
 As in the biakes) who lovingly combine,  
 And for her aid together twist and twine,  
 Now manacling his hands, then on his legs  
 Like fetters hang the unde-growing segs,  
 And had his teeth not been of strongest hold, 615  
 He there had left his prey Fates uncontroll'd  
 Denied so great a bliss to plants or men,  
 And lent him strength to bring her to his den  
 • West, in Apollo's couse to Tagus' stream,  
 Crown'd with a silver-circling diadem 620  
 Of wet exhaled mists, there stood a pile  
 Of aged rocks (torn from the neighbour isle  
 And girt with waves) against whose naked breast  
 The surges tilted, on his snowy crest  
 The tow'ring falcon whilom built, and kings 625  
 Strove for that aerie, on whose scaling wings  
 Monarchs in gold refin'd as much would lay  
 As might a month their army royal pay  
 Brave birds they were, whose quick, self less'ning kin  
 Still won the girlonds from the peregrine \* 630  
 Not Cerna Isle in Afric's silver main,  
 Nor lustful bloody-Tereus' Thracian stram,  
 Nor any other lording of the air,  
 Durst with this aerie for their wing compare

\* A falcon  
 differing from  
 the Falcon  
 & eagle

614 — *Segs*, sedges

630 — *Girlonds*, garlands

631 — *Cerna Isle*, Mauritius

About his sides a thousand sea gulls bred, 635  
 The mevy and the halcyon famosed  
 For colours rare, and for the peaceful seas  
 Round the Sicilian coast, her brooding days  
 Puffins (as thick as starlings in a fen) [640  
 Were fetter'd from thence there sat the pewet hen,  
 And in the clefts the martin built his nest  
 But those by this curs'd catiff dispossess'd  
 Of roost and nest, the least, of life, the most  
 All left that place, and sought a safer coast  
 Instead of them the caterpillar haunts, 645  
 And cankerworm among the tender plants,  
 That here and there in nooks and corners grew  
 Of cormorants and locusts not a few,  
 The cramming raven, and a hundred more  
 Devouring creatures, yet when from the shore 650  
 Limos came wading (as he easily might  
 Except at high tides) all would take their flight,  
 Or hide themselves in some deep hole or other,  
 Lest one devourer should devour another  
 Near to the shore that border'd on the rock 655  
 No merry swain was seen to feed his flock,  
 No lusty neatherd thither drove his kine,  
 Nor boorish hogherd fed his rooting swine  
 A stony ground it was, sweet herbage fail'd  
 Nought there but weeds, which Limos, strongly  
 nail'd, 660

Tore from their mother's breast to stuff his maw  
 No crab-tree bore his load, nor thorn his haw  
 As in a forest well complete with deer  
 We see the hollies, ashes, everywhere  
 Robb'd of their clothing by the browsing game 665  
 So near the rock all trees where'er you came,  
 To cold December's wiath stood void of bark  
 Here danc'd no nymph, no early-rising lark  
 Sung up the ploughman and his drowsy mate  
 All round the rock[']s] barren and desolate 670

In midst of that huge pile was Limos' cave,\*  
 Full large and round, wherein a miller's knave  
 Might for his horse and quern have room at will  
 Where was out-drawn by some enforced skill  
 What mighty conquests were achiev'd by him 675  
 First stood the siege of great Jerusalem,  
 Within whose triple wall and sacred city—  
 (Weep, ye stone-hearted men ! oh, read and pity !  
 'Tis Sion's cause invokes your briny tears  
 Can any dry eye be when she appears 680  
 As I must sing her ? oh, if such there be,  
 Fly, fly th' abode of men ! and hasten thee  
 Into the desert, some high mountain under,  
 Or at thee boys will hiss, and old men wonder)—  
 Here sits a mother weeping, pale and wan, 685  
 With fixed eyes, whose hopeless thoughts seem'd  
 ran

\* The description of  
 the Cave of  
 Famine

How (since for many days no food she tasted,  
 Her meal, her oil consum'd, all spent, all wasted)  
 For one poor day she might attain supply,  
 And desp'rate of aught else, sit, pine, and die 690  
 At last her mind meets with her tender child  
 That in the cradle lay (of osiers wild),  
 Which taken in her arms, she gives the teat,  
 From whence the little wretch with labour great  
 Not one poor drop can suck whereat she, wood, 695  
 Cries out, O Heaven ! are all the founts of food  
 Exhausted quite ? and must my infant young  
 Be fed with shoes ? yet wanting those ere long,  
 Feed on itself ? No, first the room that gave  
 Him soul and life shall be his timeless grave 700  
 My dugs, thy best relief, through griping hunger  
 Flow now no more, my babe, then since no  
 longer

By me thou canst be fed, nor any other,  
 Be thou the nurse and feed thy dying mother  
 Then in another place she straight appears, 705  
 Seething her suckling in her scalding tears  
 From whence not far the painter made her stand  
 Tearing his sod flesh with her cruel hand  
 In gobbets which she ate O cursed womb,  
 That to thyself art both the grave and tomb 710

A little sweet lad, there, seems to entreat  
 With held up hands his famish'd sire for meat,  
 Who wanting aught to give his hoped joy  
 But throbs and sighs, the over-hungry boy,

For some poor bit in dark nooks making quest, 715  
 His satchel finds, which grows a gladsome feast  
 To him and both his parents Then, next day  
 He chews the points wherewith he us'd to play  
 Devouring last his books of every kind,  
 They fed his body wh ch should feed his mind 720  
 But when his satchel, points, books all were gone,  
 Before his sire he droops, and dies anon.

In height of art then had the workman done,  
 A pious, zealous, most religious son,  
 Who on the enemy excursion made, 725  
 And spite of danger strongly did invade  
 Their victuals' convoy, bringing from them home  
 Dri'd figs, dates, almonds, and such fruits as come  
 To the beleag'ring foe, and sates the want  
 Therewith of those who from a tender plant 730  
 Bred him a man for arms thus oft he went,  
 And stork-like sought his parents' nourishment,  
 Till fates decreed he on the Roman spears  
 Should give his blood for them who gave him  
 theirs

A million of such throes did Famine bring 735  
 Upon the city of the mighty king,  
 Till, as her people, all her buildings rare  
 Consum'd themselves and dimm'd the lightsome air.

Near this the curious pencil did express  
 A large and solitary wilderness, 740  
 Whose high well-limned oaks in growing show'd  
 As they would ease strong Atlas of his load



Here underneath a tree in heavy plight,  
 Her bread and pot of water wasted quite,  
 Egyptian Hagar, nipp'd with hunger fell, 745  
 Sat loobb'd of hope her infant Ismael,  
 Far from her being laid, full sadly seem'd  
 To cry for meat, his cry she naught esteem'd,  
 But kept her still, and turn'd her face away,  
 Knowing all means were bootless to assay 750  
 In such a desert, and since now they must  
 Sleep their eternal sleep, and cleave to dust,  
 She chose apart to grasp one death alone,  
 Rather than by her babe a million

Then Eresichthon's case in Ovid's song 755  
 Was portrayed out, and many more along  
 The insides of the cave, which were descried  
 By many loop-holes round on every side

These fair Marina view'd, left all alone,  
 The cave fast shut, Limos for pillage gone, 760  
 Near the wash'd shore, 'mong roots and breers and  
 thorns,

A bullock finds, who delving with his horns  
 The hurtless earth (the while his tough hoof tore  
 The yielding turf) in furious rage he bore  
 His head among the boughs that held it round, 765  
 While with his bellows all the shores resound

755 — *Eresichthon*, a son of Triopas, who cut down trees in a grove sacred to Demeter, for which he was punished by the goddess with fearful hunger

761 — *Breers*, briars

Him Limos kill'd, and hal'd with no small pain  
 Unto the rock , fed well , then goes again  
 Which serv'd Marina fit, for had his food [770  
 Fail'd him, her veins had fail'd their dearest blood

Now great Hyperion left his golden throne  
 That on the dancing waves in glory shone,  
 For whose declining on the western shore  
 The oriental hills black mantles wore,  
 And thence apace the gentle twilight fled, 775  
 That had from hideous caverns ushered  
 All-drowsy Night, who in a car of jet,  
 By steeds of non-grey, which mainly sweat  
 Moist drops on all the world, drawn through the sky,  
 The helps of darkness waited orderly 780  
 First thick clouds rose from all the liquid plains ,  
 Then mists from marishes, and grounds whose veins  
 Were conduit pipes to many a crystal spring ,  
 From standing pools and fens were following  
 Unhealthy fogs ; each river, every rill 785  
 Sent up their vapours to attend her will  
 These pitchy curtains drew 'twixt earth and heaven  
 And as Night's chariot through the air was driven,  
 Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepherd's song,  
 And silence girt the woods , no warbling tongue 790  
 Talk'd to the Echo , satyrs broke their dance,  
 And all the upper world lay in a trance  
 Only the curled streams soft chidings kept ;

And little gales that from the green leaf swept  
 Dry summer's dust, in fearful whisp'rings stirr'd, 795  
 As loath to waken any singing bird

Darkness no less than blind Cimmerian  
 Of Famine's cave the full possession wan,  
 Where lay the shepherdess inwrap't with night,  
 The wished garment of a mournful wight 800  
 Here silken slumbers and refreshing sleep  
 Were seldom found, with quiet minds those keep,  
 Not with disturbed thoughts, the beds of kings  
 Are never press'd by them, sweet rest enrings  
 The tired body of the swarty clown, 805  
 And oft'ner lies on flocks than softest down

Twice had the cock crown, and in cities strong  
 The bellman's doleful noise and careful song  
 Told men, whose watchful eyes no slumber hent,  
 What store of hours theft-guilty night had spent 810  
 Yet had not Morpheus with this maiden been,  
 As fearing Limos, whose impetuous teen  
 Kept gentle rest from all to whom his cave  
 Yielded enclosure deadly as the grave,  
 But to all sad laments left her forlorn, 815  
 In which three watches she had nigh outworn.

Fair silver-footed Thetis that time thiew  
 Along the ocean with a beauteous crew  
 Of her attending sea-nymphs, Jove's bright lamps

805 — *Swarty*, sunburnt      809 — *Hent*, took, seized  
 812 — *Tsen*, violence

Guiding from rocks her chariot's hippocamps \* 820 \* Sea horses  
 A journey only made unware to spy  
 If any mighties of her empery  
 Oppress'd the least, and forc'd the weaker sort  
 To their designs by being great in court  
 O ! should all potentates whose higher birth 825  
 Enrols then titles, other gods on earth,  
 Should they make private search, in veil of night,  
 For cruel wrongs done by each favourite ,  
 Here should they find a great one paling in  
 A mean man's land, which many years had been 830  
 His charge's life, and by the other's hest,  
 The poor must starve to feed a scurvy beast  
 If any recompense drop from his fist,  
 His time's his own, the money what he list  
 There should they see another that commands 835  
 His farmer's team from furrowing his lands,  
 To bring him stones to raise his building vast,  
 The while his tenant's sowing time is past  
 Another (spending) doth his rents enhance,  
 Or gets by tricks the poor's inheritance. 840  
 But as a man whose age hath dimm'd his eyes,  
 Useth his spectacles, and as he prys  
 Through them all characters seem wondrous fair,  
 Yet when his glasses quite removed are,  
 Though with all careful heed he nearly look, 845  
 Cannot perceive one tittle in the book ;

So if a king behold such favourites,  
 Whose being great was being parasites,  
 With th' eyes of favour, all their actions are  
 To him appearing plain and regular 850  
 But let him lay his sight of grace aside,  
 And see what men he hath so dignified,  
 They all would vanish, and not dare appear,  
 Who, atom-like, when their sun shined clear,  
 Danc'd in his beam, but now his rays are gone, 855  
 Of many hundred we perceive not one  
 Or as a man who, standing to descry  
 How great floods far off run, and valleys lie,  
 Taketh a glass prospective good and true,  
 By which things most remote are full in view 860  
 If monarchs, so, would take an instrument  
 Of truth compos'd to spy their subjects drent  
 In foul oppression by those high in seat,  
 Who care not to be good but to be great,  
 In full aspect the wrongs of each degree 865  
 Would lie before them, and they then would see  
 The devilish politician all convinces,  
 In murd'ring statesmen and in pois'ning princes,  
 The prelate in pluralities asleep,  
 Whilst that the wolf lies preying on his sheep, 870  
 The drowsy lawyer, and the false attorneys  
 Tire poor men's purses with their lifelong journeys,  
 The country gentleman from 's neighbour's hand

Forceth th' inheritance, joins land to land,  
 And most insatiate seeks under his rent 875  
 To bring the world's most spacious continent,  
 The fawning citizen (whose love's bought dearest)  
 Deceives his brother when the sun shines clearest,  
 Gets, borrows, breaks, lets in, and stops out light,  
 And lives a knave to leave his son a knight, 880  
 The griping farmer hoards the seed of bread,  
 Whilst in the streets the poor lie famished  
 And free there's none from all this worldly strife,  
 Except the shepherd's heaven-bless'd happy life [885  
     But stay, sweet Muse, forbear this harsher strain !  
 Keep with the shepherds, leave the satyrs' vein,  
 Coop not with bears, let Icarus alone  
 To scorch himself within the torrid zone  
 Let Phaeton run on, Ixion fall,  
 And with an humble styled Pastoral 890  
 Tread through the valleys, dance about the streams  
 The lowly dales will yield us anadems  
 To shade our temples, 'tis a worthy meed,  
 No better garland seeks mine oaten reed,  
 Let others climb the hills, and to their praise, 895  
 Whilst I sit girt with flowers, be crown'd with bays  
     Show now, fair Muse, what afterward became  
 Of great Achilles' mother ; she whose name  
 The mermaids sing, and tell the weeping strand  
 A braver lady never tripp'd on land, 900

Except the ever-living Faery Queen,  
 Whose virtues by her swain so written been,  
 That time shall call her high enhanced story  
 In this rare song, the Muses' chiefest glory  
     So mainly Thetis drove her silver throne, 905  
 Inlaid with pearls of price and precious stone,  
 For whose gay purchase she did often make  
 The scorched negro dive the briny lake,  
 That by the swiftness of her chariot wheels,  
 Scouring the main as well-built English keels, 910  
 She of the new-found world all coasts had seen,  
 The shores of Thessaly, where she was queen,  
 Her brother Pontus' waves, embac'd, with those  
 Mœotian fields and vales of Tenedos, [915  
 Strait Hellespont, whose high brow'd cliffs yet sound  
 The mournful name of young Leander drown'd,  
 Then with full speed her horses doth she guide  
 Through the Ægean Sea, that takes a pride  
 In making difference 'twixt the fruitful lands,  
 Europe and Asia almost joining hands, 920  
 But that she thrusts her billows all afront  
 To stop their meeting through the Hellespont  
 The Midland Sea so swiftly was she scouring,  
 The Adriatic gulf brave ships devouring  
 To Padus' silver stream then glides she on, 925  
 Enfamoused by reckless Phæacton,

Plin lib 3  
 cap 16

902 — *Swain*, Spenser

926 — *Enfamoused*, made famous

Padus that doth beyond his limits rise,  
 When the hot dog-star rains his maladies,  
 And robs the high and air-invading Alps  
 Of all their winter suits and snowy scalps, 930  
 To drown the levell'd lands along his shore,  
 And make him swell with pride By whom of yore  
 The sacred Heliconian damsels sat,  
 To whom was mighty Pindus consecrate,  
 And did decree, neglecting other men, 935  
 Their height of art should flow from Maro's pen,  
 And prattling echoes evermore should long  
 For repetition of sweet Naso's song  
 It was enacted here in after days  
 What wights should have their temples crown'd with  
                     bays, 940  
 Learn'd Ariosto, holy Petrarch's quill,  
 And Tasso should ascend the Muses' hill  
 Divinest Bartas, whose enriched soul  
 Proclaim'd his Maker's worth, should so enroll  
 His happy name in brass, that Time nor Fate 945  
 That swallow all, should ever runate  
 Delightful Saluste, whose all-blessed lays  
 The shepherds make their hymns on holy days;  
 And truly say thou in one week hast penn'd  
 What time may ever study, ne'er amend 950  
 Marot and Ronsard, Garnier's buskin'd Muse

947 —*Saluste*, Guillaume de Saluste du Bartas See Note

951 —*Garnier's buskin'd Muse*, the tragedies of Robert Garnier, the French dramatist and poet (1545-1601)





Of any sea-surveying mountain fed,  
 Leaving to crop the ivy, list'ning stood  
 At those sweet ans which did entrance the flood 980  
 In jocund soitt the goddess thus they met,  
 And after rev'ence done, all being set  
 Upon their finny coursers round her throne,  
 And she prepar'd to cut the wat'ry zone  
 Engirting Albion, all then pipes were still, 985  
 And Colin Clout began to tune his quill  
 With such deep art, that every one was given  
 To think Apollo, newly slid from heav'n,  
 Had ta'en a human shape to win his love,  
 Or with the Western swains for glory strove 990  
 He sung th' heroic knights of fairyland  
 In lines so elegant, of such command,  
 That had the Thracian\* play'd but half so well, Orpheus  
 He had not left Eurydice in hell  
 But ere he ended his melodious song 995  
 An host of angels flew the clouds among,  
 And rapt this swan from his attentive mates  
 To make him one of their associates  
 In heaven's fair choir where now he sings the praise  
 Of him that is the first and last of days 1000  
 Divinest Spenser, heav'n bred, happy Muse !  
 Would any power into my brain infuse  
 Thy worth, or all that poets had before,  
 I could not praise till thou deserv'st no more

A damp of wonder and amazement strook 1005  
 Thetis' attendants, many a heavy look  
 Follow'd sweet Spense, till the thick'ning air  
 Sight's further passage stopp'd A passionate tear  
 Fell from each nymph, no shepherd's cheek was dry,  
 A doleful dirge, and mournful elegy 1010  
 Flew to the shore, when mighty Nereus' queen,  
 In memory of what was heard and seen,  
 Employ'd a factor, fitted well with store  
 Of richest gems, refined Indian ore,  
 To raise, in honour of his worthy name, 1015  
 A pyramis, whose head like winged Fame  
 Should pierce the clouds, yea, seem the stars to kiss,  
 And Mausolus' great tomb might shroud in his  
 Her will had been performance, had not Fate,  
 That never knew how to commiserate, 1020  
 Suborn'd curs'd Avarice to lie in wait  
 For that rich prey—(gold is a taking bait)—  
 Who closely lurking like a subtle snake  
 Under the covert of a thorny brake,  
 Seiz'd on the factor by fair Thetis sent, 1025  
 And robb'd our Colin of his monument  
 Ye English shepherds, sons of Memory,  
 For satires change your pleasing melody;  
 Scourge, rail and curse that sacrilegious hand,  
 That more than fiend of hell, that Stygian brand, 1030  
 All-guilty Avarice, that worst of evil,

That gulf devouring offspring of a devil  
 Heap curse on curse so direful and so fell,  
 Their weight may press his damned soul to hell  
 Is there a spirit so gentle can refrain 1035  
 To torture such ? O let a satyr's vein  
 Mix with that man ' to lash this hellish limb,  
 Or all our curses will descend on him

For mine own part, although I now commerce  
 With lowly shepherds in as low a veise, 1040  
 If of my days I shall not see an end  
 Till more years press me, some few hours I'll spend  
 In rough hewn satires, and my busied pen  
 Shall jerk to death this infamy of men  
 And like a Fury glowing coulters bear, 1045  
 With which—But see how yonder fondlings tear  
 Their fleeces in the brakes, I must go free  
 Them of their bonds ; rest you here merrily  
 Till my return, when I will touch a string  
 Shall make the rivers dance and valleys ring 1050

1037 —*Limb*, a term of reproach, e. g. a limb of Satan

1044 —*Jerk*, beat

1045 —*Coulters*, ploughshares

1046 —*Fondlings*, lambs



Be follow'd where he stuck, his glittering slime  
 Not yet wip'd off It was so early time,  
 The careful smith had in his sooty forge 15  
 Kindled no coal, nor did his hammers urge  
 His neighbours' patience owls abroad did fly,  
 And day as then might plead his infancy  
 Yet of fair Albion all the western swaines  
 Were long since up, attending on the plains 20  
 When Nereus' daughter with her mirthful host  
 Should summon them on their declining coast  
 But since her stay was long, for fear the sun  
 Should find them idle, some of them begun  
 To leap and wrestle, others threw the bar, 25  
 Some from the company removed are  
 To meditate the songs they meant to play,  
 Or make a new round for next holiday  
 Some tales of love their love-sick fellows told  
 Others were seeking stakes to pitch their fold 30  
 This, all alone was mending of his pipe  
 That, for his lass sought fruits most sweet, most ripe  
 Here from the rest a lovely shepherd's boy  
 Sits piping on a hill, as if his joy  
 Would still endure, or else that age's frost 35  
 Should never make him think what he had lost  
 Yonder a shepherdess knits by the springs,  
 Her hands still keeping time to what she sings  
 Or seeming, by her song, those fairest hands  
 Were comforted in working Near the sands 40  
 Of some sweet river sits a musing lad,

That moans the loss of what he sometime had,  
 His love by death bereft when fast by him.  
 An aged swain takes place, as near the bum  
 Of's grave as of the river, showing how 45  
 That as those floods, which pass along right now,  
 Are follow'd still by others from their spring,  
 And in the sea have all their burying  
 Right so our times are known, our ages found,  
 (Nothing is permanent within this round,) 50  
 One age is now, another that succeeds,  
 Extirping all things which the former breeds  
 Another follows that, doth new times raise,  
 New years, new months, new weeks, new hours, new  
     days,  
 Mankind thus goes like rivers from their spring, 55  
 And in the earth have all their burying  
 Thus sat the old man counselling the young,  
 Whilst, underneath a tree which overhung  
 The silver stream (as some delight it took  
 To trim his thick boughs in the crystal brook) 60  
 Were set a jocund crew of youthful swains,  
 Wooing their sweetings with delicious strains  
 Sportive Oreades the hills descended,  
 The Hamadryades their hunting ended,  
 And in the high woods left the long liv'd haits 65  
 To feed in peace, free from their winged darts,  
 Floods, mountains, valleys, woods, each vacant lies

Of nymphs that by them danc'd then haydigyes  
 For all those powers were ready to embrace  
 The present means to give our shepherds' grace 70  
 And underneath this tree (till Thetis came)  
 Many resorted, where a swain of name  
 Less than of worth (and we do never own  
 Nor apprehend him best that most is known)  
 Fame is uncertain, who so swiftly flies 75  
 By th'unregarded shed where Virtue lies,  
 She, ill-inform'd of Virtue's worth, pursu'th  
 In haste Opinion for the simple truth  
 True Fame is ever liken'd to our shade,  
 He soonest misseth her that most hath made 80  
 To overtake her, whoso takes his wing,  
 Regardless of her, she'll be following  
 Her true propriety she thus discovers,  
 "Loves her contemneis, and contemns her lovers"  
 Th'applause of common people never yet 85  
 Pursu'd this swain, he knew't the counterfeit  
 Of settled praise, and therefore at his songs,  
 Though all the shepherds and the graceful throngs  
 Of semi-gods compar'd him with the best  
 That ever touch'd a reed, or was address'd 90  
 In shepherd's coat, he never would approve  
 Their attributes given in sincerest love,  
 Except he truly knew them as his merit  
 Fame gives a second life to such a spirit



This swain, entreated by the mirthful rout,      95  
 That with entwined arms lay round about  
 The tree 'gainst which he lean'd, (so have I seen  
 Tom Piper stand upon our village green,  
 Back'd with the May-pole, whilst a jocund crew  
 In gentle motion circularly threw      100  
 Themselves about him), to his fairest ring  
 Thus 'gan in numbers well according sing

Venus by Adonis' side  
 Crying kiss'd, and kissing cried,  
 Wrung her hands and tore her hair      105  
 For Adonis dying there

Stay (quoth she) O stay and live!  
 Nature surely doth not give  
 To the earth her sweetest flowers  
 To be seen but some few hours      110

On his face, still as he bled  
 For each drop a tear she shed,  
 Which she kiss'd or wip'd away,  
 Else had drown'd him where he lay

Fair Proserpina (quoth she)      115  
 Shall not have thee yet from me;  
 Nor thy soul to fly begin  
 While my lips can keep it in

Here she clos'd again And some  
 Say Apollo would have come 120  
 To have cur'd his wounded limb,  
 But that she had smother'd him

2

Look as a traveller in summer's day,  
 Nigh chok'd with dust and molt with Titan's ray,  
 "Longs for a spring to cool his inward heat, 125  
 And to that end with vows doth Heaven entreat,  
 When going further finds an apple-tree,  
 Standing as did old Hospitality,  
 With ready arms to succour any needs  
 Hence plucks an apple, tastes it, and it breeds 130  
 So great a liking in him for his thirst,  
 That up he climbs, and gathers to the first  
 A second, third, nay, will not cease to pull  
 Till he have got his cap and pockets full  
 " Things long desu'd so well esteemed are, 135  
 That when they come we hold them better far  
 There is no mean 'twixt what we love and want,  
 Desire, in men, is so predominant "  
 No less did all this quaint assembly long  
 Than doth the traveller this shepherd's song 140  
 Had so ensnar'd each acceptable ear,  
 That but a second, might could bring them clean  
 From an affected snare, had Orpheus been  
 Playing, some distance from them, he had seen  
 Not one to stir a foot for his rare strain, 145  
 But left the Thracian for the English swain

Or had suspicious Juno (when her Jove  
 Into a cow transform'd his fairest love\*)  
 Great Inachus' sweet stem in durance given  
 To this young lad, the messenger of heaven, 150  
 Fan Maia's offspring, with the depth of art  
 That ever Jove to Hermes might impart,  
 In fing'ring of a reed, had never won  
 Poor Io's freedom And though Arctor's son,  
 Hundred-ey'd Argus, might be lull'd by him, 155  
 And loose his pus'nei, yet in every limb  
 That god of wit had felt this shepherd's skill,  
 And by his charms brought from the Muses' hill  
 Enforc'd to sleep, then, robb'd of pipe and rod,  
 And vanquish'd so, turn swain, this swain a god 160  
 Yet to this lad not wanted Envy's sting,  
 ("He's not worth aught that's not worth envying,")  
 Since many at his praise were seen to grutch  
 For as a miller in his bolting hutch  
 Dives out the pure meal nearly as he can, 165  
 And in his sifter leaves the coarser bran  
 So doth the canker of a poet's name  
 Let slip such lines as might inherit fame,  
 And from a volume culls some small amiss  
 To fire such dogged spleens as mate with his 170  
 Yet, as a man that by his art would bring  
 The ceaseless current of a crystal spring  
 To overlook the lowly flowing head,

Sinks by degrees his soder'd pipes of lead  
Beneath the fount, whereby the water goes 175  
High, as a well that on a mountain flows  
So when detraction and a cynic's tongue  
Have sunk desert unto the depth of wrong,  
By that the eye of skill true worth shall see  
To brave the stars, though low his passage  
be 180

But here I much digress, yet pardon, swains  
For as a maiden gath'ring on the plains  
A scentful nosegay to set near her pap,  
Or as a favour for her shepherd's cap,  
Is seen far off to stray if she have spied  
A flower that might increase her posy's pride  
So if to wander I am sometimes press'd,  
'Tis for a strain that might adorn the rest

Requests, that with denial could not meet,  
Flew to our shepherd, and the voices sweet 190  
Of fairest nymphs entreating him to say  
What wight he lov'd , he thus began his lay

SHALL I tell you whom I love ?  
 Harken then awhile to me ,  
 And if such a woman move ,  
 As I now shall versify ,  
 Be assu'd, 'tis she, or none  
 That I love, and love alone

Nature did her so much right,  
 As she scorns the help of Art,                    200  
 In as many virtues dight  
 As e'er yet embrac'd a heart  
 So much good so fully tried,  
 Some for less were deified

Wit she hath without desire                    205  
 To make known how much she hath,  
 And her angel flames no higher  
 Than may fitly sweeten wrath  
 Full of pity as may be,  
 Though perhaps not so to me                    210

Reason masters every sense,  
 And her virtues grace her birth  
 Lovely as all excellence,  
 Modest in her most of mirth  
 Likelihood enough to prove,                    215  
 Only worth could kindle love

Such she is and if you know  
 Such a one as I have sung,  
 Be she brown, or fair, or so,  
 That she be but sometime young,                    220  
 Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none  
 That I love, and love alone

Eous and his fellows in the team,  
 (Who, since their wat'ring in the Western stream,

Had run a furious journey to appease 225  
 The night-sick eyes of our Antipodes,)   
 Now sweating were in our horizon seen  
 To drink the cold dew from each flow'ry green  
 When Triton's trumpet with a shrill command  
 Told silver footed Thetis was at hand 230

As I have seen when on the breast of Thames  
 A heavenly bevy of sweet English dames,  
 In some calm ev'ning of delightful May,  
 With music give a farewell to the day,  
 Or as they would, with an admired tone, 235  
 Greet Night's ascension to her eben throne,  
 Rapt with their melody a thousand more  
 Run to be wafted from the bounding shore  
 So ran the shepherds, and with hasty feet [240  
 Strove which should first increase that happy fleet

The true presagers of a coming storm,\* Dolphins.  
 Teaching their fins to steer them to the form  
 Of Thetis' will, like boats at anchor stood,  
 As ready to convey the Muses' brood  
 Into the brackish lake that seem'd to swell 245  
 As proud so rich a burden on it fell

Ere their arrival Astrophel had done  
 His shepherd's lay, yet equaliz'd of none  
 Th' admired mirror, glory of our Isle,  
 Thou far-far-more than mortal man, whose style 250  
 Struck more men dumb to hearken to thy song,

Than Orpheus' harp or Tully's golden tongue  
 To him (as night) for wit's deep quintessence,  
 For honour, valour, virtue, excellence,  
 Be all the garlands, crown his tomb with bay, 255  
 Who spake as much as e'er our tongue can say

Happy Arcadia ' while such lovely strains  
 Sung of thy valleys, rivers, hills and plains ,  
 Yet most unhappy other joys among,  
 That never heard'st his music nor his song 260  
 Deaf men are happy so, whose virtues' praise  
 (Unheard of them) are sung in tuneful lays  
 And pardon me, ye sisters of the mountain,  
 Who wail his loss from the Pegasian fountain,  
 If, like a man for portraiture unable, 265  
 I set my pencil to Apelles' table ,  
 Or dare to draw his curtain, with a will  
 To show his true worth, when the artist's skill  
 Within that curtain fully doth express  
 His own art's-mast'ry, my unableness 270

He sweetly touched what I harshly hit,  
 Yet thus I glory in what I have writ ,  
 Sidney began (and if a wit so mean  
 May taste with him the dews of Hippocrene)  
 I sung the Past'ral next , his Muse, my mover 275  
 And on the plains full many a pensive lover  
 Shall sing us to their loves, and praising be  
 My humble lines the more for praising thee

266 — *Apelles' table*, a picture of Aphrodite left unfinished at the painter's death

Thus we shall live with them by rocks, by springs,  
As well as Homer by the death of kings 280

Then in a strain beyond an oaten quill  
The learned shepherd of fair Hitchin hill\*  
Sung the heroic deeds of Greece and Troy,  
In lines so worthy life, that I employ  
My reed in vain to overtake his fame 285  
All praiseful tongues do wait upon that name

\* M Chapman

Our second Ovid, the most pleasing Muse  
That Heav'n did e'er in mortal's brain infuse,  
All loved Drayton, in soul-raping strains,  
A genuine note of all the nymphish trains 290  
Began to tune, on it all ears were hung  
As sometime Dido's on Æneas' tongue

Jonson, whose full of merit to rehearse  
Too copious is to be confin'd in verse,  
Yet therein only fittest to be known, 295  
Could any write a line which he might own  
One so judicious, so well knowing, and  
A man whose least worth is to understand,  
One so exact in all he doth prefer  
To able censure; for the theatre 300  
Not Seneca transcends his worth of praise,  
Who writes him well shall well deserve the bays

Well-languag'd Daniel Brooke, whose polish'd  
lines

280 *Hitchin*, in Hertfordshire, the birthplace of George Chapman, the translator of Homer's poems

289 — *Soul raving*, soul ravishing



Are fittest to accomplish high designs,  
 Whose pen (it seems) still young Apollo guides , 305  
 Worthy the forked hill, for ever glides  
 Streams from thy brain, so fair, that time shall see  
 Thee honour'd by thy verse, and it by thee  
 And when thy temple's well-deserving bays  
 Might imp a pride in thee to reach thy praise,     310  
 As in a crystal glass, fill'd to the ring  
 With the clear water of as clear a spring,  
 A steady hand may very safely drop  
 Some quantity of gold, yet o'er the top  
 Not force the liquor run, although before     315  
 The glass (of water) could contain no more  
 Yet so, all-worthy Brooke, though all men sound  
 With plummets of just praise thy skill profound,  
 Thou in thy veise those attributes canst take,     320  
 And not apparent ostentation make,  
 That any second can thy virtues raise,  
 Striving as much to hide as merit praise  
     Davies and Wither, by whose Muses' power  
 A natural day to me seems but an hour,  
 And could I ever hear their learned lays,     325  
 Ages would turn to artificial days  
 These sweetly chanted to the Queen of Waves,  
 She prais'd, and what she prais'd, no tongue depraves  
 Then base contempt (unworthy our report)  
 Fly from the Muses and their fair resort,     330

310 — *Imp*, engraft, insert328 — *Depraves*, traduces, vilifies

And exercise thy spleen on men like thee  
 Such are more fit to be contemn'd than we  
 'Tis not the rancour of a canker'd heart  
 That can debase the excellence of Art,  
 Nor great in titles make our worth obey, 335  
 Since we have lines far more esteem'd than they  
 For there is hidden in a poet's name  
 A spell that can command the wings of Fame,  
 And maugre all Oblivion's hated birth,  
 Begin their immortality on earth, 340  
 When he that 'gainst a Muse with hate combines,  
 May raise his tomb in vain to reach our lines

Thus Thetis rides along the Narrow Seas  
 Encompass'd round with lovely naiades,  
 With gaudy nymphs, and many a skilful swan, 345  
 Whose equals earth cannot produce again,  
 But leave the times and men that shall succeed them  
 Enough to praise that age which so did breed them

Two of the quaintest swains that yet have been  
 Fail'd their attendance on the Ocean's Queen, 350  
 Remond and Doridon, whose hapless fates  
 Late sever'd them from their more happy mates  
 For, gentle swains, if you remember well,  
 When last I sung on him of yonder dell,  
 And as I guess it was that sunny morn, 355  
 When in the grove there by my sheep were shorn,  
 I ween I told you, while the shepherds young  
 Were at their past'ral and their rural song,  
 The shrieks of some poor maid, fallen in mischance,

Invok'd their aid, and drew them from their dance  
 Each ran a several way to help the maid , [360  
 Some tow'rd's the valley, some the green wood st ray'd  
 Here one the thicket beats, and there a swain  
 Enters the hidden caves , but all in vain [365  
 Nor could they find the wight whose shrieks and cry  
 Flew through the gentle air so heavily,  
 Nor see or man or beast, whose cruel teen  
 Would wrong a maiden or in grave or green  
 Back then return'd they all to end their sport  
 But Doridon and Remond, who resort 370  
 Back to those places which they erst had sought,  
 Nor could a thicket be by Nature wrought  
 In such a web, so intricate, and knit  
 So strong with briars, but they would enter it  
 Remond his Fida calls , Fida the woods 375  
 Resound again, and Fida speak the floods,  
 As if the rivers and the hills did flame  
 Themselves no small delight to hear her name  
 Yet she appears not Doridon would now  
 Have call'd his love too, but he knew not how 380  
 Much like a man who dreaming in his sleep  
 That he is falling from some mountain steep  
 Into a soundless lake, about whose brim  
 A thousand crocodiles do wait for him, [385  
 And hangs but by one bough, and should that break  
 His life goes with it, yet to cry or speak,

Though fain he would, can move nor voice nor  
 • tongue •

So when he Remond heard the woods among  
 Call for his Fida, he would gladly too  
 Have call'd his fairest love, but knew not who, 390  
 O! what to call, poor lad, that canst not tell,  
 Nor speak the name of her thou lov'st so well

Remond by hap near to the arbour found,  
 Where late the hind was slain, the hurtless ground  
 Besmear'd with blood, to Doridon he cried, 395  
 And tearing then his hair, O hapless tide  
 (Quoth he), behold ! some cursed hand hath ta'en  
 From Fida this, O what infernal bane,  
 Or more than hellish fiend enforced this !  
 Pure as the stream of aged Simois, 400  
 And as the spotless lily was her soul !  
 Ye sacred Powers that round about the pole  
 Turn in your spheres ! O could you see this deed,  
 And keep your motion ? If the eldest seed  
 Of chained Saturn hath so often been 405  
 In hunter's and in shepherd's habit seen  
 To trace our woods, and on our fertile plains  
 Woo shepherds' daughters with melodious strains,  
 Where was he now, or any other power ?  
 So many sev'ral lambs have I each hour, 410  
 And crooked horned rams brought to your shuines,

394 -- *Hurtless*, innocent

400 — *Simois*, the river in the plain of Troy

And with perfumes clouded the sun that shines,  
 Yet now forsaken ? to an uncouth state  
 Must all things run, if such will be ingrate [415

Cease, Remond, quoth the boy, no more complain,  
 Thy fairest Fida lives, nor do thou stain  
 With vile reproaches any power above,  
 They all as much as thee have been in love  
 Saturn his Rhea, Jupiter had store,  
 As Io, Leda, Europa, and more, 420

-lyacinth

Mars enter'd Vulcan's bed, partook his joy,  
 Phoebus had Daphne, and the sweet-fac'd boy,  
 Venus, Adonis, and the God of Wit  
 In chastest bonds was to the Muses knit,  
 And yet remains so, nor can any sever 425

His love, but brother-like affects them ever,  
 Pale, changeful Cynthia her Endymion had,  
 And oft on Latmus sported with that lad  
 If these were subject (as all mortal men)  
 Unto the golden shafts, they could not then 430  
 But by their own affections rightly guess

Her death would draw on thine, thy wretchedness  
 Charge them respectless, since no swain than thee  
 Hath offer'd more unto each deity  
 But fear not, Remond, for those sacred Powers 435  
 Tread on oblivion, no desert of ours

( can be entomb'd in their celestial breasts,  
 They weigh our offerings and our solemn feasts,  
 And they forget thee not Fida (thy dear) [440  
 Treads on the earth, the blood that's sprinkled here

Ne'er fill'd her veins, the hind possess'd this gore ,  
 See where the collar lies she whilom wore  
 Some dog hath slain her, or the griping caill  
 That spoils our plains in digging them for marl

Look, as two little brothers who address'd 445  
 To search the hedges for a thrush's nest,  
 And have no sooner got the leavy spring,  
 When mad in lust with fearful bellowing  
 A strong neck'd bull pursues throughout the field,  
 One climbs a tree, and takes that for his shield, 450  
 Whence looking from one pasture to another,  
 What might betide to his much loved brother,  
 Further than can his over-drowned eyes  
 Aright perceive, the furious beast he spies  
 Toss something on his horns, he knows not what, 455  
 But one thing fears, and therefore thinks it that ,  
 When coming nigher he doth well discern  
 It of the wondrous one night seedling fern  
 Some bundle was yet thence he homeward goes  
 Pensive and sad, nor can abide the throes 460  
 His fear began, but still his mind doth move  
 Unto the worst mistrust goes still with love  
 So far'd it with our shepherd though he saw  
 Not aught of Fida's raiment, which might draw  
 A more suspicion, though the collar lay 465  
 There on the grass, yet goes he thence away  
 Full of mistrust, and vows to leave that plain,

Till he embrace his chastest love again  
 Love-wounded Doudon entreats him then  
 That he might be his partner, since no men 470  
 Had cases like, he with him would go,  
 Weep when he wept, and sigh when he did so  
 I, quoth the boy, will sing thee songs of love,  
 And as we sit in some all-shady grove,  
 Where Philomela and such sweeten'd throats 475  
 Aie for the mast'ry tuning various notes,  
 I'll strive with them, and tune so sad a verse,  
 That whilst to thee my fortunes I rehearse,  
 No bird but shall be mute, her note decline,  
 And cease her woe, to lend an ear to mine 480  
 I'll tell thee tales of love, and show thee how  
 The gods have wander'd as we shepherds now,  
 And when thou plain'st thy Fida's loss, will I  
 Echo the same, and with mine own supply  
 Know, Remond, I do love, but, well a day ! 485  
 I know not whom, but as the gladsome May  
 She's fair and lovely, as a goddess she  
 (If such as her's a goddess' beauty be)  
 First stood before me, and inquiring was  
 How to the marsh she might soonest pass, 490  
 When rush'd a villan in, hell be his lot,  
 And drew her thence, since when I saw her not,  
 Nor know I where to search, but if thou please  
 'Tis not a forest, mountain, rocks, or seas

Can in thy journey stop my going on 495

Fate so may smile on hapless Dondon,  
That he rebless'd may be with her fair sight,  
Though thence his eyes possess eternal night

Remond agreed, and many weary days  
They now had spent in unfrequented ways 500

About the rivers, valleys, holts and crags,  
Among the osiers and the waving flags  
They nearly pry, if any dens there be,  
Where from the sun might harbour cruelty  
Or if they could the bones of any spy, 505

Or torn by beasts, or human tyranny  
They close inquiry make in caverns blind,  
Yet what they look for would be death to find  
Right as a curious man that would descry,  
Led by the trembling hand of Jealousy, 510  
If his fair wife have wrong'd his bed or no,  
Meeteth his torment if he find her so

One ev'n, ere Phœbus near the golden shore  
Of Tagus' stream his journey 'gan give o'er,  
They had ascended up a woody hill, 515  
Where oft the faun with their bugles shrill  
Waken'd the echo, and with many a shout  
Follow'd the fearful deer the woods about,  
Or through the brakes that hide the craggy rocks  
Digg'd to the hole where lies the wily fox, 520  
Thence they beheld an underlying vale,



Where Flora set her rarest flowers at sale,  
 Whither the thriving bee came oft to suck them,  
 And fairest nymphs to deck their hair did pluck  
 them,

Where oft the goddesses did run at base, 525  
 And on white harts began the wild goose chase  
 Here various Nature seem'd adorning this,  
 In imitation of the fields of bliss,

O! as she would entice the souls of men  
 To leave Elysium, and live here again 530

Not Hybla mountain in the jocund prime  
 Upon her many bushes of sweet thyme  
 Shows greater number of industrious bees,  
 Than were the birds that sung there on the trees  
 Like the trim windings of a wanton lake, 535

That doth his passage through a meadow make,  
 Ran the delightful valley 'tween two hills  
 From whose rare trees the precious balm distils,  
 And hence Apollo had his temples good  
 That cu'd the gods hurt by the Earth's ill brood. 540  
 A crystal river on her bosom slid,

And passing seem'd in sullen mutt'rings chid  
 The artless songsters, that their music still  
 Should charm the sweet dale and the wistful hill  
 Not suffering her shrill waters, as they run 544

525 — *Base*, the game of prisoner s-bars.

526 — *Wild-goose-chase*, a game

531 — *Prime* spring

Tun'd with a whistling gale in unison  
To tell as high they priz'd the broider'd vale  
As the quick linnet or sweet nightingale  
Down from a steep rock came the water first,  
(Where lusty satyrs often quench'd their thirst) 550  
And with no little speed seem'd all in haste,  
Till it the lovely bottom had embrac'd  
Then as entranc'd to hear the sweet birds sing,  
In curled whirlpools she her course doth bring,  
As loath to leave the songs that lull'd the dale, 555  
Or waiting time, when she and some soft gale  
Should speak what true delight they did possess  
Among the rare flowers which the valley dress  
But since those quaint musicians would not stay,  
Nor suffer any to be heard but they 560  
Much like a little lad who gotten new  
To play his part amongst a skilful crew  
Of choice musicians on some softer string  
That is not heard, the others' fingering  
Drowning his art, the boy would gladly get 565  
Applause with others that are of his set,  
And therefore strikes a stroke loud as the best,  
And often descants when his fellows rest,  
That to be heard (as usual singers do)  
Spoils his own music and his partners' too. 570  
So at the further end the waters fell  
From off an high bank down a lowly dell,  
As they had vow'd, ere passing from that ground,  
The birds should be enforc'd to hear their sound.

Valley  
According  
to that of Si-  
lius, lib 13  
Punicor  
—Itur in a-  
gros, Dives  
ubi ante om-  
nes colitur  
Feronia luco

No small delight the shepherds took to see 575  
A coombe so dight in Floja's livery,  
Where fan Feronia\* honour'd in the woods,  
And all the deities that haunt the woods,  
With powerful Nature strove to frame a plot,  
Whose like the sweet Alcadia yielded not 580  
Down through the arched wood the shepherds wend,  
And seek all places that might help their end,  
When, coming near the bottom of the hill,  
A deep-fetch'd sigh (which seem'd of power to kill  
The breast that held it) pierc'd the list'ning wood, 585  
Whereat the careful swains no longer stood  
Where they were looking on a tree, whose rind  
A love-knot held, which two join'd hearts entwinn'd,  
But searching round, upon an aged root [590  
Thick lin'd with moss which (though to little boot)  
Seem'd as a shelter it had lending been  
Against cold winter's storms and wreakful teen  
Or clad the stock in summer with that hue  
His wither'd branches not a long time knew  
For in his hollow trunk and perish'd grain 595  
The cuckow now had many a winter lam,  
And thriving pismires laid their eggs in store  
The dormouse slept there, and a many more—  
Here sat the lad, of whom I think of old  
Virgil's prophetic spirit had foretold, 600  
Who whilst Dame Nature for her cunning's sake

A male or female doubted which to make,  
 And to adorn him more than all assay'd,  
 This pretty youth was almost made a maid  
 Sadly he sat, and (as would Grief) alone, 605  
 As if the boy and tree had been but one,  
 Whilst down near boughs did drops of amber creep,  
 As if his sorrow made the trees to weep  
 If ever this were true in Ovid's verse  
 That tears have power an adamant to pierce, 610  
 Or move things void of sense, 'twas here approv'd  
 Things, vegetative once, his tears have mov'd  
 Surely the stones might well be drawn in pity  
 To buist that he should moan, as for a ditty  
 To come and range themselves in order all, 615  
 And of their own accord raise Thebes a wall  
 Or else his tears (as did the other's song)  
 Might have th' attractive power to move the throng  
 Of all the forest's citizens and woods,  
 With ev'ry denizen of air and floods, 620  
 To sit by him and grieve to leave their jars,  
 Their strifes, dissensions, and all civil wars,  
 And though else disagreeing, in this one  
 Mourning for him should make an union  
 For whom the heavens would wear a sable suit, 625  
 If men, beasts, fishes, birds, trees, stones were mute  
 His eyes were fixed (rather fixed stars)  
 With whom it seem'd his tears had been in wars,

The difference this (a hard thing to descry)  
 Whether the drops were clearest, or his eye, 630  
 Tears fearing conquest to the eye might fall,  
 An inundation brought and drowned all  
 Yet like true Virtue from the top of state,  
 Whose hopes vile Envy hath seen ruinate,  
 Being lowly cast, her goodness doth appear 635  
 (Uncloth'd of greatness) more apparent clear  
 So though dejected, yet remain'd a feature,  
 Made sorrow sweet plac'd in so sweet a creature  
 "The test of misery the truest is,  
 In that none hath but what is surely his" 640  
 His arms across, his sheep-hook lay beside him  
 Had Venus pass'd this way, and chanc'd t' have spied  
     him,  
 With open breast, locks on his shoulders spread,  
 She would have sworn (had she not seen him dead)  
 It was Adonis, or if e'er there was 645  
 Held transmigration by Pythagoras  
 Of souls, that certain then her lost love's spirit  
 A fairer body never could inherit.  
 His pipe, which often wont upon the plain  
 To sound the Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian strain, 650  
 Lay from his hook and bag clean cast apart,  
 And almost broken like his master's heart  
 Yet till the two kind shepherds near him stepp'd,  
 I find he nothing spake but that he wept  
     Cease, gentle lad (quoth Remond), let no tear 655  
 Cloud those sweet beauties in thy face appear,

Why dost thou call on that which comes alone,  
And will not leave thee till thyself art gone?  
Thou may'st have grief, when other things are left  
thee

All else may slide away, this still is left thee,      660

And when thou wantest other company,

Sorrow will ever be embracing thee

But, fairest swain, what cause hast thou of woe?

Thou hast a well-fleec'd flock feed to and fio

(His sheep along the valley that time fed 665

Not far from him, although unfollowed)

What, do thy ewes abortives bring ? or lambs

For want of milk seek to their fellows' dams?

No griping landlord hath enclos'd thy walks,

Nor toiling ploughman furrow'd them in balks 670

Ver'hath adorn'd thy pastures all in green

With clover-grass as fresh as may be seen

Clear gliding springs refresh thy meadows' heat,

Meads promise to thy charge then winter-meat,

And yet thou griev'st ! O ! had some swains thy  
store, 675

Their pipes should tell the woods they ask'd no more

Or have the Paicæ with unpartial knife

Left some friend's body tenantless of life.

And thou bemoan'st that Fate in his youth's morn

O'ercaſt with clouds his light but newly born? 680

670.—*Balks*, the ridge left by the plough between two furrows.

677 *Unpartial, unkindly*



" In getting wealth we lose our liberty  
 Besides, it robs us of our better powers,  
 And we should be ourselves, were these not ours 710  
 He is not poorest that hath least in store,  
 But he which hath enough, yet asketh more  
 Nor is he rich by whom are all possess'd,  
 But he which nothing hath, yet asketh least  
 If thou a life by Nature's leading pitch, 715  
 Thou never shalt be poor, nor ever rich  
 Led by Opinion, for their states are such,  
 Nature but little seeks, Opinion much "  
 Amongst the many buds proclaiming May,  
 (Decking the fields in holy day's array, 720  
 Striving who shall surpass in bravery)  
 Mark the fair blooming of the hawthorn-tree,  
 Who, finely clothed in a robe of white,  
 Feeds full the wanton eye with May's delight,  
 Yet for the bravery that she is in 725  
 Doth neither handle card nor wheel to spin,  
 Nor changeth robes but twice is never seen  
 In other colours than in white or green  
 Learn then content, young shepherd, from this tree,  
 Whose greatest wealth is Nature's livery, 730  
 And richest ingots never toil to find,  
 Nor care for poverty but of the mind  
 This spoke young Remond yet the mournful lad

726.—*Doth neither handle card*, etc., Luke, c. xii v. 27,  
 Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. 2, c. 6, st. 16, l. 8

732.—*Not care for poverty*, etc. Matt c. 5, vv. 3, 6



Not once replied, but with a smile, though sad,  
 He shook his head, then cross'd his arms again, 735  
 And from his eyes did showers of salt tears fall,  
 Which wrought so on the swains, they could not  
 smother

Then sighs, but spent them freely as the other  
 Tell us (quoth Doridon), thou fairer far  
 Than he whose chastity made him a stail, 740  
 More fit to throw the wounding shafts of Love  
 Than follow sheep, and pine here in a grove  
 O do not hide thy sorrows, show them brief,  
 "He oft finds aid that doth disclose his grief"  
 If thou wouldst it continue, thou dost wrong, 745  
 "No man can sorrow very much and long"  
 For thus much loving Nature hath dispos'd,  
 That 'mongst the woes that have us round enclos'd,  
 This comfort's left (and we should bless her for't)  
 That we may make our griefs be born, or short 750  
 Believe me, shepherd, we are men no less  
 Free from the killing throes of heaviness  
 Than thou art here, and but this difference sure,  
 That use hath made us apter to endure  
 More he had spoke, but that a bugle shrill 755  
 Rung through the valley from the higher hill,  
 And as they turn'd them tow'ards the heart'ning sound,  
 A gallant stag, as if he scorn'd the ground,  
 Came running with the wind, and bore his head  
 As he had been the king of forests bred 760  
 Not swifter comes the messenger of heaven,

\* Hippoly-  
 tus

Or winged vessel with a full gale driven,  
 Nor the swift swallow flying near the ground,  
 By which the air's distemp'rature is found  
 Nor Myrrha's course, nor Daphne's speedy flight, 765  
 Shunning the dalliance of the God of light,  
 Than seem'd the stag, that had no sooner cross'd them,  
 But in a trice their eyes as quickly lost him

The weeping swain ne'er mov'd, but as his eyes  
 Were only given to show his miseries, 770  
 Attended those, and could not once be won  
 To leave that object whence his tears begun

O had that man,\* who (by a tyrant's hand) Phiton  
 Seeing his children's bodies strew the sand,  
 And he next morn for torments press'd to go, 775  
 Yet from his eyes let no one small tear flow,  
 But being ask'd how well he bore their loss,  
 Like to a man affliction could not cross,  
 He stoutly answer'd Happier sure are they  
 Than I shall be by space of one short day 780  
 No more his grief was, but had he been here,  
 He had been flint, had he not spent a tear  
 For still that man the perfecter is known,  
 Who others' sorrows feels more than his own

Remond and Doridon were turning then 785  
 Unto the most disconsolate of men,  
 But that a gallant dame, fair as the morn  
 Or lovely blooms the peach-tree that adorn,  
 Clad in a changing silk, whose lustre shone  
 Like yellow flowers and grass far off in one, 790

As like the mixture Nature doth display  
 Upon the quaint wings of the popinjay  
 Her horn about her neck with silver tip,  
 Too hard a metal for so soft a lip,  
 Which it no oft'ner kiss'd than Jove did frown, 795  
 And in a mortal's shape would fain come down  
 To feed upon those dainties, had not he  
 Been still kept back by Juno's jealousy  
 An ivory dart she held of good command,  
 White was the bone, but whiter was her hand, 800  
 Of many pieces was it neatly fram'd,  
 But more the hearts were that her eyes inflam'd  
 Upon her head a green light silken cap  
 A piece of white lawn shadow'd either pap,  
 Between which hillocks many Cupids lay, 805  
 Where with her neck or with her teats they play,  
 Whilst her quick heart will not with them dispense,  
 But heaves her breasts as it would beat them thence  
 Who, fearing much to lose so sweet repair,  
 Take faster hold by her dishevell'd hair 810  
 Swiftly she ran, the sweet briars to receive her  
 Slipp'd their embracements, and (as loath to lose her)  
 Stretch'd themselves to their length, yet on she  
 goes

So great Diana frays a herd of roes  
 And speedy follows Arethusa fled 815

' Alpheus. So from the river\* that her vished

When this blave huntress near the shepherd drov  
 Her hly arm in full extent she threw  
 To pluck a little bough to fan her face  
 From off a thick-leav'd ash (no tree did grace 820  
 The low grove as did this, the branches spread  
 Like Neptune's trident upwards from the head)  
 No sooner did the grieved shepherd see  
 The nymph's white hand extended tow'ids the tree,  
 But rose and to her ran, yet she had done 825  
 Ere he came near, and to the wood was gone,  
 Yet now approach'd the bough the huntress tore,  
 He suck'd it with his mouth, and kiss'd it o'er  
 A hundred times, and softly 'gan it bind  
 With dock-leaves and a slip of willow rind 830  
 Then round the trunk he wreathes us weaken'd arms,  
 And with his scalding tears the smooth bark warms,  
 Sighing and groaning, that the shepherds by  
 Forgot to help him, and lay down to cry  
 "For 'tis impossible a man should be 835  
 Griev'd to himself, or fail of company '  
 Much the two swains admu'd, but pitied more  
 That he no power of words had to deplore  
 Or show what sad misfortune 'twas befell  
 To him, whom Nature (seem'd) regarded well 840  
 As thus they lay, and while the speechless swain  
 His tears and sighs spent to the woods in vain,  
 One like a wild man overgrown with hair,

837 —*Admir'd*, wondered

His nails long grown, and all his body bare,  
 Save that a wreath of ivy twist did hide 845  
 Those parts which Nature would not have descied,  
 And the long hair that cuiled from his head  
 A grassy garland rudely covered—

But, shepherds, I have wrong'd you , 'tis now late,  
 For see our maid stands hol'owing on yond gate 850  
 'Tis supper time withal, and we had need  
 Make haste away unless we mean to speed  
 With those that kiss the hare's foot rheums are bred,  
 Some say, by going supperless to bed,  
 And those I love not , therefore cease my rhyme, 855  
 And put my pipes up till another time

853 —*Kiss the hare's foot*, a proverbial expression signifying  
 to be too late for anything

## THE THIRD SONG

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### THE ARGUMENT

A redbreast doth from pining save  
 Marina shut in Famine's Cave  
 The golden age described plain,  
 And Limos by the shepherds slain,  
 Do give me leave awhile to move  
 My pipe of Tavy and his love

---

ALAS that I have done so great a wrong  
 Unto the fairest maiden of my song,  
 Divine Marina, who in Limos' cave  
 Lies ever fearful of a living grave,  
 And night and day upon the harden'd stones 5  
 Rests, if a rest can be amongst the moans  
 Of dying wretches, where each minute all  
 Stand still afraid to hear the death's-man call

Thrice had the golden sun his hot steeds wash'd  
 In the west main, and thrice them smartly lash'd 10  
 Out of the balmy east, since the sweet maid  
 Had in that dismal cave been sadly laid  
 Where hunger pinch'd her so, she need not stand

In fear of murd'ring by a second hand  
 For through her tender sides such darts might pass 15  
 'Gainst which strong walls of stone, thick gates of  
     brass,

Deny no entrance, nor the camps of kings,  
 Since soonest there they bend their flaggy wings  
     But Heaven that stands still for the best's avail,  
 Lendeth his hand when human helpings fail, 20  
 For 'twere impossible that such as she  
 Should be forgotten of the Deity,  
 Since in the spacious orb could no man find  
 A fairer face match'd with a fairer mind

A little robin-redbreast, one clear morn, 25  
 Sat sweetly singing on a well-leav'd thorn  
 Whereat *Mina* rose, and did admire  
 He durst approach from whence all else retire  
 And pitying the sweet bird what in her lay,  
 She fully strove to fright him thence away 30  
 Poor harmless wretch, quoth she, go, seek some  
     spring,

And to her sweet fall with thy fellows sing,  
 Fly to the well-replenish'd groves, and there  
 Do entertain each swain's harmonious ear,  
 Traverse the winding branches; chant so free, 35  
 That every lover fall in love with thee,  
 And if thou chance to see that lovely boy  
 (To look on whom the sylvans count a joy)

He whom I lov'd no sooner than I lost,  
 Whose body all the Graces hath engross'd, 40  
 To him unfold (if that thou dar'st to be  
 So near a neighbour to my tragedy)  
 As far as can thy voice (in plaints so sad,  
 And in so many mournful accents clad,  
 That as thou sing'st upon a tree there by 45  
 He may some small time weep, yet know not why),  
 How I in death was his, though Powers divine  
 Will not permit that he in life be mine  
 Do this, thou loving bird, and haste away  
 Into the woods but if so be thou stay 50  
 To do a deed of charity on me,  
 When my pure soul shall leave mortality,  
 By cov'ring this poor body with a sheet  
 Of green leaves, gather'd from a valley sweet,  
 It is in vain these harmless limbs must have 55  
 Than in the catiff's womb no other grave  
 Hence then, sweet robin, lest in staying long  
 At once thou chance forego both life and song  
 With this she hush'd him thence, he sung no more,  
 But ('fiad the second time) flew tow'rds the shore 60

Within as short time as the swiftest swain  
 Can to our May-pole run and come again,  
 The little redbreast to the prickled thorn  
 Return'd, and sung there as he had befor  
 And fair Marina to the loophole went, 65  
 Pitying the pretty bird, whose punishment  
 Limos would not defer if he were spied



No sooner had the bird the maiden eyed,  
 But leaping on the rock, down from a bough,  
 He takes a chérîy up (which hê but now 70  
 Hâd thither brought, and in that place had laid  
 Till to the cleft his song had drawn the maid),  
 And flying with the small stem in his bill,  
 (A choicer fruit than hangs on Bacchus' hill,)  
 In fair Marina's bosom took his rest, 75  
 A heavenly seat fit for so sweet a guest  
 Where Cytherea's doves might billing sit,  
 And gods and men with envy look on it,  
 Where rose two mountains, whose rare sweets to crop  
 Was harder than to reach Olympus' top 80  
 For those the gods can, but to climb these hills  
 Their powers no other were than mortal wills  
 Here left the bird the cherry, and anon  
 Forsook her bosom, and for more is gone,  
 Making such speedy flights into the thick, 85  
 That she admir'd he went and came so quick  
 Then lest his many cherries should distaste,  
 Some other fruit he brings than he brought last  
 Sometime of strawberries a little stem,  
 Oft changing colours as he gather'd them 90  
 Some green, some white, some red on them infus'd,  
 These lov'd, those fear'd, they blush'd to be so us'd  
 The peascod green oft with no little toil  
 He'd seek for in the fattest, fertil'st soil,

\* Cithæron  
 in Bœotia

And rend it from the stalk to bring it to her, 95  
 And in her bosom for acceptance woo her  
 No berry in the grove or forest grew,  
 That fit for nourishment the kind bird knew,  
 Nor any powerful herb in open field  
 To serve her blood the teeming earth did yield, 100  
 But with his utmost industry he sought it,  
 And to the cave for chaste Marina brought it  
 So from one well stor'd garden to another,  
 To gather simples runs a careful mother,  
 Whose only child lies on the shaking bed 105  
 Grip'd with a fever (sometime honoured  
 In Rome as if a god\*), nor is she bent  
 To other herbs than those for which she went  
 The feather'd hours five times were over-told,  
 And twice as many floods and ebbs had roll'd 110  
 The small sands out and in, since fair Marine  
 (For whose long loss a hundred shepherds pine)  
 Was by the charitable robin fed  
 For whom (had she not so been nourished)  
 A hundred doves would search the sunbunt hills, 115  
 Or fruitful valleys lac'd with silver rills,  
 To bring her olives Th' eagle strong of sight  
 To countries far remote would bend her flight,  
 And with unwearied wing strip through the sky  
 To the choice plots of Gaul and Italy, 120  
 And never lin till homeward she escape

Febrem ad  
 minus nocen-  
 dum templis  
 colebant, ait  
 Val Maxi-  
 mus Vide  
 Tullium in  
 tertio de Nat  
 Deorum, et  
 secundo de  
 Legibus

With the pomegranate, lemon, orange, grape,  
 Or the lov'd citron, and attain'd the cave  
 The well plum'd goshawk (by th' Egyptians grave  
 Us'd in their mystic characters for speed) 125  
 Would not be wanting at so great a need,  
 But from the well-stor'd orchards of the land  
 Brought the sweet pear, once by a cursed hand  
 At Swinsted\* us'd with poison for the fall  
 Of one who on these plains rul'd lord of all 130  
 The scentful osprey by the rock had fish'd,  
 And many a pretty shump in scallops dish'd,  
 Someway convey'd her, no one of the shoal  
 That haunt the waves, but from his lurking hole  
 Had pull'd the crayfish, and with much ado 135  
 Brought that the maid, and periwinkles too  
 But these for others might their labours spare,  
 And not with robin for their merits share  
 Yet as a herdess in a summer's day,  
 Heat with the glorious sun's all-purging ray, 140  
 In the calm evening, leaving her fair flock,  
 Betakes herself unto a froth-girt rock,  
 On which the headlong Tavy throws his waves,  
 And foams to see the stones neglect his braves  
 Where sitting to undo her buskins white, 145  
 And wash her neat legs, as he use each night,  
 Th' enamour'd flood, before she can unlace them,  
 Rolls up his waves as hast'ning to embrace them,

\* One writes  
 that K John  
 was poison'd  
 at Swinsted,  
 with a dish  
 of pears  
 others, there,  
 in a cup of  
 wine some  
 that he died  
 at Newark  
 of the flux  
 A fourth by  
 the distem-  
 perature of  
 peaches eaten  
 in his fit of an  
 ague Among  
 so many  
 doubts, I  
 leave you to  
 believe the  
 author most  
 in credit with  
 our best of  
 antiquaries

And though to help them some small gale do blow,  
 And one of twenty can but reach her so , 150  
 Yet will a many little surges be  
 Flashing upon the rock full busily,  
 And do the best they can to kiss her feet,  
 But that their power and will not equal meet  
 So as she for her nurse look'd tow'rd's the land, 155  
 And now beholds the trees that grace the strand,  
 Then looks upon a hill whose sliding sides  
 A goodly flock like winter's coving hides,  
 And higher on some stone that jutteth out,  
 Their careful master guiding his trim rout 160  
 By sending forth his dog as shepherds do,  
 Or piping sat, or clouting of his shoe ,  
 Whence, nearer hand drawing her wand'ring sight,  
 So from the earth steals the all-quick'ning light,  
 Beneath the rock, the waters high, but late, 165  
 (I know not by what sluice or emptying gate)  
 Were at a low ebb , on the sand she spies  
 A busy bird that to and fro still flies,  
 Till pitching where a heatful oyster lay,  
 Opening his close jaws, closer none than they 170  
 Unless the gripping fist, or cherry lips  
 Of happy lovers in their melting sips,  
 Since the decreasing waves had left him there  
 Gaping for thirst, yet meets with nought but air,  
 And that so hot, ere the returning tide, 175

He in his shell is likely to be fried ,  
 The werry bird a pretty pebble takes  
 And claps it 'twixt the two pearly-hiding flakes  
 Of the broad-yawning oyster, and she then  
 Securely picks the fish out (as some men 180  
 A trick of policy thrust 'tween two friends,  
 Sever their powers), and his intention ends  
 The bird thus getting that for which she strove,  
 Brought it to her to whom the Queen of Love  
 Serv'd as a foil, and Cupid could no other, 185  
 But fly to her mistaken for his mother  
 Mauna from the kind bud took the meat,  
 And (looking down) she saw a number great  
 Of buds, each one a pebble in his bill,  
 Would do the like, but that they wanted skill 190  
 Some threw it in too far, and some too short ,  
 This could not bear a stone fit for such sport,  
 But, harmless wretch, putting in one too small,  
 The oyster shuts and takes his head withal  
 Another bringing one too smooth and round, 195  
 (Unhappy bird that thine own death hast found)  
 Lays it so little way in his hard lips,  
 That with their sudden close, the pebble slips  
 So strongly forth (as when your little ones  
 Do 'twixt their fingers slip their cherry-stones), 200  
 That it in passage meets the breast or head  
 Of the poor wretch, and lays him there for dead  
 A many striv'd, and gladly would have done  
 As much or more than he which first begun,

But all in vain scarce one of twenty could 205  
 Perform the deed, which they full gladly would  
 For this not quick is to that act he go'th,  
 That wanteth skill, this cunning, and some both  
 Yet none a will, for from the cave she sees  
 Not in all-lovely May th' industrious bees 210  
 More busy with the flowers could be, than these  
 Among the shell fish of the working seas

Lamos had all this while been wanting thence,  
 And but just Heav'n preserv'd pure innocence  
 By the two birds, her life to an had flit, 215  
 Ere the curst catiff should have forced it

The first night that he left her in his den,  
 He got to shore, and near th' abodes of men  
 That live as we by tending of their flocks,  
 To interchange for Ceres' golden locks, 220  
 Or with the neatherd for his milk and cream,  
 Things we respect more than the diadem  
 His choice made-dishes O' the golden age  
 Met all contentment in no surplusage  
 Of dainty viands, but, as we do still, 225  
 Drank the pure water of the crystal rill,  
 Fed on no other meats than those they fed,  
 Labour the salad that their stomachs bred  
 Nor sought they for the down of silver swans,  
 Nor those sow-thistle locks each small gale fans, 230  
 But hides of beasts, which when they liv'd they kept,

222 —*Diadem*, monarch

224 —*Surplusage*, excess

Serv'd them for bed and cov'ring when they slept  
 If any softer lay, 'twas (by the loss  
 Of some rock's warmth) on thick and spongy moss,  
 Or on the ground some simple wail of clay 235  
 Parting their beds from where their cattle lay  
 And on such pallets one man clipped then  
 More golden slumbers than this age again  
 That time physicians thriv'd not or, if any,  
 I dare say all yet then were thrice as many 240  
 As now profess't, and more, for every man  
 Was his own patient and physician  
 None had a body then so weak and thin,  
 Bankrupt of nature's store, to feed the sin  
 Of an insatiate female, in whose womb 245  
 Could nature all hers past, and all to come  
 Infuse, with virtue of all drugs beside,  
 She might be tir'd, but never satisfied  
 To please which ork her husband's weaken'd piece  
 Must have his cullis mix'd with ambergris, 250  
 Pheasant and partridge into jelly turn'd,  
 Grated with gold, seven times refin'd and burn'd  
 With dust of Orient pearl, richer the East  
 Yet ne'er beheld (O Epicurean feast !)  
 This is his breakfast, and his meal at night 255  
 Possets no less provoking appetite,

237 — *Clipped*, embraced

249 — *Ork*, a sea monster here employed to signify a prodigy of lust

250 — *Cullis*, broth

Whose dear ingredients valu'd are at more  
 Than all his ancestors were worth before  
 When such as we by poor and simple faie  
 More able liv'd, and died not without heir, 260  
 Sprung from our own loins, and a spotless bed  
 Of any other power unseconded  
 When th' other's issue, like a man fall'n sick,  
 Or through the fever, gout, or lunatic,  
 Changing his doctors oft, each as his notion 265  
 Prescribes a sev'ral diet, sev'ral potion,  
 Meeting his friend (who meet we nowadays  
 That hath not some receipt for each disease ? )  
 He tells him of a plaister, which he takes,  
 And finding after that, his torment slakes, 270  
 (Whether because the humour is out-wrought,  
 Or by the skill which his physician brought,  
 It makes no matter ) for he surely thinks  
 None of their purges nor their diet drinks  
 Have made him sound , but his belief is fast 275  
 That med'cine was his health which he took last  
 So by a mother being taught to call  
 One for his father, though a son to all,  
 His mother's often 'scapes, though truly known,  
 Cannot divert him , but will ever own 280  
 For his begetter him, whose name and rents  
 He must inherit Such are the descents  
 Of these men , to make up whose limber heir



As many as in him must have a share ,  
 When he that keeps the last yet least ado, 285  
 Father the people's child, and gladly too

Happier those times were when the flaxen clew  
 By fair Arachne's hand the Lydians knew,  
 And sought not to the worm for silken threads,  
 To roll their bodies in, or dress their heads 290  
 When wise Minerva did th' Athenians learn  
 To draw their milk-white fleeces into yarn ,  
 And knowing not the mixtures which began  
 (Of colours) from the Babylonian,  
 Nor wool in Sais dyed, more various known 295  
 By hues, than Iris to the world hath shown  
 The bowels of our mother were not ripp'd  
 For madder-pits, nor the sweet meadows stripp'd  
 Of their choice beauties, nor for Ceres' load  
 The fertile lands burden'd with needless woad 300  
 Though the wide seas no winged pine did go  
 To lands unknown for staining indico ,  
 Nor men in scorching climates moor'd their keel  
 To traffic for the costly cochineal  
 Unknown was then the Phrygian broidery, 305  
 The Tyrian purple, and the scarlet dye,  
 Such as their sheep clad, such they wove and wore,  
 Russet or white, or those mix'd, and no more  
 Except sometimes (to bravery inclin'd)  
 They dyed them yellow caps with alder rind 310

The Grecian mantle, Tuscan robes of state,  
 Tissue, nor cloth of gold of highest rate,  
 They never saw, only in pleasant woods,  
 Or by th' embroidered margin of the floods,  
 The dainty nymphs they often did behold 315  
 Clad in their light silk robes, stitch'd oft with gold  
 The arras hangings round their comely halls  
 Wanted the cerite's web and minerals  
 Green boughs of trees which fatt'ning acorns lade,  
 Hung full with flowers and garlands quaintly  
 . made, 320  
 Their homely cotes deck'd trim in low degree,  
 As now the court with richest tapestry  
 Instead of cushions wrought in windows lain,  
 They pick'd the cockle from their fields of grain,  
 Sleep-bringing poppy, by the ploughmen late 325  
 Not without cause to Ceres consecrate  
 For being round and full at his half birth  
 It signified the perfect orb of earth.  
 And by his inequalities when blown, [330  
 The earth's low vales and higher hills were shown  
 By multitude of grains it held within,  
 Of men and beasts the number noted been,  
 And she since taking care all earth to please,  
 Had in her Thesmophoria\* offer'd these  
 Or cause that seed our elders us'd to eat, 335

318 — *Cerite*, a rare mineral of a pale rose red colour, with a tinge of yellow

321 — *Cotes*, cottages

\* *Θεσμοφορια* and *Δημητρια* were sacrifices peculiar to Ceres, the one for being a lawgiver, the other as goddess of the grounds

With honey mix'd, and was then after meat,  
 Or ynce her daughter that she lov'd so well  
 By him that in th' infernal shades doth dwell,  
 And on the Stygian banks for ever reigns,  
 Troubled with horrid cries and noise of chains, 340  
 Fairest Proserpina, was iapt away,  
 And she in plaints the night, in tears the day  
 Had long time spent, when no high Power could  
 give her

\* *Vide* Ser-  
 vium in Virg  
 Georg. 1

Any redress, the poppy\* did relieve her  
 For eating of the seeds they sleep procur'd, 345  
 And so beguil'd those griefs she long endur'd ••  
 Or rather since her love, then happy man,  
 Micon ycleep'd, the brave Athenian,  
 Had been transform'd into this gentle flower,  
 And his protection kept from Flora's power • 350  
 The daisy scatter'd on each mead and down,  
 A golden tuft within a silver crown,  
 (Fair fall that dainty flower ! and may there be  
 No shepherd grac'd that doth not honour thee !)  
 The pumrose, when with six leaves gotten grace 355  
 Maids as a true love in their bosoms place,  
 The spotless lily, by whose pure leaves be  
 Noted the chaste thoughts of virginity,  
 Carnations sweet with colour like the fire,  
 The fit impresas for inflam'd desire, 360  
 The harebell for her stainless azur'd hue

Claims to be worn of none but those are true ,  
 The rose, like ready youth, enticing stands,  
 And would be cropp'd if it might choose the hands  
 The yellow kingcup, Flora them assign'd 365  
 To be the badges of a jealous mind ;  
 The orange tawny marigold the night  
 Hides not her colour from a searching sight  
 To thee then, dearest friend (my song's chief mate),  
 This colour chiefly I appropriate, 370  
 That spite of all the mists oblivion can  
 Or envious frettings of a guilty man,  
 Retain'st thy worth , nay, mak'st it more in price,  
 Like tennis balls, thrown down hard, highest rise  
 The columbine in tawny often taken, 375  
 Is then ascrib'd to such as are forsaken ,  
 Flora's choice buttons of a russet dye  
 Is hope even in the depth of misery  
 The pansy, thistle, all with prickles set,  
 The cowslip, honeysuckle, violet, 380  
 And many hundreds more that grac'd the meads,  
 Gardens and groves, where beauteous Flora treads,  
 Were by the shepherds' daughters (as yet are  
 Us'd in our cotes) brought home with special care  
 For bruising them they not alone would quell 385  
 But rot the rest, and spoil their pleasing smell  
 Much like a lad, who, in his tender prime,  
 Sent from his friends to learn the use of time,  
 As are his mates or good or bad, so he  
 Thrives to the world, and such his actions be 390

As in the rainbow's many-colour'd hue,  
 Here see we watchet deepen'd with a blue  
 There a dark tawny with a purple mix'd,  
 Yellow and flame, with streaks of green betwixt  
 A bloody stream into a blushing run, 395  
 And ends still with the colour which begun,  
 Drawing the deeper to a lighter stain,  
 Bringing the lightest to the deep'st again,  
 With such rare art each mingleth with his fellow,  
 The blue with watchet, green and red with yellow,  
 Like to the changes which we daily see [400  
 About the dove's neck with variety,  
 Where none can say (though he it strict attends)  
 Here one begins, and there the other ends  
 So did the maidens with their various flowers 405  
 Deck up their windows, and make neat their bowers  
 Using such cunning as they did dispose  
 The ruddy piny with the lighter rose,  
 The monkshood with the bugloss, and entwine  
 The white, the blue, the flesh-like columbine 410  
 With pinks, sweet-williams that far off the eye  
 Could not the manner of their mixtures spy  
 Then with those flowers they most of all did  
 prize,  
 With all their skill, and in most curious wise  
 On tufts of herbs and rushes, would they frame 415  
 A dainty border round their shepherd's name

Or posies make, so quaint, so apt, so rare,  
 As if the Muses only lived there  
 And that the after world should strive in vain  
 What they then did, to counterfeit again 420  
 Nor will the needle nor the loom e'er be  
 So perfect in their best embroidery,

Nor such composures make of silk and gold,  
 As theirs, when Nature all her cunning told  
 The word of mine did no man then bewitch, 425

They thought none could be fortunate if rich  
 And to the covetous did wish no wrong  
 But what himself desir'd to live here long

As of their songs, so of their lives they deem'd  
 Not of the long'st, but best perform'd, esteem'd 430  
 They thought that Heaven to him no life did  
 give,

Who only thought upon the means to live  
 Nor wish'd they 'twere ordain'd to live here ever,  
 But as life was ordain'd they might persevere

O happy men ! you ever did possess 435  
 No wisdom but was mix'd with simpleness,  
 So wanting malice and from folly free,  
 Since reason went with your simplicity,  
 You search'd yourselves if all within were fair,  
 And did not learn of others what you were 440  
 Your lives the patterns of those virtues gave,  
 Which adulation tells men now they have

With poverty in love we only close,  
 Because our lovers it most truly shows .

When they who in that blessed age did move, 445  
 Knew neither poverty nor want of love

The hatred which they bore was only this,  
 That every one did hate to do amiss  
 Their fortune still was subject to their will  
 Their want (O happy !) was the want of ill 450

Ye truest, fairest, loveliest nymphs that can  
 Out of your eyes lend fire Promethean,  
 All-beauteous ladies, love-alluring dames,  
 That on the banks of Isca, Humber, Thames,  
 By your encouragement can make a swain 455  
 Climb by his song where none but souls attain

And by the graceful reading of our lines  
 Renew our heat to further brave designs  
 You, by whose means my Muse thus boldly says  
 Though she do sing of shepherds' loves and lays,  
 And flagging weakly low gets not on wing [460

To second that of Helen's ravishing  
 Nor hath the love nor beauty of a queen  
 My subject grac'd, as other works have been,  
 Yet not to do their age nor ours a wrong, 465  
 Though queens, nay, goddesses, fam'd Homer's  
 song

Mine hath been tun'd and heard by beauties more  
 Than all the poets that have liv'd before  
 Not 'cause it is more worth, but it doth fall  
 That Nature now is turn'd a prodigal, 470

And on this age so much perfection spends,  
 That to her last of treasure it extends;  
 For all the ages that are slid away  
 Had not so many beauties as this day

O what a rapture have I gotten now ! 475

That age of gold, this of the lovely brow  
 Have drawn me from my song ! I onward run  
 Clean from the end to which I first begun  
 But ye, the heavenly creatures of the West,  
 In whom the virtues and the graces rest, 480  
 Pardon ! that I have run astray so long,

And grow so tedious in so rude a song,  
 If you yourselves should come to add one grace  
 Unto a pleasant grove or such like place,  
 Where here the curious cutting of a hedge 485

There, by a pond, the trimming of the sedge  
 Here the fine setting of well-shading trees  
 The walks there mounting up by small degrees,  
 The gravel and the green so equal lie,  
 It, with the rest, draws on your lingering eye 490

Here the sweet smells that do perfume the air,  
 Arising from the infinite repair  
 Of odoriferous buds and herbs of price,  
 (As if it were another Paradise)

So please the smelling sense, that you are fain 495  
 Where last you walk'd to turn and walk again  
 There the small birds with their harmonious notes



Sing to a spring that smileth as she floats  
For in her face a many damples show,  
And often skips as it did dancing go 500  
Here further down an over-arched alley,  
That from a hill goes winding in a valley,  
You spy at end thereof a standing lake,  
Where some ingenious artist strives to make  
The water (brought in turning pipes of lead 505  
Through buds of earth most lively fashioned)  
To counterfeit and mock the sylvans all,  
In singing well their own set madrigal  
This With no small delight retains your ear,  
And makes you think none blest but who live  
there 510

Then in another place the fruits that be  
In gallant clusters decking each good tree,  
Invite your hand to crop some from the stem,  
And liking one, taste every sort of them  
Then to the arbours walk, then to the bowers,     515  
Thence to the walks again, thence to the flowers,  
Then to the birds, and to the clear spring thence,  
Now pleasing one, and then another sense  
Here one walks oft, and yet anew begin'th,  
As if it were some hidden labyrinth ,     520  
So loath to part, and so content to stay,  
That when the gard'ner knocks for you away,  
It grieves you so to leave the pleasures in it,  
That you could wish that you had never seen it  
Blame me not then, if while to you I told     525

The happiness our fathers clipt of old,  
 The mere imagination of their bliss  
 So rapt my thoughts, and made me sing amiss  
 And still the more they ran on those days' worth,  
 The more unwilling was I to come forth 530

Oh ! if the apprehension joy us so,  
 What would the action in a human show ?  
 Such were the shepherds (to all goodness bent)  
 About whose thorps\* that night curs'd Limos went ,  
 Where he had learn'd that next day all the swams,  
 That any sheep fed on the fertile plains, [535

Villages

The feast of Pales, goddess of their grounds,  
 Did mean to celebrate Fitly this sounds,  
 He thought, to what he formerly intended,  
 His stealth should by their absence be befriended 540  
 For whilst they in their off'rings busied were,  
 He 'mongst the flocks might range with lesser fear  
 How to contrive his stealth he spent the night

The morning now in colours richly dight  
 Stepp'd o'er the Eastern thresholds, and no lad 545  
 That joy'd to see his pastures freshly clad,  
 But for the holy rites himself address'd  
 With necessaries proper to that feast

The altars everywhere now smoking be  
 With bean-stalks, savin, laurel, rosemary, 550  
 Their cakes of grummell-seed they did prefer,

537 — *Pales*, the goddess of sheepfolds.550 — *Savin*, a species of juniper551 — *Grummell*, more usually growell,

And pails of milk in sacrifice to her  
 Then hymns of praise they all devoutly sung  
 In those *Pahlia* for increase of young  
 But ere the ceremonies were half past 555  
 One of their boys came down the hill in haste,  
 And told them *Limos* was among their sheep,  
 That he, his fellows, nor their dogs could keep  
 The rav'ner from their flocks, great store were kill'd,  
 Whose blood he suck'd, and yet his paunch not  
 fill'd 560

O hasten then away ' for in an hour  
 He will the chiefest of you fold devour  
 With this most ran (leaving behind some few  
 To finish what was to fair Pales due),  
 And as they had ascended up the hill, 565  
*Limos* they met, with no mean pace and skill  
 Following a well-fed lamb, with many a shout  
 They then pursu'd him all the plain about  
 And either with fore-laying of his way,  
 Or he full gorg'd ran not so swift as they, 570  
 Before he could recover down the strand,  
 No swain but on him had a fasten'd hand

Rejoicing then (the worst wolf to their flock  
 Lay in their powers), they bound him to a rock  
 With chains ta'en from the plough, and leaving  
 him 575  
 Return'd back to their feast His eyes late dim

Now sparkle forth in flames, he grinds his teeth,  
 And strives to catch at everything he seeth,  
 But to no purpose all the hope of food  
 Was ta'en away, his little flesh, less blood, 580  
 He suck'd and tore at last, and that denied,  
 With fearful shrieks most miserably died

Unfortunate Marina, thou art free  
 From his jaws now, though not from misery  
 Within the cave thou likely art to pine, 585  
 If (O may never) fail a help divine,  
 And though such aid thy wants do still supply,  
 Yet in a prison thou must ever lie  
 But Heav'n, that fed thee, will not long defer  
 To send thee thither some deliverer 590  
 For than to spend thy sighs there to the main  
 Thou fitter wert to honour Thetis' train  
 Who so far now with her harmonious crew  
 Scour'd through the seas (O who yet ever knew  
 So rare a concert?) she had left behind 595  
 The Kentish, Sussex shores, the Isle\* assigned  
 To brave Vespasian's conquest, and was come  
 Where the shrill trumpet and the rattling drum  
 Made the waves tremble (ere befell this chance)  
 And to no softer music us'd to dance 600

Hail, thou my native soil! thou blessed plot  
 Whose equal all the world affordeth not!  
 Show me who can so many crystal rills,

\* Vecti  
 quum Ves-  
 pasianus a  
 Claudio  
 missus subju-  
 gavit *Vide*  
 Bed in Hist  
 Ecc lib 1  
 ca 3

Such sweet cloth'd valleys or aspiring hills , [605  
 Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy mines ,  
 Such rocks in whom the diamond faulſly ſhines ,  
 And if the earth can ſhow the like again,  
 Yet will ſhe fail in her ſea-ruling men  
 Time never can produce men to o'ertake  
 The fames of Gienville, Davies, Gilbert, Drake, 610  
 Or worthy Hawkins, or of thouſands more  
 That by their power made the Devonian ſhore  
 Mock the proud Tagus , for whoſe richeſt ſpoil  
 The boating Spaniard left the Indian ſoil  
 Bankrupt of ſtore, knowing it would quit coſt 615  
 By winning this, though all the reſt were loſt

As oft the ſea-nymphs on her ſtrand have ſet,  
 Learning of fiſhermen to knit a net,  
 Wherein to wind up their diſhevell'd hairs,  
 They have beheld the frolic mariners 620  
 For exerciſe (got early from their beds)  
 Pitch bars of ſilver, and caſt golden ſleds  
 At Exe a lovely nymph with Thetis met  
 She ſinging came, and was all round beſet  
 With other wat'ry powers, which by her ſong 625  
 She had allur'd to float with her along  
 The lay ſhe chanted ſhe had learn'd of yore,  
 Taught by a ſkilful ſwan,\* who on her ſhore  
 Fed his fair flock a work renown'd as far  
 As his brave ſubject of the Trojan war 630

Joseph of  
 Exeter  
 wrote a poem  
 of the Trojan  
 War accord-  
 ing to Dares  
 the Phry-  
 gian's ſtory,  
 but falſely  
 attributed to  
 Cornelius  
 Nepos, as it  
 is printed  
 He lived in  
 the time of  
 Hen 2, and  
 Rich. 1 See  
 the illuſtra-  
 tions of my  
 moſt worthy  
 friend, M  
 Selden, upon  
 M Drayton's  
 Polyolbion,  
 p 98

When she had done, a pretty shepherd's boy  
 That from the near Downs came (though he small joy  
 Took in his tuneful reed, since dire neglect  
 Crept to the breast of her he did affect,  
 And that an ever busy-watchful eye 635  
 Stood as a bar to his felicity),  
 Being with great entreaties of the swains,  
 And by the fair queen of the liquid plains  
 Woo'd to his pipe, and bade to lay aside  
 All troubled thoughts, as others at that tide, 640  
 And that he now some merry note should raise,  
 To equal others which had sung their lays  
 He shook his head, and knowing that his tongue  
 Could not belie his heart, thus sadly sung

As new-born babes salute their ages' morn 645  
 With cries unto their woful mother hurl'd  
 My infant Muse, that was but lately born,  
 Began with wat'ry eyes to woo the world  
 She knows not how to speak, and therefore weeps  
                     Her woe's excess, 650  
 And strives to move the heart that senseless sleeps,  
                     To heaviness,  
       Her eyes enveil'd with sorrow's clouds  
                     Scarce see the light,  
       Disdain hath wrapt her in the shrouds 655  
                     Of loathed night  
 How should she move then her grief laden wing,  
 Or leave my sad complaints, and pæans sing ?

Six Pleiads live in light, in darkness one  
Sing, mirthful swains, but let me sigh alone 660

It is enough that I in silence sit,  
And bend my skill to learn your lays aright,  
Nor strive with you in ready strains of wit,  
Nor move my hearers with so true delight  
But if for heavy plaints and notes of woe 665

    Your ears are prest,  
No shepherd lives that can my pipe outgo  
    In such unrest  
    I have not known so many years  
    As chances wrong, 670  
    Nor have they known more floods of tears  
    From one so young

Fain would I tune to please as others do,  
Were't not for feigning song and numbers too  
Then (since not fitting now are songs of moan) 675  
Sing, mirthful swains, but let me sigh alone

The nymphs that float upon these wat'ry plains  
Have oft been drawn to listen to my song,  
And sirens left to tune dissembling strains  
In true bewailing of my sorrows long 680

659 — *In darkness one*, Electra

666 — *Prest*, ready

Upon the waves of late a silver swan  
     By me did ride ,  
 And thrilled with my woes forthwith began  
     To sing, and died  
 Yet where they should, they cannot move 685  
     O hapless verse !  
 That fitter than to win a love  
     Art for a hearse  
 Henceforward silent be , and ye my cares  
 Be known but to myself, or who despairs , 690  
 Since pity now lies turned to a stone  
 Sing, mirthful swains, but let me sigh alone

The fitting accent of his mournful lay  
 So pleas'd the pow'rful Lady of the Sea,  
 That she entreated him to sing again , 695  
 And he obeying tun'd this second strain

Born to no other comfort than my tears,  
 Yet robb'd of them by griefs too only deep,  
 I cannot rightly wail my hapless years,  
 Nor move a passion that for me might weep 700  
     Nature, alas ! too short hath knit  
     My tongue to reach my woe  
 Nor have I skill sad notes to fit  
     That might my sorrow show  
 And to increase my torments' ceaseless sting, 705



There's no way left to show my pains,  
 But by my pen in mournful strains,  
 Which others may perhaps take joy to sing

As (woo'd by May's delights) I have been borne  
 To take the kind air of a wistful morn 710  
 Near Tavy's voiceful stream (to whom I owe  
 More strains than from my pipe can ever flow),  
 Here have I heard a sweet bird never lin  
 To chide the river for his clam'rous din,  
 There seem'd another in his song to tell, 715  
 That what the fair stream did he liked well,  
 And going further heard another too,  
 All varying still in what the others do,  
 A little thence, a fourth with little pain  
 Conn'd all their lessons, and them sung again, 720  
 So numberless the songsters are that sing  
 In the sweet groves of the too careless spring,  
 That I no sooner could the hearing lose  
 Of one of them, but straight another rose,  
 And perching deftly on a quaking spray, 725  
 Nigh tir'd herself to make her hearer stay,  
 Whilst in a bush two nightingales together  
 Show'd the best skill they had to draw me thither  
 So (as bright Thetis pass'd our cleaves along)  
 This shepherd's lay pursu'd the others' song, 730  
 And scarce one ended had his skilful stripe,  
 But straight another took him to his pipe

By that the younger swain had fully done,  
 Thetis with her brave company had won  
 The mouth of Dart, and whilst the Tritons  
                   charm 735

The dancing waves, passing the crystal Earne,  
 Sweet Yealm and Plym, arriv'd where Tamar pays  
 Her daily tribute to the western seas  
 Here sent she up her dolphins, and they plied  
 So busily their fares on every side, 740  
 They made a quick return, and brought her down  
 A many homagers to Tamar's crown,  
 Who in themselves were of as great command  
 As any meaner rivers of the land  
 With every nymph the swain of most account 745  
 That fed his white sheep by her clearer fount  
 And every one to Thetis sweetly sung

Among the rest a shepherd (though but young,  
 Yet hearten'd to his pipe) with all the skill  
 His few years could, began to fit his quill 750  
 By Tavy's speedy stream he fed his flock,  
 Where when he sat to sport him on a rock,  
 The water nymphs would often come unto him,  
 And for a dance with many gay gifts woo him  
 Now posies of this flower, and then of that, 755  
 Now with fine shells, then with a rushy hat,  
 With coral or red stones brought from the deep  
 To make him bracelets, or to mark his sheep

749 — *Hearten d*, wedded or attached heartily

Willy he hight <sup>^</sup> Who <sup>^</sup> by the ocean's queen  
 More cheer'd <sup>^</sup> to sing than such young lads had  
                     been, 760  
 Took his best fiamed pipe, and thus 'gan move  
 His voice of Walla, Tavy's fairest love

Fair was the day, but fairer was the maid  
 Who that day's <sup>f</sup>morn into the greenwoods stray'd  
 Sweet was the an, but sweeter was her breath-  
                     ing, 765  
 Such rare perfumes the roses are bequeathing  
 Bright <sup>o</sup> shone the sun, but brighter were her eyes,  
 Such are the lamps that guide the deities ;  
 Nay such the fire is, whence the Pythian knight  
 Borrows his beams, and lends his sister light 770  
 Not Pelops' shoulder whiter than her hands, <sup>^</sup>  
 Nor snowy swans that jet on Isca's sands  
 Sweet Flora, as if ravish'd with their sight,  
 In emulation made all lilies white  
 For as I oft have heard the wood-nymphs say, 775  
 The dancing fairies, when they left to play,  
 Then back did pull them, and in holes of trees  
 Stole the sweet honey from the painful bees ;  
 Which in the flower to put they oft were seen,  
 And for a banquet brought it to their queen 780

762 — *Walla* See Note772 — *Jet*, strut *Isca*, the river Exe776 — *Left to play*, ceased playing

But she that is the goddess of the flowers  
(Invited to their groves and shady bowers)  
Mışlık'd their choice. They said that all the  
field

No other flower did for that purpose yield,  
But quoth a nimble fay that by did stand 785

If you could give 't the colour of yond hand,

(Walla by chance was in a meadow by

Learning to sample earth's embroidery )

It were a gift would Flora well befit,

\*And our great queen the more would honour it 790

She gave consent, and by some other power

Made Venus' doves be equal'd by the flower,

But not her hand, for Nature this prefers

All other whites but shadowings to hers

Her hair was roll'd in many a curious fret, 795

Much like a rich and artful coronet,

Upon whose arches twenty Cupids lay,

And were or tied, or loath to fly away

Upon her bright eyes Phoebus has inclin'd,

And by their radiance was the god struck blind, 800

That clean awry th' ecliptic then he stripp'd

And from the milky way his horses whipp'd ,

So that the Eastern world to fear begun

Some stranger drove the chariot of the sun

And never but that once did heaven's bright eye 805

Bestow one look on the Cimmerian

A green silk frock her comely shoulders clad,

And took delight that such a seat it had,

Which at her middle gather'd up in pleats,  
 A love-knot girdle willing bondage threats 810  
 Not Venus' ceston held a braver piece,  
 Nor that which girt the fairest flower of Greece  
 Down from her waist her mantle loose did fall,  
 Which Zephyr (as afraid) still play'd withal,  
 And then tuck'd up somewhat below the knee 815  
 Show'd searching eyes where Cupid's columns be  
 The inside lin'd with rich carnation silk,  
 And in the midst of both, lawn white as milk,  
 Which white beneath the red did seem to shroud,  
 As Cynthia's beauty through a blushing cloud 820  
 About the edges curious to behold  
 A deep fringe hung of rich and twisted gold,  
 So on the green marge of a crystal brook  
 A thousand yellow flowers at fishes look ;  
 And such the beams are of the glorious sun, 825  
 That through a tuft of grass dispersed run  
 Upon her leg a pair of buskins white,  
 Studded with orient pearl and chrysolite,  
 And like her mantle stitch'd with gold and green,  
 (Fairer yet never wore the forest's queen) 830  
 Knit close with ribbons of a party hue,  
 A knot of crimson and a tuft of blue ,  
 Nor can the peacock in his spotted train

811 —*Ceston*, cestus, a studded girdle812 —*Fairest flower of Greece*, Helen828 —*Chrysolite*, a stone of a green colour

So many pleasing colours show again,  
 Not could there be a mixture with more grace, 835  
 Except the heav'nly roses in her face  
 A silver quiver at her back she wore,  
 With darts and arrows for the stag and boar,  
 But in her eyes she had such darts again [840  
 Could conquer gods, and wound the hearts of  
 men

Her left hand held a knotty Brazil bow,  
 Whose strength with tears she made the red deer  
 know

So clad, so arm'd, so dress'd to win her will  
 Diana never trod on Latmus' hill  
 Walla, the fairest nymph that haunts the woods, 845  
 Walla, belov'd of shepherds, fawns, and floods,  
 Walla, for whom the frolic satyrs pine,  
 Walla, with whose fine foot the flow'rets twine,  
 Walla, of whom sweet buds their ditties move,  
 Walla, the earth's delight, and Tavy's love 850

This fairest nymph, when Tavy first prevail'd  
 And won affection where the sylvans fail'd,  
 Had promis'd (as a favour to his stream)  
 Each week to crown it with an anadem  
 And now Hyperion from his glitt'ring throne 855  
 Sev'n times his quick'ning rays had bravely shown  
 Unto the other world, since Walla last  
 Had on her Tavy's head the garland plac'd ,

And this day (as of right) she wends abroad  
 To ease the meadows of their willing load 860  
 Flore, as if to welcome her, those hours  
 Had been most lavish of her choicest flowers,  
 Spreading more beauties to entice that morn  
 Than she had done in many days before

Look as a maiden sitting in the shade 865  
 Of some close arbour by the woodbind made,  
 Withdrawn alone where undescri'd she may  
 By her most curious needle give assay  
 Unto some purse (if so her fancy move)  
 Or other token for her truest love, 870  
 Variety of silk about her pap,  
 Or in a box she takes upon her lap,  
 Whose pleasing colours wooing her quick eye,  
 Now this she thinks the ground would beautify,  
 And that, to flourish with, she deemeth best, 875  
 When spying others, she is straight possess'd  
 Those fittest are, yet from that choice doth fall,  
 And she resolves at last to use them all  
 So Walla, which to gather long time stood,  
 Whether those of the field, or of the wood, 880  
 Or those that 'mong the springs and marish lay,  
 But then the blossoms which enrich'd each spray  
 Allur'd her look, whose many-colour'd graces  
 Did in her garland challenge no mean places  
 And therefore she (not to be poor in plenty) 885

From meadows, springs, woods, sprays, culls some  
                   one dainty,

Which in a scarf she put, and onwards set  
 To find a place to dress her coronet

A little grove is seated on the marge  
 Of Tavy's stream, not over-thick nor large, 890  
 Where every morn a choir of sylvans sung,  
 And leaves to chatt'ring winds serv'd as a tongue,  
 By whom the water turns in many a ring,  
 As if it fain would stay to hear them sing,  
 And on the top a thousand young birds fly, 895  
 To be instructed in their harmony

Near to the end of this all-joyesome grove  
 A dainty circled plot seem'd as it strove  
 To keep all briars and bushes from invading  
 Her pleasing compass by their needless shading, 900  
 Since it was not so large, but that the store  
 Of trees around could shade her breast and more  
 In midst thereof a little swelling hill,  
 Gently disburden'd of a crystal rill

Which from the greenside of the flow'ry bank 905  
 Ate down a channel, here the wood nymphs drank,  
 And great Diana having slain the deer,  
 Did often use to come and bathe her here.  
 Here talk'd they of their chase, and where next day  
 They meant to hunt, here did the shepherds play, 910  
 And many a gaudy nymph was often seen



Embracing shepherds' boys upon this green  
From hence the spring hastes down to Tavy's brim,  
And pays a tribute of his drops to him

Here Walla rests the rising mount upon, 915  
That seem'd to swell more since she sat thereon,  
And from her scarf upon the grass shook down  
The smelling flowers that should her river crown  
The scarf (in shaking it) she brushed oft,  
Whereon were flowers so fresh and lively wrought, 920  
That her own cunning was her own deceit,  
Thinking those true which were but counterfeit

Under an alder on his sandy marge  
Was Tavy set to view his nimble charge,  
And there his love he long time had expected 925  
While many a rose-cheek'd nymph no wile neglected  
To woo him to embraces, which he scorn'd,  
As valuing more the beauties which adorn'd  
His fairest Walla, than all Nature's pride  
Spent on the cheeks of all her sex beside 930  
Now would they tempt him with their open breasts,  
And swear their lips were love's assured tests  
That Walla sure would give him the denial  
Till she had known him true by such a trial  
Then comes another, and her hand bereaves 935  
The soon slipp'd alder of two clammy leaves,  
And clapping them together, bids him see  
And learn of love the hidden mystery  
Brave flood (quoth she) that hold'st us in suspense,  
And show'st a godlike power in abstinence, 940

At this thy coldness we do nothing wonder,  
 These leaves did so, when once they grew asunder ,  
 But since the one did taste the other's bliss,  
 And felt his partner's kind partake with his,  
 Behold how close they join , and had they power 945  
 To speak their now content, as we can our,  
 They would on Nature lay a heinous crime  
 For keeping close such sweets until this time  
 Is there to such men ought of merit due,  
 That do abstain from what they never knew? 950  
 No then as well we may account him wise  
 For speaking nought, who wants those faculties  
 Taste thou our sweets , come here and freely sip  
 Divinest nectar from my melting lip ,  
 Gaze on mine eyes, whose life infusing beams 955  
 Have power to melt the icy northern streams,  
 And so inflame the gods of those bound seas  
 They should unchain their virgin passages,  
 And teach our mariners from day to day  
 To bring us jewels by a nearer way 960  
 Twine thy long fingers in my shining hair,  
 And think it no disgrace to hide them there ,  
 For I could tell thee how the Paphian queen  
 Met me one day upon yond pleasant green,  
 And did entreat a slip (though I was coy) 965  
 Wherewith to fetter her lascivious boy  
 Play with my teats that swell to have impression ,  
 And if thou please from thence to make digression,  
 Pass thou that milky way where great Apollo

And higher powe<sup>r</sup>s than he would gladly follow 970  
 When to the full of these thou shalt attain,  
 It were some mast'ry for thee to refrain,  
 But since thou know'st not what such pleasures be  
 The world will not commend but laugh at thee  
 But thou wilt say, thy Walla yields such store 975  
 Of joys, that no one love can raise thee more,  
 Admit it so, as who but thinks it strange?  
 Yet shalt thou find a pleasure more, in change  
 If that thou lik'st not, gentle flood, but hea<sup>r</sup>  
 To prove that state the best I never fear 980  
 Tell me wherein the state and glory is  
 Of thee, of Avon, or brave Thamesis?  
 In your own springs? or by the flowing head  
 Of some such river only seconded?  
 Or is it through the multitude that do 985  
 Send down their waters to attend on you?  
 Your mixture with less brooks adds to your fames,  
 So long as they in you do lose their names  
 And coming to the ocean<sup>r</sup>, thou dost see,  
 It takes in other floods as well as thee, 990  
 It were no sport to us that hunting love  
 If we were still confin'd to one large grove  
 The water which in one pool hath abiding  
 Is not so sweet as rills ever gliding  
 Nor would the brackish waves in whom you  
                     meet 995  
 Contain that state it doth, but be less sweet,  
 And with contagious streams all mortals smother,

But that it moves from this shore to the other  
 There's no one season such delight can bring,  
 As summer, autumn, winter, and the spring 1000  
 Nor the best flower that doth on earth appear  
 Could by itself content us all the year  
 The salmons, and some more as well as they,  
 Now love the freshet, and then love the sea  
 The fitting fowls not in one coast do tarry, 1005  
 But with the year their habitation vary  
 What music is there in a shepherd's quill  
 (Play'd on by him that hath the greatest skill)  
 If but a stop or two thereon we spy?  
 Music is best in her variety 1010

So is discourse, so joys, and why not then  
 As well the lives and loves of gods as men?  
 More she had spoke, but that the gallant flood  
 Replied ye wanton rangers of the wood,  
 Leave your allurements, hie ye to your chase, 1015  
 See where Diana with a nimble pace  
 Follows a struck deer if you longer stay  
 Her frown will bend to me another day  
 Hark how she winds her horn, she some doth  
 call,  
 Perhaps for you, to make into the fall 1020  
 With this they left him Now he wonders  
 much  
 Why at this time his Walla's stay was such,  
 And could have wish'd the nymphs back, but for  
 fear

His love might come and chance to find them  
there

To pass the time at last he thus began 1025  
(Unto a pipe join'd by the art of Pan)  
To praise his love his hasty waves among  
The frothed rocks, bearing the under song

As careful merchants do expecting stand,  
After long time and merry gales of wind, 1030  
Upon the place where their brave ship must land  
So wait I for the vessel of my mind

Upon a great adventure is it bound,  
Whose safe return will valu'd be at more [1035  
Than all the wealthy prizes which have crown'd  
The golden wishes of an age before

Out of the East jewels of worth she brings,  
Th' unvalu'd diamond of her sparkling eye  
Wants in the treasures of all Europe's kings,  
And were it mine they nor their crowns should  
buy 1040

The sapphires ringed on her panting breast  
Run as rich veins of ore about the mould,  
And are in sickness with a pale possess'd,  
So true, for them I should disvalue gold

The melting rubies on her cherry lip 1045  
 Are of such power to hold, that as one day  
 Cupid flew thirsty by, he stoop'd to sip,  
 And fasten'd there could never get away

The sweets of Candy are no sweets to me  
 When hers I taste, nor the perfumes of price 1050  
 Robb'd from the happy shrubs of Araby,  
 As her sweet breath, so powerful to entice.

• O hasten then ! and if thou be not gone  
 Unto that wished traffic through the main,  
 My powerful sighs shall quickly drive thee on, 1055  
 And then begin to draw thee back again

If in the mean rude waves have it oppress'd,  
 It shall suffice I ventur'd at the best

Scarce had he given a period to his lay  
 When from a wood (wherein the eye of day 1060  
 Had long a stranger been, and Phœbe's light  
 Vainly contended with the shades of night,)  
 One of those wanton nymphs that woo'd him  
 late

Came crying tow'rd's him, O thou most ingrate,  
 Respectless flood ! canst thou here idly sit, 1065  
 And loose desires to looser numbers fit ?  
 Teaching the air to court thy careless brook,  
 Whilst thy poor Walla's cries the hills have shook

With an amazed terror<sup>1</sup> hear ! O hear !  
 A hundred echoes shrieking everywhere !     1070  
 See how the frightful herds run from the wood !  
 Walla, alas ! as she, to crown her flood,  
 Attended the compose of sweet flowers,  
 Was by a lust-fir'd satyr 'mong our bowers  
 Well-near surpris'd, but that she him descri'd     1075  
 Before his rude embracement could betide  
 Now but her feet no help, unless her cries  
 A needful aid draw from the deities

It needless was to bid the flood pursue  
 Angels gave wings, ways that he never knew     1080  
 Till now, he treads, through dells and hidden brakes  
 Flies through the meadows, each where overtakes  
 Streams swiftly gliding, and them brings along,  
 To further just revenge for so great wrong  
 His current till that day was never known,     1085  
 But as a mead in July, which unmown  
 Bears in an equal height each bent and stem,  
 Unless some gentle gale do play with them  
 Now runs it with such fury and such rage,  
 That mighty rocks opposing vassalage     1090  
 Are from the firm earth rent and overborne  
 In fords where pebbles lay secure befor  
 Lo'd cataracts, and fearful roarings now  
 Affright the passenger, upon his brow  
 Continual bubbles like compelled drops,     1095

1071 <sup>1</sup>—*Frightful*, frightened

And where (as now and then) he makes short  
stops

In little pools drowning his voice too high,  
'Tis where he thinks he hears his Walla cry  
Yet vain was all his haste, bending away,  
Too much declining to the Southern Sea, 1100  
Since she had turned thence, and now begun  
To cross the brave path of the glorious sun

There lies a vale extended to the north  
Of Tavy's stream, which (prodigal) sends forth  
In autumn more rare fruits than have been spent 1105  
In any greater plot of fruitful Kent

Two high-brow'd rocks on either side begin,  
As with an arch to close the valley in  
Upon their rugged fronts short withen oaks  
Untouch'd of any feller's baneful strokes 1110

The ivy twisting round their barks hath fed  
Past time wild goats which no man followed  
Low in the valley some small herds of deer,  
For head and footmanship withouten peer, 1115

Fed undisturb'd The swains that thereby thriv'd  
By the tradition from their sires deriv'd,  
Call'd it sweet Ina's Coombe but whether she  
Were of the earth or greater progeny,  
Judge by her deeds, once this is truly known  
She many a time hath on a bugle blown, 1120

1109 — *Withen*, twisted

1117 — *Ina's Coombe*, Inescombe, or Inscoombe, about a mile and a half from Tavistock



And through the dale pursu'd the jolly chase,  
 As she had bid the winged winds a base

Pale and distracted hither Walla runs,  
 As closely follow'd as she hardly shuns,  
 Her mantle off, her hair now too unkind     1125  
 Almost betray'd her with the wanton wind  
 Breathless and faint she now some drops discloses,  
 As in a limbeck the kind sweat of roses,  
 Such hang upon her breast, and on her cheeks, [1130  
 Or like the pearls which the tann'd Æthiop seeks  
 The satyr (spurr'd with lust) still getteth ground,  
 And longs to see his damn'd intention crown'd

As when a greyhound of the rightest strain  
 Let slip to some poor hare upon the plain,  
 He for his prey strives, th' other for her life,     1135  
 And one of these or none must end the strife,  
 Now seems the dog by speed and good at bearing  
 To have her sure, the other ever fearing  
 Maketh a sudden turn, and doth defer  
 The hound a while from so near reaching her     1140  
 Yet being fetch'd again and almost ta'en,  
 Doubting (since touch'd of him) she 'scapes her bane  
 So of these two the minded races were,  
 For hope the one made swift, the other fear

O if there be a power (quoth Walla then,     1145  
 Keeping her earnest course) o'erswaying men

1122 — *Base*, the game of prisoner's bars

1128 — *Limbeck*, still

1142 — *Bane*, doom

And their desires ! O let it now be shown  
 Upon this satyr half part earthly known  
 What I have hitherto with so much care  
 Kept undefiled, spotless, white and fair, 1150  
 What in all speech of love I still reserv'd,  
 And from its hazard ever gladly swerv'd,  
 O be it now untouch'd ! and may no force  
 That happy jewel from myself divorce !  
 I that have ever held all women be 1155  
 Void of all worth if wanting chastity ;  
 And whoso any lets that best flower pull,  
 She might be fair, but never beautiful  
 O let me not forgo it ! strike me dead !  
 Let on these rocks my limbs be scatter'd ! 1160  
 Burn me to ashes with some powerful flame,  
 And in mine own dust bury mine own name,  
 Rather than let me live and be defil'd  
 Chastest Diana ! in the deserts wild,  
 Have I so long thy truest handmaid been ? 1165  
 Upon the rough rock-ground thine arrows keen,  
 Have I (to make thee crowns) been gath'ring still  
 Fair-cheek'd Etesia's yellow camomile ?  
 And sitting by thee on our flow'ry beds [1170  
 Knit thy torn buckstalls with well-twisted threads,  
 To be forsaken ? O now present be,  
 If not to save, yet help to run me !  
 If pure virginity have heretofore

1170.—*Buckstalls*, nets for catching deer

By the Olympi<sup>c</sup> powe<sup>r</sup>s been honour'd more  
 Than other <sup>states</sup>, and gods have been dis  
 & pos'd 1175

To make them known to us, and still disclos'd  
 To the chaste hearing of such n<sup>y</sup>m<sup>p</sup>hs as we  
 Many a secret and deep mystery,  
 If none can lead without celestial aid  
 Th' immaculate and pure life of a maid, 1180  
 O let not then the Powers all-good, divine,  
 Permit vile lust to soil this breast of mine !

Thus cried she as she ran and looking back  
 Whether her hot pursuer did ought slack  
 His former speed, she spies him not at all, 1185  
 And somewhat thereby cheer'd 'gan to recall  
 Her nigh fled hopes yet fearing he might lie  
 Near some cross path to work his villainy,  
 And being weary, knowing it was vain  
 To hope for safety by her feet again, 1190  
 She sought about where she herself might hide

A hollow vaulted rock at last she spied,  
 About whose sides so many bushes were,  
 She thought securely she might rest her there  
 Far under it a cave, whose entrance straight 1195  
 Clos'd with a stone-wrought door of no mean  
 weight,

Yet from itself the gemels beaten so  
 That little strength could thrust it to and fro

Thither she came, and being gotten in  
 Barr'd fast the dark cave with an iron pin 1200

The satyr follow'd, for his cause of stay  
 Was not a mind to leave her, but the way  
 Sharp-ston'd and thorny, where he pass'd of late,  
 Had cut his cloven foot, and now his gait  
 Was not so speedy, yet by chance he sees 1205  
 Through some small glade that ran between the  
 trees

Where Walla went, and with a slow pace,  
 Fir'd with hot blood, at last attain'd the place

When like a fearful hare within her form, • [1210  
 Hearing the hounds come like a threat'ning storm,  
 In full cry on the walk where last she trod,  
 Doubts to stay there, yet dreads to go abroad  
 So Walla far'd But since he was come nigh,  
 And by an able strength and industry  
 Sought to break in, with tears anew she fell 1215  
 To urge the Powers that on Olympus dwell  
 And then to Ina call'd O if the rooms,  
 The walks and arbours in these fruitful coombes  
 Have famous been through all the Western plains  
 In being guiltless of the lasting stains 1220  
 Pour'd on by lust and murder keep them free !

Turn me to stone, or to a barked tree,  
 Unto a bird, or flower, or ought forlorn ,  
 So I may die as pure as I was born  
 " Swift are the prayers and of speedy haste, 1225  
 That take their wing from hearts so pure and chaste.

And what we ask of Heaven it still appears  
 More plain to it in mirrors of our tears "  
 Approv'd in Walla When the satyr rude  
 Had broke the door in two, and 'gan intrude 1230  
 With steps profane into that sacred cell,  
 Where oft (as I have heard our shepherds tell)  
 Fair Ina us'd to rest from Phoebus' ray  
 She or some other having heard her pray,  
 Into a fountain turn'd her, and now rise 1235  
 Such streams out of the cave, that they surprise  
 The satyr with such force and so great din,  
 That quenching his life's flame as well as sin,  
 They roll'd him through the dale with mighty roar  
 And made him fly that did pursue before 1240  
 Not far beneath i' the valley as she trends  
 Her silver stream, some wood-nymphs and her friends  
 That follow'd to her aid, beholding how  
 A brook came gliding, where they saw but now  
 Some herds were feeding, wondering whence it  
 came 1245  
 Until a nymph that did attend the game  
 In that sweet valley, all the process told,  
 Which from a thick-leav'd tree she did behold  
 See, quoth the nymph, where the rude satyr lies  
 Cast on the grass, as if she did despise 1250  
 To have her pure waves soil'd with such as he  
 Retaining still the love of purity

To Tavy's crystal stream her waters go,  
 As if some secret power ordained so,  
 And as a maid she lov'd him, so a brook 1255  
 To his embracements only her betook

Where growing on with him, attain'd the state  
 Which none but Hymen's bonds can imitate

On Walla's brook her sisters now bewail,  
 For whom the rocks spend tears when others fail, 1260  
 And all the woods ring with their piteous moans  
 Which Tavy hearing as he chid the stones,  
 That stopp'd his heedless couse, raising his head  
 Inquir'd the cause, and thus was answered  
 Walla is now no more Nor from the hill 1265

Will she more pluck for thee the daffodil,  
 Nor make sweet anadems to gild thy brow,  
 Yet in the groves she runs, a river now

Look as the feeling plant\* (which learned swains  
 Relate to grow on the East Indian plains) 1270  
 Shrinks up his dainty leaves, if any sand  
 You throw thereon, or touch it with your hand  
 So with the chance the heavy wood nymphs told,  
 The river (only touch'd) began to fold  
 His arms across, and while the torrent raves, 1275  
 Shrunk his grave head beneath his silver waves

Since when he never on his banks appears  
 But as one frantic when the clouds spend tears

1269 — *Feeling plant*, sensitive plant

1273 — *Chance*, mishap

1274 — *Inly*, inwardly, to the very depths

He thinks they of his woes compassion take,  
 (And not a spring but weeps for Walla's sake) 1280  
 And then he often, to bemoan her lack,  
 Like to a mourner goes, his waters black,  
 And every brook attending in his way,  
 For that time meets him in the like array

Here Willy that time ceas'd, and I a while 1285  
 For yonder's Regent coming o'er the stile,  
 'Tis two days since I saw him (and you wonder,  
 You'll say, that we have been so long asunder)  
 I think the lovely herdess of the dell  
 That to an oaten quill can sing so well, 1290  
 Is she that's with him I must needs go meet them,  
 And if some other of you rise to greet them  
 'Twere not amiss, the day is now so long  
 That I ere night may end another song

## THE FOURTH SONG

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### THE ARGUMENT

The Cornish swains and British bard  
 Thetis hath with attention heard  
 And after meets an aged man  
 That tells the hapless love of Pan  
 And why the flocks do live so free  
 From wolves within rich Britanny

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LOOK as a lover with a ling'ring kiss  
 About to part with the best half that's his,  
 Fain would he stay but that he fears to do it,  
 And curseth time for so fast hast'ning to it  
 Now takes his leave, and yet begins anew 5  
 To make less vows than are esteemed true  
 Then says he must be gone, and then doth find  
 Something he should have spoke that's out of mind ,  
 And whilst he stands to look for't in her eyes,  
 Their sad-sweet glance so tie his faculties 10  
 To think from what he parts, that he is now  
 As far from leaving her, or knowing how,



As when he came, begins his former strain,  
 To kiss, to vow, and take his leave again  
 Then turns, comes back, sighs, parts, and yet doth  
 go, 15

Apt to retire, and loath to leave her sc  
 Brave stream, so part I from thy flow'ry bank,  
 Where first I breath'd, and, though unworthy, drank  
 Those sacred waters which the Muses bring  
 To woo Britannia to their ceaseless spring 20

Vide de am  
 nitate loci  
 Malmesb 2  
 lib de gest  
 Pontif fo

Now would I on, but that the crystal wells,  
 The fertile meadows and their pleasing smells,  
 The woods delightful and the scatter'd groves,  
 Where many nymphs walk with their chaster loves,  
 \* Ordulphus Soon make me stay and think that Oidgar's\* son, 25  
 Admonish'd by a heavenly vision,  
 Not without cause did that apt fabric rear,  
 Wherein we nothing now but echoes hear  
 That wont with heavenly anthems daily ring  
 And duest praises to the greatest King, 30  
 In this choice plot, since he could light upon  
 No place so fit for contemplation  
 Though I awhile must leave this happy soil,  
 And follow Thetis in a pleasing toil,  
 Yet when I shall return, I'll strive to draw 35  
 The nymphs by Tamar, Tavy, Exe and Taw,  
 By Turridge, Otter, Ock, by Dart and Plym,  
 With all the naiades that fish and swim

In their clear streams, to these our rising Downs,  
Where while they make us chaplets, wreaths and  
crowns, 40

I'll tune my reed unto a higher key,  
And have already contr'd some of the lay,  
Wherein, as Mantua by her Vugil's birth,  
And Thames by him, that sung her nuptial mirth,  
You may be known, though not in equal pride, 45  
As far as Tiber throws his swelling tide  
And by a shepherd, feeding on your plains,  
In humble, lowly, plain, and ruder strains,  
Hear your worths challenge other floods amo'g,  
To have a period equal with their song 50

Where Plym and Tamar with embraces meet,  
Thetis weighs anchor now, and all her fleet  
Leaving that spacious sound,\* within whose arms \* Plym  
I have those vessels seen, whose hot alarms mouth  
Have made Iberia tremble, and her towers 55  
Prostrate themselves before our iron showers,  
While their proud builders' hearts have been  
inclin'd

To shake, as our brave ensigns, with the wind  
For as an eyerie from their siege's wood  
Led o'er the plains and taught to get their food 60  
By seeing how their breeder takes his prey,

44 — *Him that sung*, Spenser, in the *Faëry Queen*, B iv c 11

55 — *Iberia*, Spain

58 — *Ensigns*, flags

59 — *Eyerie*, young brood      *Siege*, a company of herons